

*MICROCOSMOS.*  
**THE DISCOVERY**  
**OF THE LITTLE**  
World, with the government  
thereof.

*Manilius,*

An mirum est habitare Deum sub pectore nostro?  
Exemplumque Dei quisque est sub imagine parva,

By **JOHN DAVIES.**



*At Oxford,*

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be sold by *Iohn Barnes.*

1611.



THE DISCOVERY  
OF THE LITTLE  
World with the government  
class

As a series of popular lectures  
presenting the principles of the human mind

B. JOHN DAVIES



London

Printed by J. W. Smith, and sold  
at the office of the author.

1811.



TO MY MOST DEERE AND  
dread Sovereigne IAMES by the grace of  
God King of England, Scotland,  
*France, and Ireland, be all heavenly and  
earthly happinesse.*

**T**Houghts, *fight no more, but now (with Wits ac-  
Teeld a obedience to Arts rightest rule; (cord)  
Then, like a constant treble-twisted cord,  
Binde up the sweet'st affections of my Soule,  
And, in a Poely giue them to, O no,  
They are too base for such high Excellence!  
Yet (prostrate) giue them to him, and say so;  
So, I may shunne dislike, you, inlolence:  
Great (o too narrow is this name for thee)  
King, (yet too strait a stile for thy great worth)  
And Monarch, (this with it doth best agree)  
Deigne to accept a Base base Wit brought forth:  
And base it is (great Highnesse) in each line,  
Because indeede it is too rightly mine.*

His Maiesties

lesse then least, and most vn-  
worthy Subiect:

IOHN DAVIES.



To the sacred Queene of Englands  
most excellent Maestie.

**I**F those *VVombs* blessed be, from whom proceeds  
A world of  *blessings* to the *VVorld* accurst;  
Or if *that* gracious be, that *Graces* breeds,  
To make *Men* gracious, being at the worst;

O then how blest and gracious is thy *VVombe*,  
Deere *Daughter*, *Sister*, *VVife* vnto a King!  
Wherein *Heaven* wrought (as in a sacred *room'e*)  
Strong *Props* of *peace*, which blest *Time* forth did  
(bring.

Vnto a *Mother-maide* we all are bound,  
For bringing forth our *Soules* preservative;  
Who, for the same, is *Queene* in *Heaven* Crown'd:  
And, sith thou bring'st our *Corpes* conservative,  
We must crown thee in *Earth*, or els, we should  
Doe otherwise then *Saints* & *Angels* would.

Your Highnesse most humbly

de-voted Vassall.

JOHN DAVIES.

The



The whole Ile of greate Brittain vvas of yore di-  
vided into 13. Kingdoms, as by Monuments of antiqui-  
ty, and Historie (the vvitnesse of time) appeareth.  
viz.

England into 8. namelie, Kent, South-Saxons, East-  
Saxons, West-Saxons, Bernicia, (alias Northum-  
berland) Deira, (or Southumberland) Est-Angles,  
Mercia.

Scotland into 2. viz. Scottes, & Piets; The Scottes  
on the West side, the Piets on the East, called Piectlād,  
as the other, Scotland.

Wales into 3. viz. North-wales, Southwales, and  
Powys-land. Vppon which Plaine-songe thus I de-  
cant.

AN Articke Ile there is (most famous) found  
In the great Laver of this lesser Round,  
Which Neptunes hand (as most esteemd) infolds  
And in his vnsweet-sweating bozome holdes,  
On whom at once, Heavens providence begate  
Thirteene Kinges, which did her participate;  
Shee fedd them sweetlie, made them fatte to grow;  
For, from her Brest did Milke and Hony flow:  
Who being pampred, so, ambitious made,  
Gainst Nature gan each other to invade:  
Shee greatly griv'd, they quited so her loue;  
And ay to make them one, shee oft did proue:  
But (troward) at the least, they would be Twoo,  
So lived long (in strife) with much adoo:  
Yet like a tender Mother (vext to see  
That hir deere children could no better gree)  
Shee laboured night and day with Tyme, to doe  
That which shee tride, but could nor bring them to:

Who (both together ioyn'd) did them attone,  
So, Tyme and thee, (at last) haue made them One.  
Then if in One, Thirteene vnited be,  
How great, how glorious, and how good is hee?

JOHN DAVIES.

### ÆNIGMA.

**A** Treble *paire*, doth our late wracke repaire,  
And sextiplies our mirth, for one mishappe;  
These six, as hopes, to keepe vs from di'paire,  
(When clappes wee feard) were sent vs at a clappe:  
That we might clapp our hands in his high praise,  
That made vs, by our Heads losse, much more faire,  
And vs beheaded, so, our Head to raise:  
One headlesse, made *all* looke as blacke as Hel.  
All headlesse makes the Head *and all* looke well.

### SPHINX.

**I**F this a Riddle be, then so be it,  
Yer *Truth* approues what therein hid doth lie,  
And *Truth's* most *louelie* in the Eye of *VVit*  
When she is rob'd with richest *misterie*:  
In few, by *losse* we haue gott *benefitt*,  
That's, six for one, by lawfull *vserie*:  
Then, if we gaine by *losse*, our *losse* is *gaine*;  
So saith France, Flāders, Scotland, Ireland, Spaine.

To

To the iudicious Reader.

**T**Hou seest this great *World* (*Reader*) & perchāce  
Thine *Eie* is cloid with often leeing it;  
Then see the *Lesse* with noe lesse circumstance,  
Aud with *VVittes* *Eie*, that *Monarchy* of *VVitte*.

Microcosmos.

The *Heav'ns* and *Earth*, do make the greater *World*;  
And *Soule* and *Bodie*, make the *Lesse* (we prove:)  
The *Heav'ns* doe moue the *Earth*, & they are whirld  
By *Him*, that makes the *Soule*, the *Body* moue.

Primus Mors.

Who conquers *it* (at least) are *Monarchs* great,  
Greater then those that conquered the *greater*;  
For, from their *goodnesse* *Men* their *greatnes* gette,  
And they are *best*, that doe subdue the *better*:

Prover. 16 32.

The great *World's* good, but *better* is the *least*:  
Then view it, to *subdue* it, thou wert best.

Things living  
though never  
so small, are  
better then  
liveles things,  
though never  
so great.

JOHN DAVIS.

A Request to the Cittie of Hereford.

**D**eere Mother, in whole Wombe *my vitall flame*  
Was kindled first by the *Almighties* breath,  
Lend me thy *name*, to adde vnto my *name*,  
That one, with other, may keepe *both* from death:

Vnto thy conscience I (poore I) appeale,  
Whether or no, I haue deserved it;  
My conscience telles me I haue fought thy weale  
With al my *skill*, my *will*, my *woorth*, my *witte*.

Iudge.



Iudge God, iudge good men, iudge my truth herein,  
 Impartiall Iudges you shall iudge for me;  
 Ifso, my soule is fear'd, or I haue bin  
 (Deere Mother) what I now would seeme, to thee:  
 And doe confesse, though vnkinde Parents proue,  
 Yet are their children bound to seeke their loue.

Eph. 6. 1, 2, 3, 4.

John Davies of Hereford.

In Microcosmon IOH. DAVISII  
 Herefordiensis.

Quadrupla vis  
 animat Prud.  
 in Psycho:

Παράδεισος  
 ψυχῆς. Pyth.

Metam. 2.

Horat. lib. 2.  
 Sat. 2.

ἀνθρώπου  
 δὲ ἐπίτ.

Clau. epig. 21.

ὅτι τὸ ἐν μὲν  
 σώσει σὺ & c.  
 Ho. 6. 8. 11. d.  
 luv. Saty. 11.

**E**N tibi Pythagoræ sacram diamq. τετρακτύω,  
 Alma Naturæ scatebram fontemq. perennem:  
 Cuius quis pandet mysteria? quisve profundos  
 Audebit timidogressu tentare recessus?  
 Audet Davisius nec magnis excidit ausis.  
 Non is Dædalea per cælum remigat alâ,  
 Nec Phaetontæo raptatus in athera curru  
 Stellarum inspector stupet, aut Iovis atria lustrat:  
 In se conversus, Divinæ particulam auræ  
 Non lippo aut lusco solers rimatur oculo.  
 Hunc lege quisquis aves Animani, tam nobile germen  
 Noscere, decriptum delibatumq. supremi  
 Quod de mente Dei quisq. hoc in corpore gestat.  
 Non te Ægyptiacus teneat tardet ve character;  
 Nulla Syracusij Senis arte inventa morentur,  
 Suspensus cæli fornix & vitreus orbis:  
 Edibus in proprijs quæ recta aut prava gerantur  
 Inspicias, haustamq. polo vigil excute mentem:  
 Cælitus emissum descendit γῶσι σιτυόν.

IO. SANFORDVS.

Cha-

*Charissimo Iohanni Daviso Salutem.*

**O***xonia vates cum sis, Herefordia quare  
Davisi, in titulo pristina scripta tuo?  
Crede mihi, doctam non urbem tale pigebit  
Ingenium in numero nomen habere suo.  
Charus & illius mihi nomine, charus & huius  
Vrbis es: hinc artes ducimus, inde genus,  
Charior at proprio mihi nomine: fas mihi suave  
Ingenium, mores fas sit amare probos.  
Ingenium moresq; tuos redamem: illud & istos,  
Plura mihi, cunctis hic liber ipse probat.*

*Robertus Burhillus Coll. C.C. Soc.*

*Liber Lectores alloquitur.*

**H***Em! tu qui (leve paginas pererrans  
Nostras pollice, & inquiete ocello)  
Piscaris rabidum tibi venenum  
Ex hoc fonticulo, scaturienti  
Nisi Castaliæ liquore, nullo;  
Abito procul hinc: facessat isthuc  
Ocelli malè prurientis ardor.  
Non nostris olida natant papyris  
Algæ; nec levibus tumesco nugis  
Molestanta, scelus Patre expiandum  
Lemnio! hinc profugus Cupido: lira,  
Sordes, quisquilia exulapt, & omnis  
Putredo, ruveni nocens legenti.  
Quintu, sobrie; docte, perspicacis  
Cui lucet Aquila, altiusq; acumen,*

*B.*

*Cal.*

*Cultor Virginis integer Patrimæ;  
 Et tu, Montis amans biforme culmen  
 Chara progenies novem Dearum,  
 Adsis; & genium, meumq; carmen  
 Expendas (rogo) strictiore lance  
 Tui iudicij sagacioris.  
 Non supercilium, striaeue frontis  
 Declino tetricas minacioris:  
 Thaletem accipio; venito Brute,  
 Censorem volute; severioris  
 Nec durum fugio Catonis unguem.  
 Hoc est quod fugio; labore tanto,  
 Commentum peperisse mollicellum,  
 Vel tricas, apinaeue; queis, inepto  
 Ridendi moveatur an sa vulgo.*

*N. Debillus.*

*In Libri Auctorem.*

*P*hilosophi laudes, laudes meruere poetæ;  
     *Davisius vatem, philosophumq; refert.*  
*Ergo Parnasi lauro, lauroq; Lycæi,  
     Philosopho, & vati cinge Britanne caput.*  
*Nam quorum Pylios unum dare postulat annos;  
     Hæc effecta duo sedulus ille dedit.*

*M*irum in modum, Men did wonder-maze,  
 Which wonderment, this later worke of thine  
 (Not by detracting from it) doth deface.  
 How so? by giving out a greater shine:  
 The soules Horizon that made light whil-ere,  
 But this inlightens her whole Hemisphære.

*Blest*



Bleſt be thou Sunne frō whēce this light doth ſpring  
 And bleſſed be this little World of light  
 By which who walkes, perforce muſt be a King,  
 King of a little World, in Fortunes ſpight;  
 For force, and vertue, in the ſoule doe fitte,  
 And they doe raigne that ruled are by it. (Soule,  
 Thēraigne thou in Mens thoughts, thou thoughtful  
 Whil'ſt thy rare Worke among their Workes ſhall  
 For, it in paſſion, paſſion doth controule, (raigne;  
 Then mightie is thy grace, thine Arte, thy paine:  
 As thou for writing faire art moſt renownd,  
 So, writing thus, thou muſt be Lawrell croud.

JOHN JAMES

*Mihi chariſſimo Iohanni Daviſio  
 Herefordienſi.*

**Q***uid petis noſtra leviora Muſa  
 Fila, Daviſi? fateor, Sorores  
 Tardus ignoro Ardalides. quid iſt hoc!  
 - Me-ne laceſſas?  
 Eia! nec factum bene! mellilinguis  
 Te canat Maiâ genitus; Camæna  
 Te canant diuæ; ingeminent q̃ cantus  
 Agmina vatū:  
 Cui bono? Maiâ genitus, Camæna,  
 Agmina & vatū procul ite: mirum  
 In modum diu cecinit ſeipſum  
 Carmine vates.  
 Dī boni, talis titulus Pœſi  
 Optima quàm conveniens! & iſt hic  
 Microcoſmos- ſed tamen acquieſco;  
 Ipſe loquatur.*

B 2

De-

*Definas & tu steriles arare  
(Me citando) arvos: nivum Libelli  
Est scelus frontis spicium lituris  
Tinguere nostris.*

T. R.

*To the Author.*

**M** *Ans* loule (th' *Idea* of our *Makers* mould)  
Whiles it doth harbour in this *house* of *clay*,  
Is so ore-whelm'd with *passions* manifold,  
Is so ore-throwne with *Adams* olde decay:  
That much like bastard Eagle, dimme of sight,  
*It* dares not take a view of *Reasons* light.

O then, redoubled thanks deserues thy *Worke*,  
Whose Verse *Promethens*-like strives to enflame  
That sacred *Sparke*, which in our *Soules* doth lurke,  
Giving blinde *Reason* eyes to see the same:  
*Davies*, thine *Arte* beyond our *Arte* doth reach,  
For thou each *Soule*, soule-humbling *Arte* dost  
(teach:

Thus *Oxford Artists* are oblig'd to thee,  
Who, *Stork-like* building heere a while thy *Nest*,  
For *Earthly* Lodge dost leaue an heav'nly fee,  
Giving a *Sword* to kill that foe of *Rest*,  
Faire learnings blott, which *Scollers* know to well,  
I mean, *Self-loue*, which thy *Self-Arte* doth quell.

DOUGLAS CASTILION.  
Vpon

*Vpon Master Iohn Davies, Beginning his Discoverie  
of the litle VVorld with a Preface vnto the most  
high and mightie Prince Iames the first  
King of England &c.*

**S**O, ere he dare adventure on the Maine,  
The prudent Sailoure prostrate on the shoare  
Makes first his vowes vnto the \* swan-bred  
And their aspect religiously implores: (Twaine, <sup>\*Castor and  
Pollux.</sup>

So, ere vnto the Ocean he sets-forth,  
Who is this lesse Worlds great Discouerer,  
He turns his eies vnto the hopefull North,  
And viewes the Cynosure that shineth there.

Auspicious Star, at whose divine arise  
Earth did put of her saddest maske of Night,  
Shine mildely on him, who beholdes thine Eies,  
As sole directors of his course aright.

So that the great world may the lesse world see  
By that faire Light he borrowed first of thee.

*Vpon the Discoverie of the litle VVorld  
By Master Iohn Davies.*

**G**Oe Drake of England, \* Dore of Italie,  
Vnfolde what ever Neptunes armes in folde, <sup>\*Christoph.  
Columb.</sup>  
Travell the Earth (as Phoebus doth the skie)  
Till you begette newe Worlds vpon this olde.

Would any wonders see, yet liue at rest,  
Nor hazard life vpon a dangerous Chelfe?



Behold, thou bear'st a World within thy brest,  
Take ship at-home, and sayle about thy selfe.

The shippe  
wherein Sir  
Fr. Dra. com-  
pass'd the  
World,

This Paper-Bark may be thy Golden-Hinde,  
*Davies* the *Drake* and true discou'rer is,  
The end, that thou-thy-selfe thy-selfe maist finde;  
The prize and pleasure thine, the trauell his :  
See here display'd, as plaine as knowledge can,  
This litle World, this wondrous Ile of Man.

*Charles Fitz-Jeffry.*

*To the Reader.*

**B**Eyond the reach of vulgar intellect,  
Inbred by Nature, but refin'd by Art,  
Doth wisdomes *Heyre* this monument erect,  
Grace't with what ere the *Graces* can impart.  
Here, Wits not soild with looser blandishment.  
The *Subiect* pure, abstruse, and worthy paine,  
Annatomizing civill goverment,  
And, of the *Soule* what Reason can attaine.  
The many *sweetes* herein contained be,  
Epitomiz'd, would aske too large Narration  
To be compris'd within this narrow station.  
Reade then the *VVorke*: when, if thou canst not see  
Th'infolded flame; be rapt with admiration,  
But censure not: for, *Owles* haue bleared eies,  
Dazled with every *Starre* that doth arise.

*To the Booke as it is dedicated unto his most  
excellent Maieste.*

**T**Hrile happy Issue, brain-begotten Birth,  
Wits pure Extraction, life of Poetrie,

Togi.

Togither borne with *Englands* endlesse mirth;  
How haue the Heauens grace't thy nativity!

Wast from disdaine to powre th'ambrosian dew  
(Dropping like Nectar from a sacred quill)  
Into the common Lavour, vulgar view;  
That Heaven deferd thy birth these howres vntill?

O blessed *Booke*, reserv'd to kisse that hand,  
From which, desert nere parted discontent!  
Go, pay thy vowes; await his dread command  
To whom in prostrate duety thou art sent.

Shall *He* say, liue? flie Time; swell *Lethe* lake;  
Burst fell Detraction; thou liu'lt: and when  
A thousand Ages dust shall over-rake,  
Thy living *Lines* shall please both God, and men:

For, grace't by *him*, whom swift intelligence  
Hath made Arch-Master of each excellence,  
It needes must follow, that succeeding daies  
Cannot detract from what *he* dain'd to praise.

*Nicholas Deeble.*

*Ad Lectorem de libro.*

**B** *Enigne lector, parvuli orbis incola,  
Qui coeca falsi transfretans mundi vada,  
Dirigere recto tramite exoptas ratem,  
Istum libellum vt Nauticum Indicem sequens;  
Fugies Ceraunia saxa, Syrenas leues,  
Fugies trucem Carybdin, & Syrtes vagas.  
Vide Teipsum, & inspice omnes angulos;*

*Quis-*

*Quisquis seipsum non videt, cernit Nihil.  
Nolcito Teipsum, cordis explorans sinus;  
Quisquis seipsum nescit, hic novit Nihil.  
Cura teipsum, ut proprii medicus mali;  
Quisquis seipsum negligit, curat Nihil.  
Vides teipsum modo Animam inspicias tuam.  
Curas teipsum modo Animam sanes tuam.*

*Nathanael Tomkins.*

**T**O praise thee, beeing what I am to thee,  
Were (in effect) to dispraise thee, and mee:  
For, who doth praise himselfe, deserves dispraise;  
Thou art my selfe, then thee I may not praise:  
But this, in Nature, may I say by Arte,  
Thine Arte, by Nature, makes thee what thou art.

*Your louing Brother and worst part of your  
selfe Richard Davies*

A





1.

*A Preface in honor and devotion vnto our most  
puissant, and no lesse roially-accomplished  
Soveraigne, Iames by the grace of God  
King of England, Scotland,  
France, & Ireland, defen-  
der of the faith, &c.*

**T**Hou blessed Ile,\* white Marke for *Envies* aime,  
(If *Envy* aims at most felicity)  
Triumph, sith now thou maist by iustice claime  
Precedence in the VNIVERSITY,  
VWherein best Iles doe strue for mastery:  
Now, shalt thou be great MODERATOR made  
In each *Dispute*, that tendes to EMPERY,  
So that AMBITION shall no deeper wade,  
Then thy DECREES in *iudgment* shall perswade.

\* Albion.

Now Grand-dame ALBION, in thy *grandure* thinke,  
Thinke seriously vpon each circumstance  
(Sith late thou wert at Pitt of *Perills* Brincke)  
That may make thee (though *old*) as *yong* to dance,  
Mou'd by sweete *strames* of more sweete Concordance:  
But staie (deere *Mother*) ô I doe thee wrong  
To putt thee in thy *Muses*; now advance  
Thy voice, in *Praise* to whom it doth belong,  
GOD, and thy KING, that made thee, fainting, strong.

\* Thy God, and King, King given thee of GOD  
To make thee loue thy God, and like thy King;  
And so gaue thee a *Royall*, for a *Rod*,  
To punish thee with what doth *comfort* bring,  
And make thee *richer* by his chastening.  
Hee came by no \* *Meanders* of *Mans* bloud  
Vnto our Land; but with a sure-flow *winge*  
Hee flew farre from *it*, and did leaue that *Flud*  
On the left hand, for those that *Rights* with-stood.

\* My son loue  
the Lord, and  
the King, and  
medle not  
with them  
that are sedi-  
tious Prover.

2d. 27.

\* Killing this,  
or that Cou-  
sin; that, or  
this Competi-  
tor.

C

Though

Though home-bred *harts* may harbour strange desires,  
 Nere-pleas'd *Perversnesse*, yet, must needs confesse  
 He to this *Crowne*, by double right, aspires,  
*Bloud*, and *Bequest*; say, *Male-contentednesse*,  
 (If thou dost live, but I hope nothing lesse)  
 Ist true, or'no? I see *Shame* holdes thy tongue  
 From such *deniall*; then, for shame, expresse  
 Thy loue to *right*, and doe thy *Liege* no wrong,  
 But say, long may our *Crowne* to him and his belong.

2. Sam. 5. 7.

His precious *Veines* doe flow with our deer'st *bloud*;  
*Bone* of our *bones*, *Flesh* of our *Flesh*, is he:  
 If he by vs, then, should haue beene withstoode,  
 We had withstoode our selues; and cursed bee  
 The *hand* that with the *head* doth disagree.  
 Beyond his birth, he was a *Kinge*, in right,  
 And borne to beare *rule*, in the high'st degree,  
 Whose *hand* and head endowed are with might  
*Scepters* and *Crownes* to weld, and weare aright.

And giue we her, her due, that now is gone,  
 Who had in her a World of *Princely Parts*:  
 Yet shee hath left her *World*, and *Worth* to one  
 Thats Master of himselfe, and of the *Arts*  
 Which *Art*, and *Nature*, but to *Kings* impartes:  
 And as this *Queene* was oft from death preserv'd  
 When in his lawes he had got all her *partes*;  
 So was this *King* from like distresse conserv'd,  
 And both (no doubt) for *Englands* life reserv'd.

And right well worthy of the *Crowne* is hee,  
 Were it more deere then *Cesars Diadem*  
 (When envious *World* did him her *Monarch* see)  
 That never did molest our *Queene*, and *Reame*,  
 That might with *bloud*, for *bloud*, haue made it streame:  
 That *God* that tenders all that tender *bloud*  
 Blesse him and his for it, and make his *Stemme*  
 Yeeld many *Branches*, that may ever bud,  
 And bring sweete fruit, for *Scottish-Englands* good.

*Much*

Much *Bloud*, though drawne from *Heavens* vnholly *foes*,  
Seemes irksome (if not loathsome) to their sight:  
For, when iust *David* thought their *Arke* t'inclose  
Within a *Temple*, with all glory dight,  
(Which hee (in *zeale*) meant to erect outright)  
Hee was forbad by *Heav'ns* most holy *One*  
For making *Bloud* to flow (though in their right)  
And that *Task* put on peacefull *Salomon*:  
Then peacefull be thy *Raigne* (deare *Lord*) alone  
To build the *Temple* of true *Union*.

2. Sam. 7. 2. 13.

But, though our *Bloud* were thus deere in thine *Eies*  
(More deere then *Gold*, although a double *Crowne*)  
Yet did our *fear* thy *Loue* with care surprize E: A:  
And bee'ng our owne, we vs'd it as our owne;  
For, safe we kept it, as to thee its knowne:  
We lou'd thee so, as still we fear'd thy powre,  
For, if a *wren* from vs to thee had flowne,  
We (as supposing that hee ment to towre)  
Would keepe him safe, for *loue* and *fear*, in *Towre*.

Deere *King*, drade *Sov'raigne*, sacred *Maiessty*,  
And what *stie* els, a mortall *state* may beare,  
We, truly *English*, doe but liue to die  
For thee, for that thou (stirred) didst not steere  
Thy powre against our *peace*; but didst indeere  
Vs to thee, by thy peerelesse patience showne,  
True token of thy *loue*-begotten care  
Of *vs* and *ours*; as if that *loue* alone  
Had held our losse of *bloud* (astis) thine owne.

Had not our *blouds* beene precious in thine *Eie*,  
Thou mightst (perhaps) haue made vs buy it deare  
Or made thee *heire* apparant publikely,  
As *Iustice* would; but crost by *private* *fear*:  
*Stories* swarme with *Examples*, farre, and neere,  
That many further off, and of lesse force  
To catch at *Crownes*, would *heires* thereto appeere,  
Or pull of *Crownes* and *heades* of them perforce,  
That, wearing *Crownes*, crost their vnblest course.



But thou ('to thy true glory be it said)  
 Though having *hands* of *powre* to 'reach a *Crowne*  
 Thou didst thy selfe containe, and praid, and staid,  
 Till now in peace thou haste it for thine owne;  
 And still may *thee* and *thine* by it be knowne:  
 That *Scots*, and *English*, no more may be *twa*,  
 But made, by *true-loves* artlesse Art, all *one*,  
 As *Nature* hath made vs, and *Cuntry* too,  
 Both which to vnitie vs both doe woo.

So neighbour *Nations* seeing our concent  
 Shall itand in awe of our vnited *powr's*;  
 And (of our *friendshippes* glad) shall vs present  
 With precious *gifts*, and all that *love* alures;  
 So all, as *friends*, while friends we are, is ours:  
 And may hee bee a *terror* made to all,  
 That twixt vs the least *discontent* procures;  
 And as a *Monster* most vnnaturall,  
 Let odious bee his damu'd *memoriall*.

If wee, when wee were but halfe, what we are,  
 And had a *woman* to our *soveraigne*,  
 Were able all *foes* at their *dores* to dare,  
 V What may we doe, when over vs doth raigne  
 A kingly *King*, and one *Realme* made of twaine?  
 If ever therefore twixt our *Fathers* were  
 (That now are rakt in dust) cause to complaine,  
 Let it be rakt with them, for wee are cleere  
 From wronging each, and each to other deere.

Both subiect to one *Soveraigne*, then draw wee  
 Togeather kindlie in *subiections* Yoke;  
 God, and our *King* will ioy, if wee agree,  
 But greive, if we each other shal provoke,  
 And make vs feeble their *wrathes* resistlesse stroke:  
 Then dwell in our *harts*, for *ioyes* cordiall  
 (V Which nothing but your *sorowes* can revoke)  
 Haue made them large ynough to hould you all,

Prov. 27.19. And lend vs yours, to doe the like withall.

*A Preface.*

5

Call for them when yee will, they shalbe *yours*,  
 Together with the *Tenants* harbred there :  
 But take our *harts*, for now they are not *owes*,  
 But *yours* for ever, let vs then endeere  
 Vsto you ever, who are to vs deere:  
 My voice, though base, to highest *Concord* tends,  
 Then tis in tune (I trust) to ev'ry *Eare*:  
 If it be harsh, my *hart* shall make amendes,  
 For it doth relish *Love* which nere offends.

Then weigh our *Prince* (our *Peace*) with *Uprightnesse*,  
 And presse him to no more then *that* will way,  
 For, (if not too perverse) we must confesse  
 Our best *requests* sometimes may haue a *way*  
 For better *ends*; which he may not bewray:  
 It is no ease for *one* two *friends* to please  
 VVhen both, perhaps, doe but for *one thing* praie:  
 Then die, ô die ere once him so displease,  
 As to vige *that*, that may his *hart* disease.

O that I had a *Soule*-enchanting *Tongue*,  
 That with an *Eare*-bewitching violence  
 I might perswade to all that doth belong  
 To perfect *Love*, and true *obedience*;  
 Sith our *felicities* must flow from thence:  
 If so it be, then nought the *VVill* can moue  
 To loue, if *objects* of such excellence  
 cannot allure the *Mind* and *Will* to loue,  
 As the *felicities* which now we prove.

Wee may not  
 aske God why  
 he (sometimes)  
 denies our re-  
 quests; but be-  
 cause hee is as  
 good, as wise,  
 suppose it is  
 for the best:  
 no more  
 ought wee a  
 wife & good  
 King, &c.

Our *King* comes not to our late barren *Crowne*  
 Himselfe alone, but brings a fruitfull *Queene*,  
 And (*Englands* comfortes) children of their owne,  
 By which the *state* ay stablished may be scene;  
 Then blest are wee, if ere wee blest haue beene:  
 O let vs then blesse him whose blessednesse  
 Hath (when our *sinnes* expected *sorrows* keene)  
 Preserv'd vs both from *warres*, and *wretchednesse*,  
 And let vs loue, in *Soule*, and *singlenesse*.

Giue vs your *Daughters*, and take *ours* in marage,  
 That, *Blonds* so mixte, may make one *flesh*, and *blond*;  
 We will not *yours*, then doe not *ours* disparage,  
 But ballance all by *woorth*, and *Liuey-hood*,  
 By *Vertue*, *Beauty*, and what ere is good:  
 Each bend his *wittes*, and all his *industrie*,  
 To make all *one* in *body*, *minde*, and *mood*:  
 Then *God* will blesse all, bent to *unity*,  
 And plunge vs all, in all felicity.

If *Concord* makes of weake, most mightie *things*,  
 And *Discord* of most mightie, *things* most fraile;  
 If *subiects* *peace*, and *glorie* be the *Kings*,  
 And their *Disgrace*, and *strife* his *diswaile*;  
 Then ô let my weake *words* strongly prevaile  
 To strongest *peace*, (that makes weak<sup>st</sup> *weaknesse* strong)  
 Then, nought shall dare our daring *peace* t<sup>r</sup> assaile,  
 But we shall right th<sup>r</sup> oppressed *Neighbours* wronge,  
 And make them holde their *owne*, as we doe, longe.

Ecl. 4. 9.

As when a humane-flesh- fedd *Caniball*  
 Hath singled out some *weaking*, for a *Pray*,  
 And by the power of some *Knights* (armed all),  
 Is sker'd (at point to feede) with skath away:  
 So from th<sup>r</sup> opprest, we shall *oppressors* fray;  
 And be as *Gods* *Liuesenants*, heere belo,  
 To see his highest *justice* done each way,  
 That *Heav'n* by vs may make the *Earth* to kno  
 We are *Heav'n*- holpe, to helpe all wronged so.

Prov. 24. 11.

Whiles *Myne*, and *Thyne*, did disvnite our *Crownes*  
 (Two *things* for which, the *Sire* and *sonne* will iarre)  
 There was some cause, sometimes, of secret *frownes*,  
 That ended too too oft with open *warre*;  
 But now both *We*, and *They* vnited are;  
 And, surely to sustaine that double *Crowne*,  
 Fiue *Proppes* we haue, (*Ambition* so to barre)  
 Made of each others *substance*, so, our *owne*,  
 Then what remains but still to *loue*, as *One*.

The



*A Preface.*

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The *Lion* to the *Dragon's* reconcil'd,  
That whilome did vpon each other feede;  
*Ierusalem* hath *David* (erst exild)  
Free denized, & *King* proclaim'd with speede;  
Whose *Members* dance for ioy of that iust deede:  
Hir *King* is now, according to *his Hart*,  
V Which, with, saue goodnesse, nothing is agreed;  
He is a *King* in *all*, and in earth *part*,  
By *bloud* (without bloud) *Nature*, *Minde*, and *Arte*.

2. Sam. 6. 14.

*Fortune* that crost the *will*, and *worke* of *Nature*  
For many *yeares*, hath now made her amends  
By making vs, (as we are) one, in *nature*,  
And of vnfaithfull *foes*, most faithfull *friends*:  
That *Hand* on whose direction all depends  
(Disposing *Crownes* and *Kingdomes* as it lists)  
Hath made vs one, I hope, for endlesse *endes*:  
Then curst be he that *Heau'n* herein resists;  
And blest be him that *it* therein assists.

And, though I be no *Seer*, yet let mee  
(Out of my darke foresight in *things* future)  
Speake like a *Seer*, that can such things see  
That may be, seene without the *seeing* pow'r,  
And their like, seene of blind men ev'ry howr:  
If *sinne* crosse not the course of *Heau'n* herein,  
Our *Land* (that flowes with *Hony*, *Milke*, and *Floure*)  
Shall be an Earthlie *Paradise*, wherein  
*Plentie*, and *Peace* shall woo from, and to *sinne*.

But *Plenty*, like an *Eane*-enticing *Snake*,  
Shall tempt vs with the Eye-delighting *fruits*  
Of all *voluptuousnes*, which if wee take,  
There is a *pow'r* that can our *fortunes* sute;  
V With *Adams*, when hee *Eaden* was cast out;  
And, with stil-sweating *sorrow*-furrowed *Browes*,  
To liue, or begge, or starve if we be mute:  
For nought hath roote so fast, or gaily growes,  
But *Heau'n's* least puffed extirpes, and overthrowes.

Otis perfection next to that of Gods,  
 When Men are compass't with all sensuall sweetes,  
 Then, then, to make the Will to know the odds  
 Betwixt that sweete that lasts, and this that fleetes,  
 And so restraine harts ioy when pleasure greetes:  
 An abie& Slave will glut his greedie Maw  
 VVith what so ere his Sense with sweete regreets,  
 If he can snatch it, but great Myndes withdraw  
 Their Wills from such base blisse, by Glories law.

Anoble and  
 good hart will  
 haue confide-  
 ration of his  
 meate & diet.  
 Eccl. 30. 25.

A Beare will breake her Belly, if shee may,  
 So boony be the meane to doe the deede:  
 And so will Men-beares doe, as well as thay,  
 If they catch hoonied sweetes, themselves to feede;  
 VVho make it their Minds laboure onely meede:  
 Basse humane Beasts, how senselesse is your sense  
 That will gainst sense and Reason so exceede!  
 Base is your minde, worse your intelligence,  
 Odious to God, and vnto Men offence.

Eccl. 10. 17. If Landes are saide to flourish, and reioyce  
 Vnder new Kinges, though oft worse then the old,  
 How may this Land, as if shee had made choise  
 Of hir Liege Lord, (that now the same doth hold)  
 For vertue onely, ioy him to infold!  
 If Soules extreame ioy makes the Body dance,  
 (VVirtnesse sweete Psalmist) then, deere Liege, behold  
 Thy subiects iecture at thine enterance,  
 And be assur'd they besse this blessed chance.

Note Simil.

And see how Vertue pulls to, and putts fro,  
 Like to the Load-stone whose North-point attracts  
 And South-point putts off, what the North pulls to:  
 So thou (North-point) by right and vertuous Acts  
 Dost draw our Crowne, and vs to thee contracts:  
 And those, South from thee (that in show might draw)  
 By Vertue mou'd (as loathing bloudie facts)  
 Put off the Crowne, (before their head it saw)  
 To thee, whose vertue breeds their lone and are.

See,

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See, see how Mother Natures totall Body  
Doth (as inspired with a second Soule)  
Exult to see thee weare the Crowne vnbloudy!  
See how the *O:bes* of Heav'n doe slowly roule  
To slacke Times course, which they for thee controule!  
The hoast of *starres*, with *Sol* their *soveraigne*,  
Fight, all *aspects* malicious to ore-rule:  
The *Elements* renew their force againe,  
To blesse with *plentie*, thy thrice-blessed *raigne*.

Our *Fields*, are clad in three-pil'd *Greene* in *Graine*,  
(Three-pil'd for thicknesse that none sees the *Ground*:  
In *Graine* which no *Land* can (for goodnesse) *staine*;  
Like ioyfull Sommer-*Queenes*, they thus are *gound*  
To see their *King* (by whom they flourish) *cround*:  
VWho will for thee such *larges* throw about  
(VVith open hand) that *Beggars* shall abound  
VVith fill of *Bread*; yea all the *land* throughout  
Shall glut her *Children* with *Milke*, *Floure*, and *Fruite*.

•Corne.

Behold our *Heards* crowning our gorgeous *Dowres*  
VVith *Diadems* of rich and rarest *Wooll*!  
See how the virgin *Lambes*, in milke-white *Gownes*,  
Doeskip for ioy (whereof their harts are full!)  
No *Beast*, nay not the *Asse* (though nere so dull)  
But in his voice (though vnarticulate)  
Salutes these times, and vp their *spirites* pull:  
So, *Airie*, and *Watrie Flockes* congratulate  
Thy fortune blest, to staie this sincking *state*.

Psal. 144. 13.

Pro. 37. 26.

No *Beast* is backward in this; common ioy,  
But the slowe *Oxe*; and hee with open Throte  
Complaines, for that *Men* will him now imploy  
More then before; yet tunes a doubtfull *Note*  
That none may him directly grieved note:  
For, he (though nere so blunt of wit and *sprite*)  
Cannot but know (except hee can but dote)  
That his whole *Tribe* might haue beene bucherd quight  
To feede huge *Hests*, if thou hadst not thy *right*.

D

OUR



The person  
that is full de-  
piseth an ho-  
ny-combe but  
vnto the hun-  
gry Soules (as  
hunger-bittē  
Soldiers) eve-  
ry bitter thing  
is sweete.  
Prov. 27 7.

Our *Houndes* and *Haukes*, with *Spaniels* them among,  
Together drue their Heads, so to decree  
(VVith Triumph such as to them doth belong)  
How th'one should *runne*, and *crie*, the other *flee*  
To sport their *King*, for their *Sportes* libertee.  
They fear'd their *game* had beene expired quight,  
And that their owne decay they soone should see;  
For no flesh comes amisse t' a hungry wight  
That hunts for *Flesh* for neede, not for delight.

The *Rivers*, dallying with their beautilous *Banckes*  
VVith voice of comfort, whisper in their *Eares*  
That *Swans* shall decke them now, not *Soldiers* Rancks;  
*Swans*, whose sweete *Songs*, shall banish *cayes* and *feares*,  
And both ioy-drown'd do interchange sweete *Teares*:  
Each silver *Prill* gliding on *golden Sand*  
Transmuted so, by these new golden *yeares*,  
Oreflowne with ioy, doth laugh vpon the *Land*;  
VVhich as with blisse entraunct, amaz'd doth stand.

The senselesse *Trees*, with sense of ioy past *Joy*,  
Send, through their Buff-skyn *Barks*, their *iuyce* in *Teares*;  
VVhich ere they fall, blithe *Nature* doth employ  
In *Buds*, and *Blossoms*, so that each appears  
Smiling on all, and *Roabes* of Triumph weares:  
So, all doe weepe and laugh, and laughing weepe  
That *earth* (the *Lade* of *Elementals*) beares;  
And as an *holy-day*, this *yeare* doth keepe,  
Drownd in a *Sea* of hoonied *pleasures* deepe:

The *Seasons* of the *yeare* in councell fate,  
VVhich of the *four* thee first should entertaine;  
VVho all decreed the *Spring* (as chiefe in state)  
Should welcome in thy comming hereto raigne,  
And decke our *Triumphes* for our *Soveraigne*.  
Among the *Monthes*, *March* was thereto assign'd  
Yet hee refus'd, till hee his *puffes* restrain'd,  
And having spent his *spight*, to wit, his *winde*,  
In fine, he welcomes thee in mildest kinde.

The

*A preface.*

The *Day*, and *Night*, straueth then for greatest might  
V When thou should'st come this *Ile* of *Isles* to sway;  
So greed, there should bee as much *Day*, as *Night*,  
The *Day* to triumph in, the *Night* to play  
V With Heav'nly *Visions*, which sweete *sleepes* bewray.  
*Neptune* now hugs his *Darlinge* in his *Armes*,  
(This *Queene* of *Isles*) lest that his *Tridents* sway  
Should bee made subiect to her *Sceptred Armes*,  
So, flatt'ring, seekes to shunne his feared harmes.

Her *Eies*, (witnesse mine *Eies*) *lights* of the *Land*  
*Oxford*, and *Cambridge*, distill'd ioyfull *Teares*,  
V With *cries* among, for loe, the *Doctors* stand  
(Prest with the *Presse*) filling the *Worlds* wide *Eares*  
V With *shouts* of ioy, that fainted late with *fears*;  
Vp go their *Caps*; so *Gravity* for ioy  
Doth light become, and *Age* like *Youth* appeares,  
V Which doubled mirth to see *Eld* play the *Boy*  
And with *Cap* lost, till lost, to sport and toy.

Looke in the *Studies* of the *younge*, and *old*,  
Their wonted *Studies* wee shall changed see,  
For now the *Muse* their *beades* (deere *barts*) doth hold,  
The while their *hands* are making *lines* agree  
To meate their ioy, that cannot measur'd be:  
Happy is he that can light on one *line*  
That may expresse (and kisse it for a fee)  
The thousandth part of what his *hart* doth line,  
Namely that ioy, that no *name* can define.

Some bend their *browes*, and wroth with their *conceits*  
Doe scratch their *Cogitations* \* hardest *Hold*  
For having no *Worths* in their rude *Receipts*  
V Worth the bestowing, though the worst be *gold*;  
V Which is but *Drosse*, compar'd with what they would:  
Some other write and blot, and blotting write,  
So *thoughts* in *Blots* infolded, *thoughts* vnfold;  
Bewraying so the *Worlds* of their *delight*,  
Is more then *Worlds* of *thoughts* can well recite,

\* The fore-  
part of the  
Skull

And hee that best dischargeth his *Soules* charge,  
 Doth it displeasingly, with much ado,  
 As when rare *Preachers* whith a blessing large,  
 Discharge their *bearers*, thronging out they goe  
 That at the *Gate* they sticke, and stumble too:  
 (VWhen *some* by maine force from their *fellowes* breake)  
 So, *thoughts* in them, so one another woo  
 To be out first, and so the same doe seeke,  
 That in the *Portall* of the *minde* they seeke.

And those that breake out, come but stumbling out  
 Nay, cannot stand, without some others stay:  
 So, one each other stay in stumbling *doubt*,  
 And yet no one can well his doubts bewray,  
 For doubt he doth, say what his friend can say:  
 He doubts his *Lines* may be (for *Lone* or *hate*)  
 Led to his *Liege*, that can all faults display;  
 Hee doubts their *worth*, and (carefull) doubts their *fate*,  
 So *Doubts* distresse his *thoughts*, oppresse his *Pate*.

*Learning* and *Vertue*, that did hang the *Head*,  
 As if they had receau'd their doome of death,  
 or had bin in a *Dreame*, or rather dead  
 VVith their kind *Nurse* deere *Queene* Elizabeth  
 (Who did *thee*, with hir *Crowne*, to thee bequeath)  
 Lo, on the sodaine how they looke aloft,  
 Being reviv'd (at point to render breath)  
 And with the *Muses* treade the *Measures* oft,  
 Meating their ioy with *feete* high-falling soft.

The *Braine* bredd *Godesses*, poore forlorne *Crye*  
 That still she feeds, which *some* cal broken-*Braines*,  
 Some *Poets*, and some fellowes fangled new,  
 Some *Rimers* bale (that all the *World* disdaines)  
 And other some, *mēs* plagues, (but they are *swaines*)  
 these being well-neere out of hart before,  
 Each to his fellow ioy vnfaired faines,  
 Because they likely were to *Bee* no more  
 For being but (poore *Soules*) the *Worlds* Ey-sore.



But when they heard with cheerefull *Trumpetts* clange  
Thy peacefull name proclaim'd, as *Englands king*,  
They skipt & daunc't, and Heav'nly *Hymnes* they fange,  
That *Angells* did admire their *Carrolling*,  
VVhich made both *Heav'n* and *Earth* with ioy to ring:  
Each now retakes his late abandon'd *Pen*,  
And *Night*, and *Day* they plie it, pestering  
Thy *Name* with *Fame*, thy fame with more then *Men*  
Maie beare, if they be not remade agen.

And who hath held their *Pens* from blott of *blame*  
And ever kept their *Muse* immaculate,  
Their conscience now takes comfort in the same,  
As if some *God* were come, (that *Vice* doth hate)  
VVith *Grace* their virtue to remunerate:  
As when the *King* of *Kings* shall come at last  
To giue all *Men* their *meeds*, in righteous rate,  
The good alone reioyce in their *lives* past:  
So perfect *Poets* now must comfort tast,

Now, their cleere *Soules* (free from distemp'rature  
That constantly ensues vnconstant *Vice*)  
Doe (*Angell-holpe*) draw *Lynes* diuinely pure,  
T'expresse their *Soules* prail-worthy avarice  
To draw their *King* to read their *Subiect* twice:  
They melt in *Nectar* of *Phrase* most refin'de,  
That may the *Pallate* of the *Soule* intice  
To tast and retast (in a greedy kinde)  
The *Sweetes* there mixt to recreate the *Minde*.

*Healbs*, now goe round among the *rude*, & *Cruill*,  
The *Earths* best *bloud*, (that bettereth our *bloud*)  
Is suck't each where, and he esteem'd a diuill  
That will not drinke (to show his mery moode)  
A little more (perhapps) then does him good:  
If *Vine* were made to gladd the hart of *Man*  
(Although our gladnesse needes no *wyn* floudd)  
Then now, or never, trouble about the *Cann*,  
Till *sober moode* cries hoe, and no more can.

Psal. 104. 15.  
Eccl. 31. 28.

When the  
righteous are  
in auctority  
the people  
reioyce: but  
when the  
wicked  
bear rule, the  
people sigh.

Prover. 29. 2.

\* Psal. 144. 9.

A *time* there is for all things vnder *Sunne*,  
A *time* for *mirth*, as well as to be *sadd*,  
The *time* for *mirth* is now, ev'n now begun,  
Now wisest *men* with *mirth* doe seeme starke madd,  
And cannot choose their *harts* are all so gladd,  
Then let's be merry in our *God*, and *King*  
That made vs merry, being ill bestadd;  
*South-hampton* vp thy cappe to *Heaven* fling  
And on the \* *Violl* there sweet praises sing,  
For he is come that *grace* to all doth bring.

}

If thou did'st fault, (Iudge *Heav'n*, for I will spare thee,  
Because my *faults* are more then can be cast)  
It did to greater *glorie* but prepare thee,  
Sith greater *vertue* now thereby thou hast.

Psal. 67. 71.

Before our troubles we seeme goodnesse past.  
But cold *Afflictions* water cooles the heate  
Which *Youth*, and *Greatnesse* oft too much doth wast;  
And *Queenes* are coy, and cannot brooke the sweat  
That such *heate* causeth for it seemes vnswete.

But yet thy *woorth* doth wrest from what soere  
thereto opposd, by vnseene violence.

Acknowledgment of what in thee is deere  
That is, the glory of much *excellence*

God & King.

Fitt for the vse of high'st *prehemineuce*:  
The *World* is in the wane, and worthy *Men*  
Haue not therein in each place residence:  
Such as are worthy should be cherisht then,  
And being overthrowne raisd vp agen.

*Pembrooke* to *Court* (to which thou wert made strange)  
Goe, doe thine *homage* to thy *Soveraigne*,  
Weepe, and reioyce, for this sadd-joyfull *Change*;  
Then weepe for ioy, thou needst not *teares* to faine,  
Sith late rhine *Eies* did nought els entertaine:  
If I mistake thee not, and thy best part,  
Thy vertues will thy *Lieges* fauoure gaine:  
For, *Vertue*, vertue loues, as *Arte* doth *Arte*;  
Then will hee loue thee (*Lord*) for thy desert,

Thy

Thy Sire and Grand-fire, were two mightie Peeres  
 That were strong trustie Pillars of this State:  
 Thou hast what they had, thy want is but yeeres;  
 Yet *Artie* in thee doth *Tyme* anticipat,  
 And makst thee being yonge, in old estate:  
 For lo, thy *Iudgments*, iointes are strongly knitt  
 And in *Artes Limbecke*, thy all-learned *Pate*,  
*Wisdom* extracts the Quintessence of *VVise*  
 To make the same for his employment fitt.

Hold vp your hartlesse *Heads*, and headlesse *Harts*  
 All yee whom *Time* and *Fortune* did suppress;  
 Hee's come, hee's come, that *Life* halfe dead reverts,  
 Deere little *Lord*, great in too great distresse,  
 (VVith smoothed front) goe kisse thy happinesse.  
*Ladies*, and *Lords*, purse-pinched, and Soule-pain'd,  
 Poore, Rich and all (rich in all blessednesse)  
 Bless him by whom yee haue till now remain'd  
 To tast these *Tymes* which yeeld sweet ioyes vnfain'd.

High humbled *Lady*, high though humbled,  
 High by thy vertue, humbled by thy *Crosse*  
 By *Fortune* lift vp, and downe tumbled,  
 Two (ô speake *VVorld*) had ere one such a losse  
 As shee had of two *Pheares*, who did engrosse  
 The richest *VVares* that *Arte* and *Nature* sold,  
 Yet *Fortune* in their fines was over-crosse,  
 For both vntimely shee return'd to *Mould*  
 Yet, *Lady*, new be cast in *Comforts* Mold.

Yee seemely *Senators* that *God* do feare  
*Vertues* true Lovers, *Bloud*-detesting *Sages*,  
*Peace* & *Rights* friends, (as now doth wel appeare)  
*Load-starrs* to this, *Lights* to the after *Ages*  
 Reioyce you may, for, your well-erned *VVages*  
 (Earned of your late *Mistris*) he will pay  
 That's now your *Master*; Thē with harmeles rages  
 Of zeale infam'd exult, and with vs say  
 Blest be King *James*, our King, our Ioy, our Stay.



Mount-joy, let joy now mount as high as *Heav'n*;  
 For now thy (long-left) land is *Heav'n* become:  
 Come; come away, the *Foe* to flight is driv'n,  
 Hasten thy comming, hie, ô hie thee home  
 that joy (though nought els cā) may thee overcome:  
*Muses* deere love, *Mecenas* to their loves,  
 Thy King vnto this *kingdome* now is come,  
 And like the *sunne* in our new *Heaven* moues  
 To comfort thee and all that *glorie* loves.

If wee that still liue here doe *Heav'n* it hold,  
 VVhat wilt thou thinke it with that *Hell* compar'd  
 VVhere yet thou liv'st, among deathes manifold,  
 (VVhich for our safety thou hast long endur'd?)  
 Thou sure wilt thinke no *Angell* now doth ward  
 The *Esterne Eden*, plac'd now in the *North*,  
 But, *Scots* and *English-men*, the same doe guard  
 And therein liue; then come *Heroicke Worth*,  
 Attend thy *Liege* till he resends thee forth.

Mecke-harted *Worcester* friend of Humanity,  
 Honor'd for *honesty*, so rightly honored;  
 Gods white-guilt *Whiteguist*, glory of *Prelacy*;  
 Buckhurst our *Treasurer*, roially treasured  
 VVith richest *Rules of Rule*: *Egerton* famouzed  
 For love to *equity*: chiefe Iustice of the land  
 Bold *Popham* resolute, for thy friend, for thy Head;  
 Striue, striue, ô striue to make fast *Peaces* Band,  
 That you (obeying) may in peace command;  
 So you by it, and it by you may stand. }

Great harted *Heros*, great *Northumberland*  
 Furnisht withall that may make great a *Peere*;  
 And *Tethys* true-love ventrous *Cumberland*;  
 Together with the rest to *England* deere  
 Deere *Peeres* let now your peerelesse ioy appeere:  
 Goe *Lordes*, goe meete your sans-Peere *Soveraigne*;  
 And tell him yee are his while hee is here,  
 And when he leaues the *Earth* for boav'ly raigne  
Thou and yours will be his, whiles they remaine.

Thou

*A Preface.*

17

Thou liuely Image of our *Worlds* perfection,  
Our little *Worlds* great Paragon of fame,  
Both taking *being* (by the *Heav'ns* direction)  
In one selfe, *wombe*, that both should be the *same*  
In *Spirite*, in *vertue*, *nature*, and in *name*;  
This *World* beginnes to cotton now for thee,  
For whom the *World*, sometimes, was much to blame:  
*Vertue*, deere *Sidney*, now advanc'd shalbe  
Sith *Vertue* knowes no partialitee.

Sir Phil. Sidn.

Sir R. Sidney.

Thou virgin *Knight* that dost thy selfe obscure  
From *Worlds* vnequall *eyes*, and faine wouldst *dy*  
Er' thy *name* should be knowne to *Worlds* impure,  
Now shew thy selfe, thou canst not hidden lie  
From our new *Worlds* desert. out-searching *Eie*.  
Great *Sidneies* loue (true prooffe of thy great worth)  
Live now, for now thou maist not living die;  
*Vertue* must vse thee, then (*Dyer Knight*) come forth  
To haile thy vertues *Loadstarre* from the *North*.

Sir Ed. Dy.

And Albions *Scæva*, whose crosse wounded Corse  
Like t' an imbalmed dead-Corps in aspect  
Twenty times dead, yet still hast vitall force,  
And so dost cousin *death*, through *deaths* defect,  
Yet scornst, nay hat'st thy *life*, in Fames respect:  
Vp with thy *Coate of Steele*, its time for thee,  
No *foe* is now in field, and in effect  
Thy *Veines* are drie, thine *eyes* do dimmely see,  
Then ioy in *peace*, with *life* at last agree.

Sir Ed. Wing-  
field.

Great *Maiestie*, last let the least, of all  
Thy Subiects least, lend from his hart a *signe*  
Of that it holds and whiles it *is*, it shall;  
That is, that loue thou only maist define  
By that vnbounded loue (to vs) of thine!  
I haile thee happy *Sov'raigne* from a farre,  
Vnworthy to approach thy view of *Eine*,  
Saying blest be *him* that blessed thee from warre,  
To be our *peace*, in whom we blessed are.

The light of  
the kings coun-  
tenāce is life:  
& his fauour  
is as a clowde  
of the later  
raine, Prover.  
16. 15.

B

And

And be thine *owne*, though others praise come short  
 O sacred *Sou'raigne* Soule of *Englandes* ioy,  
 Let matchlesse vertues, *Vertues* praise report,  
 V Which thou alone dost questionlesse enioy:  
 The *Vulgars* laudes thine *Eares* doe nought but cloy,  
 The *Casque* of a *Crowne* may cause that winde,  
 V Which froward *Fates* haue power to destroy:  
 But that pure *praise* that's due to thy pure *Minde*,  
 From *Fates* is free'd being of immortall kinde.

V Well wott'st thou *Princes* liues haue much more force  
 Then purest *Lanes*, their *Subjects* to refine;  
 For, *Subjects* follow still their *Sou'raignes* course;  
 As, *Sunne*-like *Marigolds* doe *Sol* diuine,  
 V Who lo'e their grace when hee doth cease to shine:  
 This makes thee shun, what may eclipse thy light,  
 Because thou lead'st all by that light of thine,  
 And striv'st to glitter in all vertue bright,  
 That all might haue thereby direction right.

Though at thy becke be all *sens*-pleasing *sweetes*,  
 Yet art thou pleas'd with what thy *sense* containes,  
 In *Straights* where *Abstinence* with *Reason* meetes,  
 Which head-strong *Appetite* (*Synne-Spurred*) raignes,  
 And binds thy *Passions* in Soule-staying chaines.  
 Thus *Reason* strictly ruleth thee, we see,  
 V Which over thee (as thou raign'st ore vs) raignes:  
 If *Reason* thou obai'st, much more should wee,  
 That are borne to obey *Reason*, and thee.

How came I with thee to bee so acquainted  
 That so I should describe each part of thee?  
 Thy *Booke* wherein so liuely thou art painted  
 (*Deere Liege*) I once (ioy-ravished) did see,  
 For which I shall, till death the better bee:  
 Then saw I thee, and then I heard thy *VVordes*  
 V Which with *Gods*, and thy glory, did agree,  
 And *Charity* beliefe to them affords,  
 Sith thee knowes nothing that with them discords.

And



## A Preface.

29

And if the *Bookes* compil'd by vs, do beare  
The *Image* of our *Mindes*, (as thou do'st say)  
Then in that *Booke* that *Image* doth appeare  
Bright as the *Sunne* (in *Vertues* best araye)  
To light all *Kinges* to keepe their \* *Kinges* high *Way*:  
No *Sentence*, *Line*, *Clause*, *Word*, or *Syllable*  
Therein contain'd, but doth pure *thoughts* bewraie:  
Then, sith thy *Minde* is to it *semblable*,  
No *Earthly King* is to thee *sutable*.

2. Tim. 6. 15.  
Rom. 19. 16.

Never was *Piety* with *Policy*  
So well compounded in the *Head* of *State*:  
The *Serpents* wisdom many *Snakes* apply  
To *Sores* of *Kinges* *Simplicity*, but hate  
The *Dove*-like *innocence*, as out of date.  
If *Piety*, and *Policy* doe iarre  
(As some suppose) then can we bee s'ingrate  
As not to crowne him that did end the warre?  
Nor be compos'd by such a *Temperer*?

For, if from *Hartes* abundance *Mouthes* disperse  
*Vertue* or *Vices* *Mammon* all abroad,  
What may we deeme thee the, that did'st reherse.  
Such *precepts*, as be seem'd a *Semi-God*,  
How best the *Sonne* should beare an *Empires* Lode  
(Which *weaknesse* oft, back-broken, vndergoes)  
We needes must weene that *Vertue* makes abode  
(As in her home) in thy *Hart*, sith it floes  
VVith goodnesse, like *Gods*, to thy *Friends*, & *Foes*.

How like a Lord of thy selfe do'st thou strue  
To conquer *Passion* (*Princes* great'st *disease*)  
In him that likely is thee to survive?  
And, as an old-tride *Sea-man* tells at *Sea*  
VVhat *Rocks* and *Flatts* a yong one may displease  
Ere first he setts out, that he them may ihunne:  
So, from thy *proofe* (for thy *Succeeders* ease  
Thou tell'st him (ere to *rule* he hath begune)  
What *Compassse* he should keep, safe *Course* to run.

For *Empire* is a *Sea* most faire to see,  
 But perillous to proue, as they best kno  
 That all their life-long to it bounden be,  
 Subiect each *Tyde* to be orewhelm'd with woe,  
 If not to *wracke* and finall overthro:  
 Wherein thou dost thy *course* so wisely guide  
 That like a skilful *Pilot* thou dost sho  
 (By demonstration) how this *Sea* t' abide  
 And safely faile, or else at *Anchor* ride.

Then, ô how blessed is this blisful *He*.  
 VVhose *God* is Loue, whose *King* is *Virtues* Host,  
 VVhose *Grace* and *VVisdome* (with an holy guile)  
 Doth catch the *Least* and binds them to him most,  
 As to their *Pillar*, and vpholding *Post*!  
 VVho makes his *Subiects* great, as good, as *great*.  
 By his *example*, without *Checke*, or *cost*.  
 And to *unequals* equal *Law* doth meate  
 With *Loues* right hâd, which stil doth *bate* defeate!

The *Fire*, as be'ng the noblest *Element*,  
 Is plac'd, by *Natures* hand, aboue the rest;  
 That, by it's a<sup>ctiue</sup> vertue preualent,  
 It might repurifie the *worst*, and *best*,  
 That be inferior, or in lesse request:  
 So thou art iustly plac'd (in *Natures* right)  
 Aboue the *great'st*, that with thy vertue least.  
 Canst purge them from their greatest vices quight,  
 And make them shine, through thy high vertues light.

Such *Kings* should be obaid, and *glory*-cround,  
 Because their *Virtues* al mens else exceeds:  
 For, they that are in all abundance drownd,  
 Yet, let no more in, then may *Nature* feede,  
 And spare the rest for those that haue more need;  
 O! these are rightly *Fames* *Superlatiues*,  
 (*Gods* vpon *Earth*, that's *Kings* like *Gods* in deede)  
 From whom the *subiect* vertue high derives,  
 VVhose *lives* are *Lights* to lead obscurer *lives*.

And

And, *Vertue* in a *King* is more of price,  
Then in a *poore man*, though most vertuous,  
For *Kings* haue more meanes to be drawn to *Vice*,  
And may, without controule, be vicious;  
But *poore-men*, not, for *Want*, and *Summum ius*:  
If *So* would *Venus* vse, what *Starre* comes not  
At becke, wel-neere; too neere to him, to vse?  
But if a naked *poore Snake* be so hott  
He may be coold, but so be coold, cannot.

VVhat glory gettes constrain'd *Sobrietas*  
(if glorie gotten be by *Vertue* right)  
Constrain'd b'imperious *Necessitas*,  
Other, then to be chast for want of might  
In *Parse*, or *Paris*, or all the *Bodie* quight?  
VVhere's no *Fee* to oppunge what conquest ist?  
But where be many great *Ones*, there to fight,  
And with a *Kingly* courage them resist,  
O such an one is a true *Martialist*!

How easie this is sedd, who doth not see?  
How *Arte* may picture *Vertue*, all perceauē;  
But to inspire hir with vitalitee,  
This none but onely *Gods* haue powr to geue,  
From whom alone *shee* doth her life receaue.  
O, deere *Liege*, that I could, as faine I would,  
Make *Vertue* lively; then by thy good leave,  
Thou should'st not leave me (wretch) sith then I could  
Leaue all the *World* to serue thee, as I should.

Then would I with a never vwearied *Eye*  
Help thee to watch from *wolues* thy *Flocke* to keepe:  
Thy *Flocke* is great, and *Wolues* may lurking lye  
In each darke *Corner* to deuoure thy *Sheepe*:  
But blest were he that would, & could diue deepe  
Into th' *Abysse* of ev'ry darke device,  
(While thou gav'st *Nature* necessarie sleepe)  
To feele their \* *Snares* to catch, & *Lures* t' intice,  
So make them knowne that would thee preiudice,

\* *Pls. 64. 43. 6.*



Die, die, to *Hell* blacke *Hells* inhabitants  
 (Children of *darkenesse* that envie our *light*)  
*Albion's* no place for such blacke *Miscreants*,  
 For *God*, and *Man*, there, with (not for) you fight;  
 Then, doe your selues ensconce in endlesse *night*;  
 There stand vpon your *guard*, guarded with *Fiends*,  
 That *guard* & *griue* you, both at once, with *spight*;  
 There shall yee feele smart of *Gods* fingers ends,  
 Sith *divine Justice* deeper nere descends.

Deere *Lone*, sweet *Lord*, *goodnes*-surmounting *God*,  
 How stands this *Land* oblig'd vnto thy loue!  
 This little-great *Land*, or great-little *Clod*  
 Thou more regard'st (it seemes) the *heav'n* aboue;  
 For there thou plaguedst *sinne*, as *Angels* proue:  
 But, though this *Isle* doth *store* on *seas* of *sinne*,  
 Thou, mou'd with loue, fro it dost *plagues* remoue,  
 As if against the *streame* thou wouldst it winne  
 To perfect *goodnesse*, and to rest therein.

2. Pet. 2. 4.

O bow our *Harts* of *steele*, make them well bent,  
 That they may through thy *hart* shoot *shafts* of *loue*,  
 And wound the same with loue most violent:  
 But what neede that, sith now the same we proue?  
 But yet, sith thou such *shooting* dost approue,  
 And, by thy *lawes*, alone its lawfull game,  
 Let all the *shafts* of our *indeuors* roue  
 At thy *harts* whitest *loue*, sith in the same  
 Consists our *gaine*, *grace*, *glory*, *ioy*, and *fame*;

*Gaine*, for all's gain'd in thy all-giving *loue*;  
*Grace*, for *Gods* loue is *mans* extreamest *grace*;  
*Glorie*, for thou do'st glorifie thy *loues*;  
*Ioy*, sith they needs must *ioy*, whom *ioies* embrace;  
 And *fame*, for *Fame* ensues the loue of *Grace*;  
 All these winne we, if we thy *loue* doe win:  
 Then should we draw our *Soules* out of *sin* case,  
 And, being well bent, shoote *loue*-*shafts* at the *Pine*  
 Of thy deere *loue*, which lies thine *hart* within.

\* In God are  
 all, sith with-  
 out him are  
 no loyes.

Ore.

Orecome vs (*Lord*) in kindnesse, let thy *grace*  
 Ever triumph ore our vngrac'ousnesse:  
 So, wee le triumph in that gracious *disgrace*,  
 Giving all *glorie* to thy *graciousnesse*,  
 And, loue, and feare thy dread *almightynesse*.  
 Let not these *Blessings* greater make thy *Curse*  
 Against our inbred base *vngratesulnesse*:  
 O let not thy *grace* make vs worse, and worse,  
 But to be gracious let it vs enforce!

These super supererogating *Workes*  
 Proceeding from thy sup'rinducing *loue*  
 Might make vs (though farre worse then *Jewes* or *Turkes*) Math 11.27.  
 To entertaine them as thou do'st approue,  
 And giue thy *loue* no cause *ours* to reprocue.  
 Since borne I was, I saw but *sinne* abound,  
 And thy *grace* ore abounding, which might moue  
 A senselesse *stone* to sincke in *Teares* profound,  
 Flowing from highest *loue*, in *Teares* ydrownd.

Thou deal'st not thus with the adiacent *Lands*  
 (Although perhaps they haue provokt thee lesse)  
*Captiuitie* hath oft bound them in *Bands*,  
 And the *Destroyers* Sword hath had egressse  
 Through all the *Members* of them, more, and lesse,  
 Which did not cut, but eate *flesh* (greedy sword)  
 Not *shed*, but was made *drunke* with *blouds* excesse  
 But to our *Lord*, alone, thou do'st afford  
*Peace*, *Treue*, *Freedom*, *Healt*, *Wealt*, and thy *Word*.

Deut. 32.42.

Yet from him sitting on the kingly *Throne*  
 Vnto the *Slau*e that at the Hand-mill grinds,  
 Others, by ciuill *Sword* haue beene orethroned,  
 And *Majacres* of *Bodies*, and of *Mindes*,  
 Haue beene performed in all hellish kindes:  
 Vpon their *Willes* were *Woes* and *Wellawates*  
 Breath'd out with *groans*, like hollow-voiced *mindes*:  
 Their *freetes*, with *strikes* through *soddaine* *slab*s *dismayes*,  
 By *Nights* did eccho, and did ring by *Daies*,  
 While *stormes* of rage did *bloudy billowes* raise.

The

Lambs.

The venerable *Love* that *Time* and *Arts*  
 Exchequer'd had, in one *Head* (rarely wrought)  
 Was let-out by a *Dagger*, or a *Dart*,  
 As good for nothing, but to bring to nought:  
*Vertue* was held a *Rebell*, and still sought  
 But to be slaine, and so, by *Death*, embrac'd:  
*Vice* was secur'd by that which *Vice* had wrought  
 By *Vertues* helpe, by *Vice* now quite defac'd,  
 So all, but *Vice*, then dide, or were disgrac'd.

Paris, Rochel.

And heerewith 'keene-check'd *Famine* made away  
 Through their best *Citties* bowels, so to bring  
 Their *Bellies* and their *Backes* to kisse, and plaie,  
 So to beguile the smart of *famishing*,  
 Which in the *bellies* of the *Hart* did sting:  
*Dogs*, *Cats*, *Mice*, *Rats*, stale *Carion*, and *Horse-dung*  
 (Wherewith perchance they *humane-flesh* did mingle)  
 These did they eate, they were so hunger-stunge,  
 Nay, dide for want of these, through *famine* longe.

Think what it is to *Sowe*, and not to *Reape*,  
 Or what to haue, what others haue in hold  
 That haue no hold; yet *all* away doth sweepe  
 And so by spoile of *all*, liue vncontroll'd:  
 What tis to haue a *Wife*, yet haue thy *wife*  
 To haue no *powre* to doe, as thy *wife* should,  
 But, to auoide the *Ravishers* rude *knife*,  
 Cannot auoide the losse of more then *life*.

O could a *Man* behold, at one *aspect*,  
 The many *Hells* attending *Civill-warre*,  
 He would suppose (no doubt) by the *effect*,  
*Hell* had broke loose, and tane *Earth* prisoner,  
 And vsd it worser then worst *Hell* by farre:  
 For, if the *God* of *Heav'n* a *Realme* would damme  
 About the *Earth*, he neede but let it iarre  
 Within it selfe; and then, no *Hellish* flame  
 Can so torment with anguish, as the same.

Dis-



Diffring in nothing but in *Time*, and *Place*  
 Saue that the *Sunnes* light makes the grieſe the more;  
 For it giues light to ſee the hidious caſe  
 Of *all*, when *all* are almoſt drown'd in *Gore*,  
 That, like a *Deluge*, oreflowes *Sea*, and *Shores*;  
 VWhich, if it might be felt, and not be ſcene,  
*Senſe* would ſuppoſe the ſame to be leſſe ſore;  
 For *Sight* (the *Senſes* Sovereaigne) would weene  
 That, that is ſtill *unfelt*, that is *unſcene*.

And but that *Woes* are priuileg'd from *ieſt*,  
 I well might ſay (and yet but *ieſt* in *ſho*)  
 That this *damnation* *Drivels* more deteſt  
 Then the perdition in the *Hell* belo;  
 For there their vtmoſt *miſeries* they kno:  
 And well they wor, if they (as theſe) ſhould iarre,  
 Their *kingdome* (like theſe) ſhould to ruine goe:  
 So they, much more then *Hell*, feare *civill-warre*,  
 Becauſe a *kingdome* it doth more then marre.

The *Night* that *Nature* hath ordain'd for *reſt*  
 Then yeelds no *reſt*, yet endleſſe *reſt* it giues;  
 No *reſt* it yeelds, but kils both *Man*, and *Beaſt*,  
 Yet *reſt* it giues, by reaving of their liues;  
 So, *knives* bereauē their *reſt*, that *reſt* by *knives*!  
 Men go to *bed* (as to their *grave*) with breath,  
 Where *Death*, vnwares, of *breath* the oft depriues;  
 So, while they ſleepe in *life*, they ſleepe in *death*,  
 True *Image* of the *life* in *Hell* beneath.

They diſeaſe  
 thereby kil-  
 ling, and eaſe  
 them being  
 killed.

For if in that *Hell* be degrees of *Woes*,  
 As *Truth* it ſelfe affirms (with voice diuine)  
 Then may theſe ſeeme to be the worſt of thoſe  
 That loweſt *Hell* doth in it ſelfe confine;  
 For, *weeping* and *Teeth-gnaſhing*, that *Hells* *Signe*  
 Is ſcene each *where*, where *civill Swords* doe rage,  
 VWhich do the beſt-backt *ſtates* in ſunder chine,  
 And with *Hell*-like confuſion doe engage  
 The brighteſt *Empires* to darke *Vaſſallage*.

As when the might'st *Baiazet* is come  
 Into the *clawes* of some rude *Tamburlaine*,  
 Hee's vsd more basely then the basest *Groome*,  
 Till he be forc'd to beate out his owne *Braine*  
 Against the *cage* of his hard *Harts disdain*:  
 So, when the civill *Swords* vncivilliz'd  
 In mightiest *Empires*, there it runnes amaine  
 Through all, till all be with *Contempt* surpriz'd,  
 Or, *all* doe end, ere so will be dispisde.

2 Kin. 11. 1, 2, 3 Thus whiles *Athalie* hath her owne *blond* suckt;  
 2 Kin. 16. 3. & And *Achaz* in the fire his *Flesh* did frie;  
 2 Chro. 28. 16, Yea whiles *Samaria* on her *Walles* hath pluckt,  
 \* 2 Kin 6. 26. Her \* childrens *Limbes* in sunder savagely,  
 27, 28, 29. Devouring them with hunger greedily,  
 Our *Milke* and *hoony-flowing Palestine*  
 Hath overflowne withall *felicities*;  
 Whiles *Envie* sought, but could not (saue repine)  
 To hale vs from this *Sea*, with *Hooke* and *Line*.

So wee alone (orewhelm'd in *Earthly Blisse*)  
 Still diue in '*Pleasures* *Screames* to finde new *Ioies*,  
 Not knowing once what *Sword*, or *Famine* is,  
 Nor the least thing that *Nature* ought annoyes,  
 2. Sam 7. 18. Saue when we list to make *them* sporting *Toies*,  
 VVhat are we (*Lord*) or what our *Fathers* house,  
 That is by thee such *vvelfare* still enioies,  
 As it doth seeme thy *vvhole* care's cast on vs,  
 And to vs on'y wert most gracious!

VVhat endlesse *Peales* of *Praise* are due to thee  
 From those to whom (as to vnworthy vs)  
 Thou leavest not an headlesse *Anarchie*,  
 As to the *Caniballs* prodigious,  
 A *Government* more then most monstrous!  
 Gen. 10. 6, 8, 10 Nor as to the *Tartarian Herdes* of *Cham*,  
 121. 66. 19. Nor *Swarmes* of *Tubal-gog* (most ravenous)  
 But with thy *powre* divine, them vp didst dam  
 Farre off from *Albion* in the Land of *Ham*!

Our present *happinesse* shall more appeere  
 (And long may it bee *present* and to *come*)  
 Compared with the *state* wherein we were  
 At our grand *Ancestors* first calling home  
 To civill life (that long did rudely *rome*)  
 Their *common-weale* (if so it may bee call'd)  
 VVas (like to *Romes* when *Sylla* rag'd in *Rome*)  
 VVith *Rage*, and *Wrong*, and *lawlesse* might enthrall'd,  
 And by each savage *Furie* ever galld.

The *greate* devour'd the *meane*, the *meane* the *lesse*;  
 VVho could gripe hardest held *all* as he would;  
 VVho crost his *will*, the *law* did then transgresse,  
 For which he dide, or dying liue he should;  
 So strongest *Theenes* themselues did *Princes* hold:  
*All* was worse then it seem'd, yet seem'd all woe,  
 For twas a *Nation* (which this *Land* did hold):  
 That liv'd by one anothers overthro,  
 Yet, for they liu'd together, seem'd not so.

I could, although my *Muse* were neere so dull,  
 Be endlesse in this infinite *discourse*:  
 But now, *Decorum* hy the eare doth pull  
 My forward *Muse*, and staies her in her course,  
 Lest that a Booke her *Preface* wax perforce:  
 It is ynough my *Booke* doth ore abound  
 VVith tedious *lines*, if not with *lines* farre worse.  
 Yet in well-borne *Prolixitie* is found  
 That which abortiue *Breefenesse* cannot bound.

And for a tast (God graunt it may prooue tastie)  
 Of what the *Muse* can doe now thou art come,  
 That which ensues (though shee were over-hastie)  
 Is her first *speech* since *Musing* made her dombe:  
 This *Brat*, conceived in her barraine *Wombe*,  
 Was made to moue by the *all-movers* aide,  
 And if *both* moue thee to like *all*, or *some*,  
 I shall account my *Muse* the blessedst *Maide*  
 That ever for an *Husband* so long staide.



Yet shee that next to *God* and thee hath right  
 My *service* to command, commandeth me  
 To be hir *Mouth* (to utter what shee might)  
 vnto hir great'st *Protector*, next to thee,  
 Ere that my short wing'd *Muse* doo further flee:  
 My deereſt Country *Wales* commandeth this,  
 That in the depth of all *humilitie*  
 I let hir *Prince* to know how ill ſhee is,  
 For want of him, hir *Lowe*, hir *Life*, hir *blisse*.

VVhat ſhall I ſay (deere *Liege*) I'm at a ſtand  
 That haue ſo much (with little ſkill) to ſay;  
*Heau'n, Earth, Men, Beaſts, Fiſh, Fowle*, yea, *Sea* and  
 Exults with vs, inſults on thoſe that may (*Land*  
 And will not; curſt be thoſe I (curſing) pray:  
 To curſe *Gods* foes, and *yours*, is but to bleſſe  
 thoſe that be *his*, and *yours*, and both obay;  
*David* did ſo, and *Davies* doth no leſſe,  
*Amen* ſaie all, that loue true *bleſſedneſſe*.

*John Davies.*



To the high and mighty, Henry by the grace of  
God Prince of Wales.

**G**reat *Grandame Wales*, from whom those *Ancestors*  
Descended, from whom I, (poore I) descend,  
I owe so much to my *Pregentors*,  
And to thee, for them, that vntill mine end  
Thy *name*, and *fame*, Ile honor, and defend:  
Sith *Ioy* doth passage to thy speech deny  
(For that thy *Prince* thine *honor* doth commend)  
Lest that thy *silence* might be tane awrie,  
Mine Artlesse *Pen* shall thy *Tongues want* supply.  
Did *Curtius* more for *Rome*, then I for thee,  
that willingly (to saue thee from annoy  
Of dire *dislike*, for *ingratuitee*)  
Do take, vpon me to expresse thy *ioy*,  
And so my *Muse* in boundlesse *Seas* destroie?  
Yet, lo, deere *Grandame*, how my nea active *Loue*,  
My little *All* doth (more then *all*) imploy  
For thee, that thou by me thy *Prince* maist moue  
To loue thee for the *ioy* he makes thee proue.  
O then most gracious *Sonne* vnto that *Sire*,  
VVhose *grace* doth glorifie both *Sire*, & *Sonne*;  
Of thy great *grace* I (prostrate) thee desire  
To cast thine *Eye* on mine *intention*,  
Rather, then on my *Muses* action.  
The *Burden's* waighty which shee vndergoes,  
And shee is *Ueake*, and *Dull* in motion;  
Then let thy lively *Soule* hir *Soule* inclose,  
And giue hir *youth* and *Spright*, that aged groes.  
As when a *yongling* lieth by the syde  
Of some old *Sire*, his *age* doth vertue draw  
From his deere *youth*, that makes *Age* longer bides:  
So mine *invention* old, cold, rude, and raw,  
(Not able to digest *ought* in hir maw)  
May by the quicke hereditary heate  
Of thy yong *Muse* (that yciest *thoughts* can thaw)  
In *Wales*, my *Countries* name, performe this feate,  
And welcome thee to thy long empty *Seate*.

But ô ! I feele , but with the *thought* of thee,  
 My frozen *thoughts* to melt, as with a *Sunne*,  
 Whole comfort *Brutes Remayne* doth long to see:  
 And through my *Nerves* I feele the warme *bloud*  
 Fro *hart*, to *braines*, to heat invention. (runne  
 Mount *Muse* vpon the winges of high desire;  
 Runn *Numbers*, now my swiftest *thoughts* outrûne,  
 That prostrate on my face (while you aspire)  
 I may salute thie *Prince* (*Wales*) and his *Sire*.

V Velcome ten-thouzand times ye sacred *Paire*,  
 Great *Atlas*, and *Alcides* of this *Land*,  
 Vpon whose shoulders (safe from all impaire)  
 The *Common-wealth* thereof doth fixed stand,  
 V Which dext'rously your *Vertue* doth cōmand.  
 Deere *Prince*, the weale of *Wales*, the *Brittains* blisse,  
 By me (thine owne) *Wales* lets thee vnderstand,  
 That shee desires thy princely *feete* to kisse,  
 And praies, as for her *Heau'n* on *Earth*, for this.

Then come sweete *Prince*, thy *Principalitie*  
 Doth long to beare thee on her blisful *Brest*:  
 There shalt thou see the *Hart* of *Loyalty*  
 (Loue-sicke) for want of thee in great vnrest;  
 Then come (Deere sweete) and to thine owne giue rest,  
 For, as an hungrie *Stomacke* bites the more  
 The neerer *meate* is to the same addrest:  
 So is thy *Peoples* longing made more sore  
 To hold thee; now they haue thee, then before.

There shalt thou finde *Brutes* venerable *Stocke*  
 To loue thee, as the *Creame* of their best *blond*;  
 For, all about thee wil they thronging flocke  
 To tender thee their *Eies*, to doe thee good,  
 Such is the nature of their loving *moode*.  
 As when a *Father*, fallen in decay,  
 Doth see his *Sonne*, that giues him *Cloth* and *foode*,  
 Crown'd as a *King*, *Ioy* makes his *hart* her *Pray*;  
 So will they *Ioy* to see their *Ioy* to sway.

From



From *Owen Thewdor*, who from *Camber* came,  
 (From *Camber Sonne* of *Brute* who came frō *Troy*)  
 Art thou descended; and thy *Bellfires* name  
 VVas *Thewdor*; let vs (*Brittaines*) then enioy  
 Our *owne* in thee, in thee, our onely *loy*.  
 VVe haue bin long afflicted, and opprest  
 By those that sought our whole *Race* to destroy;  
 Then sith we are in thee so highly blest,  
 Let's haue our *owne*, thy selfe, to giue vs rest.

O come, and comfort vs, our *loy*, our *Peace*,  
 I. et vs haue *thee*, then haue we *all*, in *thee*,  
 All that, that tends to *Peace*, and *ioyes* increase;  
 And in thy *presence* we shall blessed be;  
 For *thou* art blest, then in thee, blest are *wee*;  
 Sith blest thou art with all that *Heaui'n* doth cast  
 Vpon the *Heaui'n* of *Earthes* felicitie:  
 Our *bloud* in thee craues part of it, at last,  
 In recompence of all our *sorrowes* past.

VVhat shall oppunge *this*, our *bloud* doth cōvince;  
*Nature* hath made thee *ours*, and we are *thine*;  
 VVe are thy *people*, and thou art our *Prince*;  
 Betwixt vs *Loue* will haue nor *Thyne*, nor *Myne*,  
 But the VVord *Oures* she doth to vs Assign:  
 Our *Land*, our *Prince*, our *People*, and our *Lawes*,  
 Our *State*, our *Common-weale*, our *Hand*, *Seale*, *Signe*,  
*All* ours, & nought but ours, (deere *Prince*) because  
 Both *Prince* and *People* clos'd are in this *clause*.

Then come *All ours*, blesse all ours with our *Eies*  
 Plac'd in the *Head*, begotten by our *Head*;  
 VVhich was begotten by our *bloud* likewise:  
 Come, rule thou vs in that *Heads* place, & steede,  
 Till thou that *Head*, in his place, shalt succede.  
 Here shalt thou see, cas'd in poore *Coates* of freeze,  
 Rich *Spirits* of *Troians*, which on glory feede,  
 VVho, for they are, and rightly came of *these*,  
 Each with the nature of the *Stocke* agrees.

Our greatest *braverie* lies all within  
 (Where greatest *Harts* do loue the same to haue)  
 VVe say, to braue an abie&t *sp'rite*, is sinne;  
 But, to be braue in *Sp'rite* is passing braue:  
 VVe scorne a double-gilt base-mettled *Slaue*,  
 For we are harted-vvhole, true *Iouialists*,  
 Making our *glorie* goe beyond our *Grave*,  
 So to dissolue *Oblivions* foggy *mists*,  
 And blind the *Eies* of *Squint-Ei'd Satyrists*.

For, be it that we know no *Complement*,  
 Other then such as our deere *Ancients* knew,  
 That's plaine, and simple, like our *harts* intent;  
 Yet, if we pleas'd, we could be fash'ond new;  
 Lou'd we not more our *Fathers* to ensue:  
 We want nor *wit*, nor *sp'rit*, nor *wealth* (perchance)  
 Swift-flying *Fash'on* swiftlie to pursue,  
 In *guize*, in *gate*, and courtly *dalliance*,  
 At *Tilt*, each way, with *Loue*, or *Marses* lance.

VVitnesse our *Owen Thewdor*, who could giue  
 True *demonstration* how to court a *Queene*:  
 Who from the seede of *loue* did *grace* receiue  
 To beare him selfe in her *Eie* best-beseene,  
 And made her *thoughts* a demy-*God* him weene:  
 He so could draw the motion of her *eie*  
 By *motions* seemely, which, in him were seene,  
 That he alone best pleas'd her *fantazie*,  
 As beeing full of best-grac'd *Maeistie*.

Now, from the *Court*, descend we to the *Campe*:  
 And from *those* elder *times*, to *these* of *ours*:  
 There finde we (no lesse currant for the *stampe*)  
 WILLIAMS (worlds wonder for his natiue *powers*)  
 Out-daring *Death* in many *sanguine* *showres*:  
 The singing *Bullets* made his *soule* reioice,  
 As *Musicks* that the *hearing* most alures;  
 And, if the *Canons* bal'd it with their voice,  
 He seem'd as raviht with an *Heav'nly* noise.

Sir. Roger  
 Williams.

And

And when the *Fo-mens* Muskets *spight* did spitt  
Then would he spitt, in sport, at them the while:  
The *Blowes* his courage gaue, were plac'd by *witt*,  
For *VVite* and *Courage* dwelt still in his *Stile*;  
V While *Cowardize*, and *Folly* made them vile  
VVhose glory lay all in their *Ladies* Lappe,  
And when he came to *Court*, at them would smile  
Yea, smoothe lie iest at their soft-silken *Happe*,  
Yet could, like *Mars*, take there sometimes a *Napp*.

Runne over all the *Stories* *Tymes* affoord,  
Or prie vpon them with the sharpest fight,  
VVe shall not finde one did more with his *Sword*  
Then this braue *Brittaine*, and true *Troian-Knight*,  
V Who putt *Achilles* in his *Tent* to flight  
By such an over-dareing *Enterprize*,  
As all that that heare it, not belecue it might,  
But that these *Tymes* haue seene it with their *Eies*,  
And that the same thereof to *Heaven* lies,

P. Parnes

Quite through & through *Deaths* grizely Iawes hee ran,  
And made a way through *Horrors* vgl'st *Hell*,  
Yea, danted *Death*, more like some *God*, then *Man*,  
Vntill he *Prince*, and *Death* he did compell  
To flie for life, which his sword sought to quell:  
O *Skinn* how blessed wert thou in his loue  
That drue thee on, through *Death* to *Glories* well,  
From whence the life of *Fame* doth flowing move  
To all, that for her sake such *Dangers* prove!

Should I recount the pettie *Miracles*  
By him performed, in his martiall course,  
My words would scarce be held for *Oracles*:  
Suffizeth me, the *UWorld* (that knew his force)  
VVell knew his *Hart* was *VVitt*, and *Valours* Source,  
And they that most envie our *Brittish* fame  
Must needs thus much of him confesse (perforce)  
That whatsoeuer from this *Brittaine* came  
VVas *UWitt*, and *Spright*, or favor'd of the same:

G

Bur



But, should I instance in *particular*,  
 What *Truth* doth warrant for the *Brittaines* glory;  
 I could (perhaps) runne vp their *Race*, as faire  
 As *Ioue*, and finde them famoused in *story*:  
 But, for in me it may be thought vaine glorie,  
 Sith being one, my selfe I seeme to praise,  
 I will desist, although my *soule* be sory  
 I should desist from that which many waies,  
 Might *Camber* crowne with everlasting *Baies*.

Thē come, sweet *Prince*, take thou vs to thy charge,  
 And we, the while will take the charge of thee:  
 Thou shalt thine office easily discharge,  
 For we will more then most obedient bee,  
 Which, to his comfort, thy dread *Sire* shall see:  
 For, when *obedience* flowes from ardent *loue*,  
 It is perform'd with all alacritie;  
 Which thou in vs (we hope) shalt shortly proue,  
 For with thy becke thou shalt vs stay, or moue.

If thou wilt come to vs, thou well shalt see  
 Weele spare no *paine*, that may effect thy *pleasure*;  
 For each one will be busie, as a *Bee*,  
 To yeeld thee honied *ioue*, by waight and measure,  
 And shunne (as *Hell*) the cause of thy displeasure.  
 Weele plant our *Mountaines* with the rarest *Trees*,  
 That may be culled from *Pomonas* Treasure,  
 And all our *hedge-rows* shall be ranckt with these,  
 To please thine *eye* with *what* with *taste* agrees.

Weele root vp all our *roughes*, our *heath's*, our *furs*,  
 And, in their place, make *grasse*, & *cowslips* gro:  
 VVe will remoue what thy *dislike* incurs,  
 And with the *Mountaines* fill the *Vales* below,  
 If by *Mans* *powre*, and *paine* they may be so:  
 Nought shall offend thee, be it what it will,  
 (Be it but mortall) if we it may know;  
 For, vveele bring downe the proudest *He*, or *Hill*,  
 That thou shalt *dooms* to be scarce good, or ill.

Then

Then liue with vs (deere *Prince*) and we vwill make  
Our wildest *Wasts* less-coulored *Garden-Plots*;  
So, *Flora* will her flowred *Meades* forsake,  
To set *flowres* there, in many curious *knots*,  
To please thee and (our other selues) the *Scots* :  
VVeele turne our *Village* to *Citties* faire,  
And share them twixt the *Scots*, and vs, by *lots*,  
VVhereto both one, and other may reparaire,  
To interchange *Commodities*, or *Aire*.

VVeele cleue the *Mountaines Neptune* to let in,  
That *Ships* may floate, where now our *Sheepe* do feede :  
And, whatso-ere industrious *hands* may win  
Shall not be *lost*, that may thy pleasure breede,  
Or richer make our intermixed *Seede* :  
And whereas now two *Townes* doe scarfe appeere  
Within the largest *Prospect*; then, with speede,  
They shall be built, as if one *Towne* they were,  
That we may be to each as neere, as deere.

Those pleasant *Plots* where erst the *Romaines* built  
Faire *Citties* for their *Legions* to liue in,  
VVhole gorgeous *Architeecture* was oreguilt,  
That by the *civill Sword* haue ruin'd bin,  
( "*Which Ruines are the Monuments of sinne* )  
These will we now reparaire, faire as before,  
That *Scots*, and *Brittaines* may mixt liue therein :  
*Caerleon*, where king *Arthure* liu'd of yore,  
Shall be rebuilt, and double gilt once more.

And all along her gaudy 'gallant *Streetes*  
VVeele go in triumph, singing once a day  
God, and our *Princes* praises ( *sweete* of *sweetes* )  
Vpon our *Harpes*, like *Angels*, all the way,  
For that our *Prince* is pleas'd with vs to stay :  
VVhat ist that loiall thankfull *Harts* can doe,  
But we will doe, nay, do much more then thay?  
Thus doe we *Brittaines* our *Prince* kindly woo  
To rule vs, ere *misrule* doth vs vndoo.

If prowde we be (as *Pride* perhaps vvill say)  
 How can wee choose, now we haue such a *Prince*?  
 Yet shall we prowder be *him* to obey,  
 Then prowde of our dominion, long since,  
 VVhen with our *Swordes* we did the *Land* convince.  
 Wee were a *People* free, and freely fought  
 For *glorie*, *freedome*, and *prehominence*,  
 But now our totall glory shall be sought  
 In this, that we will serue thee as we ought.

Beleeue not *Envy* (*Prince*) that vs pursues  
 (Because shee knowes our *Race* is halfe diuine)  
 That will (perhaps) say we our selues misuse,  
 And to *contention* over-much incline;  
 This may be put on any mortall *line*  
 By *Enues* malice; but thou shalt perceiue  
 Our vice is *Wit*, and *Courage*-masculine,  
 With constant kindnesse mixt, which *Brute* did leaue  
 To *Camber*, from whom, we did it receiue.

Nor may it be harmonious to thine *Eares*  
 To heare our *stocke* deprauid by *Immurie*;  
 For, thy deer'st *bloud* (as to the *World* appeares)  
 Is soild thereby with odious *obloquie*;  
 Then stop their *monthes* that breath such *blasphemie*:  
 Let not our *plainenesse* be their *common-place*  
 To make them sport, in bitter *foolery*;  
 For we hold *plainenesse* to be no disgrace,  
 How ere, false-harted *Friends* may deeme it base.

I doe confesse vvee open-harted are,  
 Scorning *Italian-hollow-hartednesse*:  
 Where we *dislike*, there shew the same we dare,  
 And where we *loue*, we loue for nothing lesse.  
 Then that which tastes of base *vnworthinesse*.  
*Troy* had no *Simon*, though the *Greekes* had store,  
 Nor can her *Offspring* their crosse fortunes blesse  
 VVith creeping to a *Deuill*, or adore  
 A senselesse *Blocke*, though double-gilt or more.



VVe like *Civilitie* when it is dide,  
In *color* which vvill take no *hue* but one,  
That's *Blacke*, which still vvill like it selfe abide,  
Aswell in raging *stormes*, as shining *Sunne*,  
Till it doth change by dissolution:  
VVe hate, as *Hell*, the fovvle bi-formed *face*,  
Because it alters its creation,  
And thinke, that *glorie* hath her greatest grace  
In *uniformitie*, and *keeping place*.

VVe are whole-*chested*, and our *Breastes* doe hold  
A single *Hart*, that is as good, as great;  
And that doth make vs in our actions bold:  
For *Inuocance* with feare doth never sweate,  
How ill so ere the *World* doth her intreate:  
Our *Kith*, *Kinne*, and *Alance*, with our friends  
VVe by the measure of kinde *nature* meate,  
If so, we needs must loue thee, for these *ends*,  
And, for our *happinesse* on thee depends.

O could I tune my *Tongue* vnto thine *Eare*,  
That so my *Words*, might musicke seeme to it;  
That so thou might'st alone the *Burden* beare  
VWhich it requires, as it is requisit!  
Then, should my *Note* be noted to be fit:  
I speake for *those*, whose *Tongues* are strange to thee,  
In thine owne *Tongue*; if my words be vnfit,  
That blame be mine; but if *Wales* better be  
By my *disgrace*; I hold that *grace* to me.

And better shall it be if my weake *lines*  
Shall draw thee but one *furlong* thetherward:  
For as, when in the *Morne*, *Sol* farre-off shines,  
Yet cheeres vs with approaching hetherward  
(But makes vs heauie going from-vs-ward)  
So *Wales* will much reioice, vvhen thy *svete face*  
Doth (though farre off) with favour her regard:  
Thine only *countenance* shall giue her grace,  
And make her deeme her selfe in blessed case;  
Butten times blest if thee might thee embrace!

None otherwise then as a widow poore  
 Vext with oppressions, and adversity,  
 If some great *Prince* doo match with hir, therefore,  
 To shield hir so from woes, and iniurie,  
 'Shee'l kisse his *feete* in lones humility:  
 So shee (that like a widow long hath liv'd  
 VWithout a *Prince*) our *Principalitie*,  
 VWill kisse thy *feete*, and be (halfe dead) reviv'd,  
 If such an honyed *Husband* she had wiv'd.

Shee, good old *Ladie*, then (with youth rene w'd)  
 VWould foote it finely in blith *Roundelaires*;  
 No *Bellamoure* should then be better *band*,  
 For hir *Harts* mirth in hir *face* bloud would raise,  
 That would deserue thy *Lone*, thy *grace*, thy *praise*;  
 And, as inspired with a courtly *Spright*,  
 Vpon the foddaine, would spend, *Nights*, & *daies*,  
 (As *Dido* entertain'd the *Troian Knight*)  
 In all that should or *thee*, or *thine* delight.

Thou shalt perceave, though she be far frō *Courts*,  
 Clos'd in a *Cantone* of this blessed *Land*,  
 Yet shee hath in hir *Trayne* some of all sorts  
 Of either *Sex*; whereof some vnderstand  
 The *Dialect* of *Court*, and *Courts* command;  
 To whom shee giues most royall *Maintenance*:  
 For, pettie *Kingdoms* some *Squires* haue in hand,  
 VWho will the glory of thy *Court* advance,  
 Sith they theselues keepe *Demi-Courts* perchāce,

Then come sweet *Prince, Wales* woeth thee by me  
 (By me hir sorrie *Tong(-man)*) to be pleas'd  
 To liue with hir, that so, shee may by thee  
 Bee rul'd in loue, and ruled so, be eas'd  
 Of what in former *times* hath hir displeas'd.  
 The *Sheepe* their *Owners* keeping most approue;  
 For, he will cure them, when they are diseas'd,

loh. 10. 12. 18. With *Louer* right hand; But *Hirelings* (*Truth* doth prove)  
 Doo keepe the *Flocke* for *Lucre*, more then *Lone*.

*Wales* his most vnworshie Solicitor LOHN DAVIES,

THE DISCOVERY OF THE  
LITTLE VVORLD, VVITH  
*the government thereof.*

Sith that thou hast so soundly slept my *Muse*,  
Dreaming on that which thou before had'st dōe  
Being awake againe, thy *Spirits* rowze,  
To make an end of what thou hast begun:  
Be'ng *rest*-refresh't therefore, now forwards run  
With bright \* *Apollo*; (pray him be thy guide)  
Vntill thou touch the Tropicke of *Reason*  
Where *VVisdome* puts *Plus ultra*, there abide,  
For past that *point* to passe, is passing pride.

\* Christ the  
true God of  
Wiled<sup>m</sup> me, &  
the onelie  
Sunne in-  
lightning our  
Intelligence.

For our *VVill's* Baiard blind, yet bold, and free,  
And, had she way made in hir maine *Carreere*,  
sh'would runne into that *Light* that none can see  
Saue light of *Lights*, to feele the *secrets* there,  
Which *Angells* wonder at, yet not come neere:  
But *Reas'ns* conduct is nothing safe \* herein,  
Therefore the *VVill* hath too iust cause of *fear*  
Lest shee should runne into presumptuous *sinne*,  
For which diuine *Angells* damn'd haue bin.

\* The secrets  
of the highest  
Heaven are  
farre aboue  
the reach of  
humane Rea-  
son.

For since our *Proto-parents* lowest fall,  
Our wisdomes highest pitch (God wot) is low:  
But had *they* stood *Hee* had infus'd in all  
His *VVord*, (selfe-*VVisdome*) which alone to know  
Is to know all that *VVisdomes* selfe can shoue:  
But since, the state of things is so vnstay'd  
That *humane wisedome* stands it wotts not howe;  
Vnsure in all; for, *Iudgment's* oft betray'd  
In that which *prooffe* before had well \* assai'd.

\* Every know-  
ledge hath its  
beginning of  
the senses,  
which are of-  
ten deceiv'd.  
Therefore all  
sciēces which  
are deriv'd &  
fast rooted in  
the senses are  
uncertaine, &  
deceitfull.

But



But having toucht the *Braine*, the *Soule*, the *VWill*,  
 (All which (saue of the *soule*) can brooke no touch)  
 It rests that *Reasons* *heasts* wee doe fulfil,  
 To prosecute much more, or more then much,  
 That *VVitt* for *VWill* wil willingly avouch:  
 Th'al-giving *Giver* giveth al that liue  
 (His *Creatures*) such *desires*, and *Natures* such,  
 As for their *good* with good wil stil should strue,  
 And shun what ere should them of it deprue.

*Beasts* more thē *Men* (the more *Beasts* mē the while)  
 Pursue that *good* that doth their natures fitt.  
 To them for that (though they be nere so vile)  
 Is highest *knowledge* giv'n, and they vse it,  
 Thereby condemning both mans *VWill*, and *VVitt*:  
 And yet hath *Man* a (synn-peruerted) *will*  
 To seeke that *good* he knowes most 'requisit,  
 Who knowes & loues the *good*, yet takes the ill  
 Oft for the good, but for the *evill* stil.

Yet as he was ordain'd to greater *good*,  
 So greater *knowledge* was in him infus'd;  
 With no lesse *will*, (were it not *synn* withstood)  
 To seeke that *Good*; yet the *will* witt-abus'd  
 When it hath found it, is oft witt<sup>a</sup> refus'd:  
 Vnhallowed *sense*, drown'd in that damned *inyce*,  
 (*synnes* Syder) from *Eaues* fatall *Apple* bruiz'd,  
 (Be'ing deadly drunck) makes stil the worser choise,  
 Wherein (like *Sow* in mire) it doth reioyce.

<sup>a</sup>The vnder-  
 standing abu-  
 sed by the  
 misreport of  
 the inferior  
 senses diverts  
 the will from  
 embracing  
 good obie-  
 cted to hir.

3. Kinds of  
 Appetites in  
 all creatures.

Among the hoast of *Natures* creatures, bee  
 Three kindes of *Appetites*, (there ay consorts)  
*Naturall*, *sensitive*, and *Voluntarie*.  
 The first divided is into two sortes;

One

One found in all that to the *World* resortes:  
 That's *inclination* voide of *Sense* or *Soule*,  
 To doe what the owne nature most importes:  
 As *light things* mount, and *heavy* downwards roule,  
 Which nature, *Natures* selfe cannot controule.

The naturall  
 appetite two-  
 folde.

The other with this vertue *action* haue,  
 Which nerthelesse proceedeth not from *sense*;  
 To *Vegetative Soules* this, *Nature* gaue,  
 Which in *Trees, Plants, and Grasse* hath residence;  
 Who doe desire to sucke that *influence*  
 That feedes them, and avoides the contrary;  
 A *plant* will thirst for *moistures* confluences;  
 And draw to it all kinde humidity,  
 Retayning *that* it liues and prospers by.

Soules Vege-  
 tative.

The like in our owne *members* we obserue,  
 Who wanting *nutriment* doe sucke the *vaines*;  
 The *vaines* doe sucke the *bloud* themselves to serue,  
 Thus *each* attracteth *foode* when *neede* constraines,  
 And all *things* living seeke the same with paines:  
 Hence we deuide this *naturall desire*  
 Into two *kindes*, the one, each *plant* retaines,  
 The other, *things* which *life* doth *sense*-inspire;  
 As *Man, and Beast*, and what doth els respire.

The naturall  
 desire how  
 devided.

The *Seate* of this *desire* stands on two *feete*,  
 Which fixt are in two places; That's to say  
 The *liver*, and the *Stomacke*; there doe meete  
 The *forces* of this *Appetite* to flay  
 With *famine*, or with *foode* fraile *life* to stay:  
 The *sensitive desire* is two-fold too,  
 From *sense* the *first*, the *last* comes not that way,  
 The *first*, to *ioy* and *griefe* is fixed so,  
 That no *force* can it from the *same* vndoe.

The sensitive  
 appetite two-  
 fold.

For in the *sinewes* (*Feelings* instruments)  
 This pow'r is plac'd, or in the *Synewy skin*;  
 And that the *Synewes* ioyes, or discontents,  
 That wel, or ill, affecteth them within:  
 By *heate*, or *cold*, they *paine*, or *pleasure* wyn,  
 As they to them are wel, or ill applied.  
 For *sense* and *motion* *synewes* made haue bin  
 That by them *paine* or *pleasure* should be tride,  
 And make our *Bodies* moue on ev'ry side.

Nor doe these *Appetites* wait on the *will*,  
 Ne from the *Phantazie* doe they proceede,  
 For wil we, nil we, we shal hunger stil,  
 Whē *food's* with-drawn, that should our *Bodies* feed;  
 And we shal feele what *sense* affects with speede,  
 How ere the *will* or *Phantazy* impung;  
 We may abstaine from *nurishment* in deede,  
 But then thereby much more for it we long,  
 And *Flesh* wil pine with *paine*, if hunger stung.

But th'other *Appetites* bredd without touch,  
 Are forged by the *thoughts* or *Phantazie*;  
 These', discrete *Nature* in the *hart* doth couch,  
 Which be *Affectes* that lurke in secrecie,  
 Be'ng *motions* of the *hartes Hart* properlie:  
 These wait on *witt*, and choose or elle reiect  
 What it holds deereſt, or doth most defie;  
 So *Witt's* the *cause*, and they are the *effect*,  
 That loue, or loath, as *witt* doth them direct.

This *vvitt*, and *vvill*, the *Beasts* doe not possesse,  
 For their most knowledge is most *sensuall*;  
 Guided by *Nature* in their *Brutishnesse*,  
 Onely by *inclination naturall*.

Which



## Microcosmos.

Which moues their *sense* vn-intellectual,  
Or this, or that way, without *Reasons* <sup>a</sup> sway;  
Then *vitt* and *vill* their *sense* wee cannot cal,  
Though *sensuall will* and *vitt* we cal it may:  
For *man* alone hath *both* to guide his way.

The *Voluntary Appetite* we finde  
Is gott by *Reason*, and produc'd by *vill*,  
By it we are to good or ill inclin'd,  
As *Reason* doomes of them by *Iudgments* skill:  
Two actions hath the *vill* in reason still,  
By which we good embrace, and ill refuse,  
*Reason* revealing what is good or ill,  
Who rules hir not as though *will* could not choose,  
But as one teaching Hir hir *pow'r* to vse.

As in the *Vnderstanding* and the *Minde*  
Of *Men*, and *Angells*, God hath fixt his *forme*,  
So to *Mannes* will <sup>b</sup> his loue was no lesse kinde,  
That to *Gods* will he might his *vill* conforme:  
Ah woe! that *sinne* should since the same deforme  
VWithout constraint! for *Hee* Her *freedome* gaue,  
And did with *vnderstanding* her informe,  
That *voluntarie* <sup>c</sup> *service* hee might haue;  
As that, his nature most doth loue and crave.

For, as himselfe doth nothing by *constraint*,  
So he constraines <sup>d</sup> not those that him obay;  
Lest that their *vill* might haue cause of complaint,  
For want of *libertie* it selfe to sway:  
Those *prayers* please him not, *Constraint* doth say,  
But true *obedience* flowing from the *vill*;  
Then *vill* should force her selfe (for so shee may)  
His gracious good will freely to fulfill,  
Sith good he made hir loue, and loath the ill.

H 2

Then

43

<sup>a</sup> Though  
Beasts haue  
much more  
perfect out-  
ward senses  
then Men, yet  
can they not  
imploy them  
reasonably as  
Men doo.

<sup>b</sup> Free-will is  
not avoided  
by grace but  
established:  
because grace  
healeth the  
Will, that is,  
giveth vs a  
will to righte-  
ousnes.  
Aug de spi-  
ritu & littera,  
Cap 30.

<sup>c</sup> That we doe  
will with God  
worketh of  
himself with-  
out vs, and  
when we will  
so well that  
we doe accor-  
dingly, God  
worketh togi-  
ther with vs.  
August. De  
gratia & libe-  
ro arbitrio.  
Cap. 17

<sup>d</sup> God draweth  
vnto him, but  
he draweth  
none but the  
willing.

<sup>e</sup> God giues re-

generate Men  
free-will to do  
well but the  
reprobate  
haue free-will  
onely to doe  
evill. Musculus  
cōmō places.  
Godlinesse  
hath the pro-  
mises of this  
life and that  
to come.

When Man  
pleaseth God  
God wil please  
Man. All is to  
be given to  
God who pre-  
pareth the  
good-will of  
Man to bee  
holpen, and  
helpeth i. be-  
ing prepared.  
Aug. Enchir.  
ad Laurent.  
Cap. 32.

These are  
Beasts in hu-  
mane shape,  
whereof the  
World's too  
full.

Then *Justice* would that *God* mans *will* should doe  
When *Man* doth *Gods* *vwill*,<sup>t</sup> this exchange is iust  
And *Gods* free-wil must needs subscribe thereto.  
Sith it is free to doe that needes it must,  
VVhich cannot doe the thing that is vniust;  
For that were *bondage* free, or *freedome* bound;  
Sith to doe *evill* but to haue a lust  
VVere Vassallage to *Sathan* that Hel-hound,  
VVhich fredome to doe *good* would quite confound.

But yet the *vwill* hath many motions else,  
Diverse *degrees* therein doe plaine appeare;  
Some haue such open *harts* and wilful *vills*  
As that they *love* and *hate* through *passion* meere:  
So, *Reason* their *Mindes* *Sterne* in vaine doth steere,  
For *sense* they serve, and have no patience  
The seemeing neereft *pleasure* to<sup>s</sup> forbear  
For further *good*; but forth-with please their *sense*,  
As *sensuall* appetite doth them incense.

But *vwill* in others, so hir selfe commaunds,  
And those *Pow'rs* to her *pow'r* subordinate,  
That (being free) shee bindeth *both* in bands  
And vnto *Reason* all doth captivate:  
As, many *Dropsy*-drie forbear to drinke,  
Because they know their *ill't* would aggravate;  
So, *vwill* herein from her owne selfe doth shrinke,  
And cleaves to that, that *Reason* best doth thinke.

The *Heau'ns*, and *Earth*, and all the *Elements*,  
(And what besides *Man*, is of them compos'd)  
Doo *G O D* obey in his *commandements*,  
For, as *Hee* wils, so are they al dispos'd;

Yet never he himselfe to them disclos'd:  
 Then not from *knowledge* their obedience springes,  
 But from the *nature* in their *kinds* inclos'd;  
 Yet *Men* he made to know and doe the things  
 That be of *him*, which *grace* and *Knowledge* bringes.

And that he should with more heede doe the same,  
 A *VVill* he giues him ioyn'd with *griefe* and <sup>h</sup> *Ioy*;  
 Which *vwill* might ioy when she doth *passion* tame,  
 And in the contrary might feeble annoy,  
 All as shee doth her native powres imploy.  
 Here hence we know the odds twixt *Ioy* and *Griefe*,  
 For in *extremes* they *comfort* or *destroy*  
 Such as leade here a good, or evil life,  
 Both flowing from the *vwill*, their fountaine chiefe.

<sup>h</sup> Griefe & Ioy  
 are alwaies  
 Conlociates  
 of our will

This *pow'r* hath highest vertue of *Desire*,  
 And *Casarizeth* ore each *Appetite*;  
 Shee rules (being taught) with libertie intire,  
 VVhole actions are to *vwill* and *nill* aright;  
 VVhose *Obiect's* real *good* or so in sight:  
 In nature shee hates *ill* in *deede*, or *show*,  
 And in the true, or false *good*, doth delight;  
 If *ill* for *good* shee choole, hence it doth gro  
 Because *ill* seeming *good*, shee takes it so.

Shee nought can loue but hath some show of *good*;  
 Nor ought can <sup>i</sup> loath but hath like show of *ill*;  
 Desire of *good* by her may be with-stoode,  
 But *it* shee cannot loath, or leave it still:  
 So may shee choose to execute her will,  
 VVhen *ill* is tendred her *indeede*, or *sho*,  
 Eut cannot loue it, or her wil fulfill,  
 Because to *ill* shee is a mortall foe,  
 And lothes it as sole worker of her woe.

<sup>i</sup> The will na-  
 turally cannot  
 desite that  
 which in na-  
 ture is evil,



Will makes  
Reason to at-  
tend her.

Then must shee needs be ever vnconstrain'd,  
Sith her *Creators* Wil would haue it so;  
Shee could not be her selfe, were shee restrain'd,  
And though shee waites on *Reason* to, and fro,  
Yet shee makes *Reason* waite her will to kno:  
For, touching her, her *Lord* confines his powre,  
Which cannot take that he did once besto,  
Namely, *arbitement*, (her richest dowre)  
Except *Not-beeing*, should her quite deuoure.

The Wil may  
object, or not  
object what  
shee will to  
the Minde.

For shee hath powre, to object to the *Minde*  
What pleaseth her, or not the same object;  
And while the *Thoughts* the same do turne & winde,  
Shee may oreturne those *Thoughts* or them neglect,  
And turne the *Minde* to what shee shal direct:  
Yea when as *Iudgments* final doome is giu'n,  
Shee may, or may refuse the same effect;  
For *Men* are not as *Beasts* by *Nature* driv'n,  
Vnlesse of *Reason* they are quite bereav'n.

The vndersta-  
ding straineth  
out of the se-  
cret & hid: cau-  
ses of thinges  
that which to  
wisdōe is inci-  
dent, Wil exa-  
mining the sãc.  
\* The Wil re-  
fuseth Good  
being found,  
not for being  
good, but not  
being so good  
as it willingly  
would hau:  
Ill spirits may  
provoke our  
fancies & wil.

About shee goes when *Iudgments* doome is past,  
And re-examines what it hath decreed;  
Which done, perhaps the same shee will distast,  
(Although the sentence be direct indeede)  
And runnes another course, lesse right, with speed:  
Which second \* search yet aimes at greater right,  
Though shee mistakes the same for want of heede,  
Which want proceeds frō *Sins* extreame dispight,  
That blindes our *Mindes* eies in extreamest light.

Wherefore it vs behoues *Grace* to invoke,  
Whereby wit vprightly may weld the will;  
For as ill *Sprites* our *fantazies* provoke,  
So on our *wils* they may the like fulfill,

And

And make her scorne to rule by *Reasons* skill:  
 For, shee's ambitious and delights to raigne  
 Without controule, how euer well, or ill;  
 And beeing free shee runneth on amaine,  
 To ioy if wel, if otherwise, to paine.

This liberty of *Monarchizing* thus  
 Shee deemeth good, what ill so ere ensues;  
 Which *libertie*, is *bondage* base to vs,  
 And *free* we were, if our *will* could not chuse  
 But vse His *will*, that gaue vs *wils* to vse:  
 Whose only *service*, only *freedom* is,  
 And only they are *Slaves* that it refuse;  
 Sith they are *Sathans* servants (if not his)  
 Which please him most, when they do most amisse.

It is a kind of  
 bondage to  
 haue powre,  
 wil, and liber-  
 ty to doe ill.

For in this great *commerce* of terrene things,  
 The *bad* whereof exceeding so the *good*,  
 And that so fast the one to other clings  
 That twixt them both there is great likelyhood,  
 Hardly by *will* can they be vnderstood:  
 And sith *Men Bodies* haue aswel as *Soules*,  
*Things* bodily best like the bodies moode,  
 Which often so the *Minde* and *VWill* controules,  
 That as it lusts it rules and over-rules.

Herehence it is, some *mortall life* doe prize  
 Aboue eternal, and their *guts* aboue  
 The highest *God*, that doth their *guts* suffice;  
 And though the *will* herein may rigor proue,  
 Yea, may be forc'd to leaue what it doth loue,  
 Yet nought can her resistlesse powre constraîne,  
 For nothing can *desire* from her remoue,  
 Although shee cannot doe what she would faine:  
 So maugre *force*, shee *freedom* doth retaine.

Whosoever  
 seekes felicity  
 where it is not  
 shall finde in-  
 felicity where  
 it is.

Reason and  
mans desires  
shoulde be in  
continual  
league.

Sith *Reason* then the *VVils* desires should sway,  
And bring th' *Affections* to obedience,  
Its requisite they should accorde alway  
To mainetaine warre: against rebelling *Sense*;  
Which is the rule of *Reasons* consequence:  
Wherefore we may wel iudge of *Reasons* rule,  
By the *Affections* and *VVils* continence;  
As a good *Prince* or *Master* of a Schoole,  
Make them they governe, hate, and shun misrule.

The Hart and  
Minde beeing  
at Vnity pro-  
cure the tran-  
quility of the  
*Affections*.

And, for th' *Affections* from the *hart* proceede  
(Which is the *Seate* of loue to *God* and *Men*)  
If then the *hart* and *Minde* be wel agreed,  
The *hart* with flames of lasting loue will bren,  
And fire out froward *Passions* from their den:  
Then wil the *Tongue* from *harts* aboundance speake  
*Gods* highest *laudes* till they report agen;  
Then loue twixt *Tongue* & *Hart* shal marriage make,  
To bring forth naked *Truth*, which loue doth seeke.

Wherefore the *Providence* diuine did place  
The *luniges* (the voices *Organs*) next the *Hart*;  
(As the *Mindes* instruments the *Braines* embrace)  
That they may neere at hand, loone vse their *Art*;  
As *Orators* of *Princes* play their part  
Neere to their *Sou'raignes*; And wert not for sinne,  
The *VVill*, from *Reasons* rule should never start,  
And twixt the *Hart*, & *Braine* there should haue bin  
A lasting league, as beeing neere of kin.

The *Braines*  
and *Hart* are  
the *Seates* of  
*Reason* and  
the *Affectiōs*.  
*Sin* is nothing  
because it was  
made without  
him, without  
who nothing  
was made that  
was made.

*Sin*, noughty *Nothing* that mak'ft all things nought;  
(Except the *Thing* of *Things* that made the good)  
Thou wast vnmade thy selfe, yet ill haste wrought;  
Whereby thou haste so peruerst *Flesh*, and *Bloud*,  
That



That now by it all goodnesse is withstood:  
 Damn'd *Nothing* that hath such a *some-thing* stride,  
 How wast begot? by whom? and in what moode?  
*Through lust; By Eue and Adam; In their pride:*  
 Now <sup>a</sup> *Error* speaks what <sup>b</sup> *Truth* hath iustified.

<sup>a</sup> Sinne.  
<sup>b</sup> The scriptur

For wit, will, *Anger*, and *Concupiscence*,  
 Are foure powres of the soule, wherein should lie  
 Foure *vertues*, taking thus their residence:  
*Wisdom* in wit, in will *Integritie*:  
*Valor* in Ire, and in lust *Temprancie*:  
 But wit with *ignorance*, and will, with *wronge*,  
*Anger* with *Feare*, and lust, with *libertie*  
 Are so pervert'd, that they themselues impunge,  
 Except preventing *grace* be mixt amonge.

The totall *frame* of mans divinest part,  
 By *light* divine we see is out of frame;  
 Th'antipathie betwixt the <sup>c</sup> *Minde* and *Hart*,  
 Giues but too good assurance of the same:  
 And though the *minde* in all her *limbes* be lame,  
 Yet in our little world shee raignes as *Queene*,  
 And seekes wilde *passions* of the *Hart* to tame,  
 That in her selfe there might bee ever seene,  
 Soule-pleasing *ioy* and *peace* to flourish greene.

<sup>c</sup> That is, be-  
 tweene Rea-  
 son and the  
 Affections.

For shee's the *mansion* of *Felicitie*,  
 Contrived so, that there its safe confin'd,  
 To which there is no way nor entery,  
 But through th' *Affections*, servants of the *Minde*:  
 Yet they too oft disloyal prooue by kinde,  
 Who liers, and *sinne*-soothing *claw-backes* are,  
 Whereby our *iudgments* cie they (*Traitors*) blinde,  
 That it erres mortallie ere it beware,  
 If *reason* of their *treason* haue not care.

Reason, Con-  
cupiscence, &  
Ire, 3. speciall  
powres of the  
Soule.

For three *Powres* speciall in the *Soule* reside,  
*Reason*, *Concupiscence*, and ardent *Ire*,  
The first, to *Truthe*s obscure abiding guides;  
The second, *good-things* gladly doth desire;  
The third, doth from the contrarie retire:  
In bowels of the first the *VVits* are bred;  
th' *Affectes* are forg'd in both the others fire;  
In number fowre; *Ioy*, *Hope*, *Sorow*, and *Dread*,  
Which from the last *powres* spring, as frō their head.

First, from the first *Powre*, *Ioy* and *Hope* proceedes,  
(For what we covet, wee ioy in with hope)  
And *Ire*, the last *powre*, *Dread* and *sorow* breedes;  
For, *hate* to *dread* and *sorow* lies wide ope;  
*Griefe* in *hates* hell the way to *dread* doth grope.  
From these *Affectes* (as from their *fountaine*) flows  
All *vice* and *vertue* which in *Man* doth cope,  
For *vice* and *vertue* ay are mortall foes,  
And as *Reason* rules, so either overthroes.

Anima.

The *soul's* call'd *Anima* our *flesh* containes,  
While shee the same with *vitall fire* filleth;

Mens.

*Mens*, while shee *mindeth*, or shee *Minde* retaines,

Animus.

And *Animus*, while shee hath *VVill* or willeth;

Ratio.

Shees *Ratio*, whilst shee *iudgement iust* fulfilleth;

Spiritus.

then, *spiritus* shee hight, when shee *respires*.

From all which, *science* to the *soule* distilleth,

Scientia.

So, call'd *scientia*; thus her names doe change,  
As shee her qualities doth interchange.

The outward *senses* outward *parts* possesse,  
As th' inward to the *soule* are knit by kinde:  
And, for the *soule* her *powre* doth most expresse  
In that whereto her *soule* is most inclinde,

Here

Here-hence it is, men mortified in *minde*  
 Whole *spirits* powres on things divine are bent  
 Fare, as they were sometimes, *deafe, dombe, & blind,*  
 Their contemplations are so violent:  
 But, *Vulgars* outwarde *sense* is excellent.

The soulev-  
 serth not the  
 ministry of the  
 outward sen-  
 ses when shee  
 is swallowed  
 vp with divine  
 meditations.

But while the *soule* can take a strict survey  
 Of all the *instruments* which shee doth vie,  
 So long the owner of that *soule* may say  
 He hath a *iudgement* sound, and perfect *Muse*:  
 But if those *instruments* that *Man* misvse,  
 Or ruine them, the *soule* straight seeing it,  
 Her ruin'd *Iaile* shee strives then to refuse:  
 Which *strife* the *senses* frame doth so vnknit  
 That it confounds it, or distracts the *VVit*.

And in this *moode* (though we esteeme it madd)  
*Men* prophesie, and truely things foretell,  
 Speake diuerse *Tongues*, which erst they never had,  
 And in *Artes* which they knew not, they excell.  
 Thus whilst the *soule* doth hold her *house* an Hell,  
 Striving to be enlarg'd, becomes more free,  
 Then workes shee like her selfe (exceeding well)  
 That wonder tis, the same to heare and see:  
 O sacred *soule* (but God) who's like to thee!

The soule be-  
 ing divine  
 works divine-  
 ly, if shee bee  
 not hindred  
 by her Clog,  
 the body.

NOW, for the *Hart* fraile *life* first intertaines,  
 And is the last *part* that from it departs,  
 (Without which, dull were *reason*, dead the *braines*)  
 It's taken for the *part* which powre imparts  
 To *VVit* and *VVill*, whereby they play their partes;  
 So as it's held the *Mirror* of the *minde*:  
 For, when the *Minde* vnto her selfe converts,  
 The *Hart* is interposd, where shee doth finde  
 Her feature fowle, or faire, cleere-eyed, or blinde.

The Hart the  
 Mirror of the  
 Minde.



A cleane Hart  
and a cleane  
soule are con-  
vertible.

Then, for the *Hart* is such a powreful thing,  
My *hart* desires to touch it feelingly:  
And, for the *Hart* doth *paine* or *pleasure* bring,  
The *paine* is *pleasure*, when *Head* properlie  
Makes hand discribe the *Hartes* hart handfomly.  
Earst *Mans* internal *partes* we did deuide  
Into three *VVombes*, the *Braines*, the *Brest*, & *Belly*:  
About the *Braines* (before) our *skill* we tride,  
And now by *it*, the *Brest* must be discribe.

Which is the *Shoppe* of al the *Instruments*  
Wherewith the *vitall Vertue* operates;  
The *Hart*, the *Lunges*, with al *Lifes* incidents  
In region of the *Brest*, doe hold their States,  
Whose *Bulke* them *Bulwarkes* frō what ruynates:  
The *Midriff* parteth them from *partes* that feede  
(Which the third *VVombe*, (the *Belly*) circulates)  
It being a *Muscle* made for *Natures* neede,  
Assisting in the *Breathing Acte* and *Deede*.

And next, there is a *Tunicle*, or *Skin*,  
That over-spreads the *Concaue* of the *Brest*,  
Much like a *Spiders webbe*, lubrile, and thin;  
Wherout two others grow to part the rest,  
Because two places should be breath- possesse:  
So that, if one (being hurt) could not respire  
The other might one halfe retaine (at least)  
To keepe \* *Lifes* breath (at point to part) intire,  
And blowe the *sparkes* that kindle *vitall fire*.

\* Natures pro-  
vidence for  
Manns good,  
should lift vp  
his minde to  
the conside-  
ration of the  
loue of a grea-  
ter Good.

These *Felmes* (like to a *Nest* with *fruite* repleat )  
Together hold what ere the *Brest* doth bound,  
They line the *Ribbes*, that whē the *Lunges* doe beate  
They might performe their office whole and sound,  
With

Without being *bone*·bruiz'd, which might the con-  
 So likewise in a *Caule* the *Hart's* inclos'd, (found:  
 Call'd *Pericardion*, being *Ovall* round,  
 Or like a *Flame* for forme, and so dispos'd;  
 To shew that *vital fire* is there *repos'd*.

There, in the *Hart's* the fountaine whence doth flow  
*Naturall heate*, and by the *Artires* sends  
 It alabroade to make the *Members* grow,  
 And keepe them growne, in plight to doe their *ends*.  
 And though each *Instrument* of *breath* attends  
 And serves the *Voice*, yet were they chiefly made  
 For the *Hartes* vse, (that *Lifes-fire* comprehends)  
 That by their service that *fire* might not vade,  
 VWhich vnkinde coldnesse else might overlade.

The Hart is  
 the fountaine  
 of naturall  
 heate.

Wherefore the *Lunges* (*breaths*·forge) is preordain'd  
 First to receaue the *Aire* that cooles the *Hart*,  
 VWho doe prepare it (being intertain'd)  
 And so prepared, doe the same impart  
 (As *Nature* wills) to that *Life*·giving part.  
 The *Lunges* therefore, are Spūgy, soft, & light,  
 That *Aire* might enter, and from thē depart,  
 VWhich guard the *Hart* (on left side and the right)  
 From bording *Bones*, that else annoy it might.

VWhich hath a double motion; One, when it  
 It selfe dilates, the other, it restraines.  
 VWhen it goes out, in goes *Aire* requisit:  
 And when it shrinketh in, then out it straines  
 All smoky *Excrements* procuring paines.  
 This *motion's* kinde, proceeding frō its kinde  
 (Not as the *Muscles* moved by the *Brains*)  
 For which it hath fitt *filaments* assign'd,  
 VWhereby it selfe, it selfe may turne & wynd.

The Hartes  
 motion is  
 double.

This

This double motion hath two double vses,  
 (A two fold vse whereof we mention'd haue)  
 The next to draw in *bloud*; and then, by *Sluces*  
 To send it to the *Lunges*, for *foode* they craue!  
 At the *Harts* hands, sith they the *Hart* doe saue.  
 Thus gratefully they *kindnesse* interchange,  
 To teach vs how we should our selves \* behaue;  
 For when we disagree, it is as *strange*  
 As *Hart* and *Lūges* should cease to make this chāge.

\* A motiue to  
 brotherly  
 loue taken  
 from the dis-  
 position of  
 the Members.

Thus, this subordinate *Lord* of *Mannes* life  
 (The *Hart*) resides in his wel-fenced *fort*;  
 And, though with it al *vitall force* be rise,  
 And *members* keeps from being al-amort,  
 Yet should it die, if their helps were cut short. (chize  
 Hence *Kings* may learne, that though they Monar-  
 Yet doe they, whom they rule, maintaine their port,  
 Which should induce them, not to tyranize,  
 But, like good *Hartes*, *lifes-pow'r* to exercize.

The flesh of  
 the Hart is  
 the firme-  
 st flesh of any  
 part of the  
 Body.

The flesh whereof is firmer, then the flesh  
 Of all the *parts* the *Body* hath besides:  
 So, *Kinges* should be most firme, for, being nesh,  
 Their *Subiects* might be wouided through their sids.  
 Such be the *People* stil as be their *Guides*.  
 The *Hart* with *Passion*, passion may each *part*,  
 VVhich *Ioy* or *Sorrowe* with the *Hart* abides:  
 So, *Kinges* their praise and *People* may subvert,  
 If *Passion* over-rule their ruling *Art*.

And in the *Bulke* it is so situate  
 As that its *Base* is *Center* of the *Brest*;  
 The end whereof (where *greatnesse* doth abate)  
 Leanes to the *left-side* more then al the rest;



*Microcosmos.*

55

(So *Kings*, where they frō \* *Right* decline, are least.)  
Yet leanes the *Hart* so, for two causes great;  
One, that the *Brest*-bone should it not infest,  
The other, that it should the left-side heate,  
Sith on the right, the *Liver* doth that feate.

\*Injust ice  
makes great  
Kinges lesse,  
then Fame  
can take no-  
tice of.

And though the *Hartes* left part more heavy bee,  
Because its hard and greater then the right,  
Yet *Nature* hath no ballanc'd it, that shee  
Makes it to hange (by admirable sleight)  
As if the both sides were of equal weight:  
For in the left part (heaviest) shee putts  
The *vitall spirit*, of its nature light;  
And in the right part (lightest) loe, shee shuts  
The waightie *Bloud*, wherwith that part shee gluts.

Lo, thus the *Highest* holy vpright hand  
By even counterpoise hath hang'd the *Heart*  
In the *Brests* Center, (like as th' *Earth* doth stand  
In Center of the *Heav'ns*) by matchlesse Art:  
Hence we may learne the duty of this part,  
Which should be vpright in *Affects*, and *vwill*,  
And never from the rules of *Vertue* start  
To right hand, or to left, for good or Ill,  
But come *life* or come *death*, be vpright stil:

The Hart is  
hang'd in the  
Brest by even  
counterpoise.

This part likewise hath two *Concavities*,  
On left side one, the other on the right:  
And for this vse, are these *capacities*;  
The right receaves the *bloud* (be'ng boild aright)  
That from the *Liver* runnes, to give it might  
To feede the *Lunges*, and *vitall spirits* breede,  
Bred of pur'ft *bloud* in the left *Concave* dight,  
Like *sweate* that frō the right one doth proceede;  
Which sweate with *vitall Spirits* it doth feede.

That

Many good  
complexions  
are ill in con-  
ditions.

That is the *furnace*, wherein still doth flame  
The *vitall Spirit*, resplendent, quicke, and cleere,  
Like the *celestiall Nature*, for the same  
Both *heate*, and *life* to all the *whole* doth beare;  
This *Primum mobile* that *All* doth steere:  
These *concaues* thus are made commodiously;  
But now (alas) most harts all hollow are,  
That *Bloud* and *Spirits* therein confused lie,  
So as no *Art* can one from other spie.

In this left *concaue* where the *Hart* doth trie  
His chiefest skill, the *vitall spirits* to make,  
There is the *roote* of that great *Artery*  
From whom the *Artires* their beginning take:  
Which neere the *Hart* doth so it selfe forsake,  
That part ascends, and part thereof descends  
To carrie *vitall fire* to parts that lacke;  
These are the *pipes* whereby the kinde *Hart* sends  
His *cordiall comfortes* to th'extreamest ends.

And, for the *Veines* and *Artires* neede each other,  
And that their *succors* should be neere at hand,  
They meete, and (for the most part) goe togither,  
Thereby to vigorize the *vitall Band*  
Which the *Harts* vertue wholly doth command:  
For, th' *Artires* being lincked with the *Vaines*,  
Lend *Aire* and *Spirit*, least their bloud should stand;  
And frō the *Veines* some bloud each *artire* draines,  
Which to disperse, the *vitall spirit* constraines.

Mutual loue is  
to be learned  
from the mu-  
tuall assistāce  
of the partes  
of the body.

Betweene the *Hart* and *Lunges* the like is 'scene  
(As erst was said) to learne vs *mutuall loue*;  
For, certaine *Pipes* doe passe these *parts* betweene,  
By which, each others kindnesse they doe proue:

The

The *hart* from his right side, doth bloud remoue  
 Vnto the *Lunges* by the *Arteriall Veine*,  
 The *Lunges* through veyny-*artire*, *aire* doth shoue  
 Vnto the *hart*, it to refresh againe,  
 Whose side sinister doth it entertaine.

The *hart* (besides) hath many *members* more,  
 Which are distinguisht by *Anatomists*:  
 The *right*, and *left* side hath a little *dore*,  
 And many a *pipe* so small therein subsists,  
 that scarce *mans* eie can see how *each* exists;  
 Yet all haue vse; for, when the *hart* doth seeke  
 Such *bloud* as without which no *hart* consists,  
 the *meanes* wherewith it draws it, should not break,  
 But that the *strong* therein might *helpe* the *weake*.

And, that the *aire* might enter in thereby  
 More mildly, and for *Nature*, more concinne,  
 therefore, the *hart* doth not immediately  
 Draw from the *Mouth* the *aire* it draweth in,  
 But through those *passages* it first doth rin, (much;  
 Left be'ng too cold it would coole the *hart* too  
 For all *extreames*, saue *extreame good*, are sinne,  
 And *Nature Vertue* in the *Meane* doth couch,  
 Shewing, that our *desires* should still be such.

Vertues  
 Throne is e-  
 rected iust be-  
 tweene ex-  
 treames.

that *God*, whose powre no *power* can resist,  
 Resists all *powers* that are too violent,  
 And ever doth the *moderate* assist;  
 From whose hand (only) comes the thunder-dent,  
 to plague the *proorde*, and wound th' *incontinent*:  
 For, should his *Creatures* powre b' immoderate;  
 then should not his owne bee so eminent:  
 So, if they it affect, he *them* doth *hate*,  
 And with a thundring vengeance ends their date.



Thus having sleightly toucht this tender *part*,  
 (Touching his substance, proper place, and frame)  
 It now remaines that we doe proue our *Arte*  
 Touching another *motion* of the same,  
 Belonging to our *soules* affections lame,  
 Lam'd by our *Flesh* too *lustie*, yet too *fraile*,  
 Too *lustie* in desire of its owne shame,  
 But *fraile* in that wherein it should prevaile,  
 Yet when its weak't, the *Soule* doth most assaile.

It not suffiz'd that nere-suffized *Lowe*  
 That al *things* made, to make *Man* only *Bee*,  
 But to *Be well*, as wel some men doe proue,  
 VWho though of *Beeing*, they desirous be,  
 Yet not being *wel*, they \*end *ill*, sith they see  
 Their being *Well*, and *Being* disagree:  
 Then \**Being*, was not *Manns* creations end,  
 But to be happy in a high degree:  
 And therfore al *men* al their *forces* bend,  
 T'inioy that *Good*, that *Beeing* doth cōmend.

Which good desire of *Good*, in *Man* is knitt  
 To a detesting of the contrary;  
 But, for that *sinne* hood-wincks *Mans* Eie of *VVitt*  
 He gropes for *Good*, but feeles the \**Evill* by:  
 From this desire of *Good*, th' *affections* flie;  
 Which with their motion swift draw that *desire*  
 Heere, there, and where soere they please to hy,  
 In pursute of that *Good* which they require,  
 To which (though base they bee) they would aspire.

Yet they *were good*, & kindly lov'd their like;  
 But they *are ill*, and loue *Ill* seeming good;  
 Yet they by *Natures* instinct *Ill* dislike;  
 And yet by nature evil is their *moode*,

\* Murder  
 themselves.  
 \* The Soule  
 Vegetative:  
 desirest to Be,  
 The Sensitive  
 to be well,  
 The reason-  
 able to be best,  
 and therefore  
 it never rests  
 till it be joy-  
 ned to the  
 best.  
 \* Evil cleaves  
 to each world  
 ly Good, as  
 Canker doth  
 to Silver.

Basely obeying the *sinne*-soiled *Blood*:  
 At first they were *Truthes* other selfe, for friends;  
 Yet now by them shee's too too much with-flooded,  
 Adhering to her *foe*, while *shee* pretends  
 To blesse the *Sense*, though to accursed *endes*.

The motiues of the *Soule* these *motions* are,  
 Whose other names are called the *Affects*;  
 By foll'wing *good*, and flying *ill*, they *ARE*;  
 Consisting so of these two good *Effects*;  
 Though *Syn* their *sense* with *error* oft infects:  
 Some vsuer *Iudgment*, some on her attend,  
 The *later*, take or leaue as shee direct;,  
 The *Former*, naturally cannot offend,  
 For they desire but *Nature* to defend.

As when the *Body* (*Nature* to suffice)  
 Desires to eat, or drinke, (as *neede* requires)  
 Or when good *happe* or ill doth it surprize,  
 then \* *Joy* or *sorrow* moueth our *desire*:  
 these stil fore-run our *Iudgment*, & conspire  
 With *Nature*, to vsurpe her highest *Throne*;  
 For nature runneth on, or doth retire,  
 As shee is mov'd by iudgment of her owne,  
 And so doe these that *Nature* wait vpon.

But these *affects* that follow *Iudgments* raine  
 Wait hard, as long as *Hart* is wel dispos'd;  
 then lasts the *League* betweene the *Hart* & *Braine*,  
 For, al their *iarrs* by *Reason* are compos'd:  
 But when the *Hart* against the *Brain's* oppos'd,  
 (Which oft proceeds of too much pampering)  
 Out flie th' *Afections* that were erst repos'd,  
 And from their neckes the *Raines* of *Reason* fling,  
 Impatient of slow *Iudgments* tarrying.

\* *Joy* and *sorrow* (as *Plato* affirms) are the *Ropes* wherewith we are drawne to the embracing or avoiding of euery action.

Yet true it is that *Hart* cannot be mov'd,  
 Ere *Iudgment* doomes what's good or badd for it;  
 Then *Hartes* desires by her must be approv'd,  
 Or els the *Hart* cannot desire a whit:

\*Iudgement  
 foregoes the  
 Affections.

For what \*the holds vnmeet, it thinks vnfit.  
 But for the *motions* of the *Minde* are free,  
 And neede not stay, as it is requisit,  
 So before *Iudgment* doe they seeme to *Bee*,  
 Although they follow her as *bond*, and *free*.

But though th' *Affections* cannot moue at all  
 If *Iudgment* wing them not and make them flee,  
 Yet *sound advice* (which heere we *Iudgment* call)

\*The Affections  
 may work  
 without soūd  
 aduise ment.

\* May be at rest when they too busy bee,  
 Mov'd by the iudgment of the *Fantazee*:  
 This *Iudgment's* blinde, yet is it most mens *Guide*,  
 And no lesse rash, yet ruleth each degree;  
 This makes th' *Affects* from *Rights* straight *Pathes* to  
 For *Fantazy* doth *fancie waies* too wide. (slide,

This skipp-braine *Fancy*, moves these easie *Movers*  
 To loue what ere hath but a glimpse of good;  
 Then straight she makes the (like vnconstant *lovers*)  
 To chāge their *Loues*, as she doth change her *moode*,  
 VWhich swimmeth with the current of the *Bloud*:  
 For as the *body's* well or ill compos'd,  
 (VWhich followes oft the nature of *its* foode)  
 So *Fancy* and these *Fondlings* are dispos'd,  
 Though in the *Soule*, and *Minde* they be inclos'd.

\* The Soule  
 worketh by  
 motion, and  
 the Body by  
 Action.

And yet the *body's* but the *Instrument*  
 VVheron the *oule* doth play what she doth please;  
 But if the *strings* thereof doe not concent,  
 The *harmony* doth but the *oule* displease;

Then



Then tune the *body Soule*, or playing cease:  
 And when a *String* is out, straight put it in  
 With *Phisickes* \* helpe, which *Passion* may appease,  
 By humbling *that* which hath too lowd a dyn,  
 And put the *Parts* on a *Soule-pleasing Pyn*.

\* Phisicke can  
 extenuate the  
 Humors that  
 make the Bo-  
 dy vnapt to  
 execute the  
 workes of  
 Vertue.

These *Partes* though many, yet of *three* consist,  
 That's, *Humors*, *Elements*, and *Qualities*;  
 Which *three*, doe of fow'r *partes*, a part subfist,  
 For from *Earth*, *Water*, *Aire*, and *Fire* doth rise  
 All that the Heav'nly *Cope* doth circulize:  
 These are the *Elements* from whom proceede  
 The \* *Humors* with their foresaid qualities;  
 For, *Blond*, *Flegme*, *Choller*, *Melancholy* breede  
*Hott*, *Cold*, *Moist*, *Dry*, a fowr-fold vital Seede.

\* Humors be  
 the children  
 of the Ele-  
 ments.

An *element* is the most simple part  
 VVhereof a *thing* is made, and in its wracke  
 Is last resolved; And in *Phisicks* Art (lack  
 There are butt *two*, which two of *those* doe  
 That al the *Elemental bodies* make:

An Element,  
 what.

These *two*, are tearmed *Simples*, & *Cōpounds*.  
 The *first*, is borne on *Speculations* back;  
 the *last*, is bredd by *Practize*, which cōfounds  
 Two or moe *Simples* in each others bounds.

2. Elements  
 in Phisick-  
 Art.

The *Elements* of *Natures* famelies  
 Produce the *Elementals* temprament,  
 VVhich is a mixture of the *Qualities*  
 Or composition of each *Element*:  
 (As *these* doe bend, so are their *bodies* bent)  
 VVhich we *Complexion* cal; wherof are two,  
 VVell, and ill tempred; And the *Aliment*  
 That feeds the *Body*, herein much can doe,  
 For that can make & marre *Complexion* too.

Complexion  
 what.

Wel tempred  
Complexion,  
what.

*Well-tempred*, is an equal counterpoise  
Of th' *Elements* fore-mention'd *qualities*;  
Whereof ther's but one *thing* of *Natures* choise  
VVherein thee made the *mixture* thus precise:  
(As *Galens* tract of *Temper*s testifies:)  
VVhich , of each *hand*, is the *interior skin*:  
And hence we may thus fitly moralize;  
that *Nature* to the *Hand* so good hath bin,  
That it might temper what the *Mouth* takes in.

Il Cöplexion,  
what.

*Ill tempred's* that where some one *Element*  
Hath more dominion then it ought to haue;  
For they rule ill that haue more regiment  
then *nature*, *wisdome*, *right*, or *reason* gaue:  
So doth this *Element* it selfe behaue:  
Yet each *ill temper* doth not so exceede,  
As that it spils what *better temper*s saue;  
For some surpasse the *temperate* in deede,  
In some small ods, whereof no *harmes* succede.

The Bodies  
temper is five  
waies discern-  
ed.

Fiue waies the *Bodies* temperature is knowne,  
By *Constitution*, *Operation*, *Clime*,  
*Coulor*, and *Age*, by these the same is showne,  
As *Dials* by an *Index* shew the time.  
The *Body* fat is cold, for *fat* doth clime  
By cold degrees; and that, full-fleht is hot,  
For *heate* proceedes from *bloud*, as doth my *rime*  
From *braines*; where no *heate* were, if *bloud* were not,  
And bee'ing too cold they would my *sense* besot.

By *Operation* too, the *temper's* found,  
For when a *creature*, (*Man*, *Beast*, *Hearbe*, or *Plant*)  
Doth that which they by right of *kinde* are bound,  
then no good temprature those *bodies* want:

the

The *Clyme* in shewing this is nothing skant;  
 For South-ward, Men are cruell, moody, madd,  
 Hot, blacke, leane, leapers, lustfull, vld to vant,  
 Yet wise in action, sober, fearefull, sad,  
 If good, most good, if bad exceeding bad.

The Northen *Nations* are more moist, and cold,  
 Lesse wicked and deceiptfull, faithfull, iust,  
 More ample, strong, couragious, marriall, bold,  
 And, for their blood is colder, lesse they lust:  
 Then cold *blood* being thicke, it follow must  
 They are lesse witty, and more barberous;  
 And for they inwardly are more adust,  
 They *meate* and *drinke* deuoure as ravenous,  
 The *panch* and *pot* esteeming precious.

A natural rea-  
 son for the  
 gurmādzing,  
 and quāssing  
 of the Flem-  
 ings.

Yet are they most laborious, loving *Artes*;  
 Whose *soules* are in their *fingers* (as its sed;)  
 For, all our best *hand-workes* come from those *parts*,  
 As from the hotter *Climes*, *workes* of the *bed*:  
 And those that twixt the *South*, and *North* are bred  
 (As *France* and *Italy*, *Spaine*, and the like)  
 Of *hot* and *cold*, are ev'nly tempered;  
 Therefore they are not made so apt to strike;  
 But warre with *Wisdome*, rather then the *Pike*.

The *color* likewise shewes the *temprament*;  
 For *Sanguin's red*: and *yellow's Cholericke*:  
 The *Melancholy* is to *blacknesse* bent:  
 The *white* or whitish, is the *Phlegmaticke*:  
 The *white*, and *blacke*, are cold and rheumaticke:  
 The *Red*, and *yellow*, hot by course of *kinde*:  
 To this consents each skilfull *Empericke*,  
 Who by experience of their practise finde  
 That *color* shewes the *temper*, notes the *minde*.

The Coulor  
 shews the bo-  
 dies temper.

The



The reason  
why men cho-  
lericke of co-  
plexion are  
soone angry.

The *Sanguin's* frolicke, free, ingenious,  
Couragious, kinde, to *women* over-kinde;  
true *Iovialists*, by nature generous;  
And hot and humid they are by their kinde :  
the *Chollericke* is hasty, and inclinde  
To *Envie*, *pride*, and *prodigalitie*;  
As *Herc'les*-hardy, though with anger blinde;  
And in its temper it is hot and drie,  
Which is the cause it is so angry.

the *Phlegmaticke* are idle, sleepeie, dull, (wit:  
Whose temper's cold and moist, which drownes the  
the *Melancholy's* mestieue; and too full  
Of fearefull thoughts, and cares vnrequisit;  
Who loue (as loathing *men*) alone to sit:  
In temper cold and drie too like the dust,  
(Dust of the *earth*, ere *God* life-breathed it,  
Where hence we came, and wherevnto we must)  
Which flies (as fearefull) from a little *Gust*.

A humor,  
what.

these are the *humors*, whereof *Man* consists,  
Which is a *substauce* thin, to which our *foode*  
the *Stomackes* heate by *nature* first digests,  
And hath dominion chiefly in our *bloode* :  
these like the *Elements* moue in their moode :  
For *bloud* is hot, and humid, like the *aire* :  
*Flegm's* cold, and moist, in *Waters* likelyhood :  
then *Melancholy's* like *Earth*, cold and dry'r:  
And hot, and drie is *Choler*, like the *Fire*.

Howe the  
meates are  
changed to  
Humors.

And, that the meates to *humors* should be chang'd  
they must be thrice concocted thorowly:  
First, in the *Stomacke* they are interchang'd  
And made that *Chyle* wherein potentially

the

The *Humors* (*Chaos*-like) at first doe lie:  
 Next, in the *Liver* the *Masse Sanguiner*  
 Of *Chyle* composed is, successiuelly:  
 The third, and last's through al the *bodie*, where  
*Humors* are made, that *Meate* and *Chyle* first were.

These raigne by turnes, vntill their tearmes be done:  
*Bloud*, in the *spring*, from *three* till *nine* each *Morne*:  
*Choler*, from thence, till *three* in th'after *noone*  
 In *summer*-season: Then *Flegme* in his turne  
 From thence till *nine* at night doth rule the *sterne*  
 In *Autumne*: then sad *Melancholy* thence  
 Till *three* next *Morne*, when *Winter* doth retorne:  
 Thus in their *turnes* they haue preheminance,  
 Till *Time* turne vs, and them with vs from hence.

How the Hu-  
 mors raigne  
 in mans body

And as these *humors* haue their turnes in time,  
 So rule the *Planets* in like consequence:  
 For, by the *Moone* is governed our *Prime*  
 that's *hot* and *moist*, but the preheminance  
 The *moisture* hath; So our *Adolescence*  
 Is swaid by *VVit*-infusing *Mercury*  
 Being *hot* and *moist*, yet doth more *heate* dispense,  
 Which tunes the *voices Organes* erst too hy,  
 Making them speake with more profundity.

How, & when  
 the Planets  
 rule in mans  
 body.

Thē, *youth* (our third age) *Loues-Queene*, *Venus* swaies  
 Bee'ng *hot* and *dry*, but yet more *hot*, then *drie*;  
 In this we *VVantons* play, in *Venus* plaies  
 And offer *Incense* to a rowling *eye*:  
 Bright *Sol* (the gloriou'st *Planet* in the *sky*)  
 Doth rule our *Manhoode* which is temperate:  
 Hee *Author* is of *grace* and *gravity*;  
 Of haplesse life this is the happi'st state,  
 Which they hold long'st that are most moderate.

L

And

And lastly *old age* being cold, and dry,  
 By al-wile *Jupiter* is governed,  
*Author of Councell, Craft, and Policy:*  
 VVhich *Age* againe in two's distinguished,  
 The first *yonge old age* may be Christened:  
 The last *Decrepit* is, and so is call'd;  
 Which *Saturn* rules with *Scepter* of dul lead:  
 This *Age* to *Life* like *Death*, is stil enthrall'd,  
 Thus in our life the *Planets* are enstall'd.

Precise dates  
 assigned to  
 severall chan-  
 ges of mans  
 age in his life.

And to these *Ages*, dates precise we giue;  
 As *Child hood* from our Birth till *thirteene*  
*Adolescence*, from thence to twenty five: (yeares:  
 And *youth* from thence til *five, & thirty* weares;  
 From whence, til *fiftie* *Mannes*-estate apperes:  
 And to the rest *old-age* we doe assigne;  
 But *one* his yeares the other better beares,  
 As *time* their temprature doth enterteigne,  
 Therefore the *temprature* should age designe.

Psal. 31. 11.

For al men cold & dry are old, though yonge,  
 Some yong at *sixtie*, some at *forty* old;  
 In growing old the youthful *Sanguin's* lōge,  
 For it doth store of *heate*, and *moisture* hold:  
 The *Melancholy*, being dry and cold,  
 Is aged soone: So *women* more then *men*  
 Soone meete with age, which makes some be so bold  
 (As vnder \* Coulor that they are *wo-men*)  
 To keepe off Age till they be \* yong agen.

\* Paint the  
 face.  
 \* Bis puer.

The Aire wee  
 breath may  
 haste our age.

The *Aire* we breath doth beare an Ore herein,  
 And being subtil moves the simple *Minde*;  
 For, never yet was *foole* a *Florentine*,  
 (As by the wise hath well observed byn)



So subtrill is the *Aire* hee draweth in:  
 The influences of malignant *Starres*,  
*Vales, Caves, Stanckes, Moores, and Lakes* that never  
*Carion*, and filth, all such the *Aier* maries,  
 Which killes the *Corpes*, and *vvitts* Carreër barres.

(ryn Causes of the  
 Aiers putrifi-  
 cation & con-  
 sequently of  
 groſſ. wate.

From *Regions, VVinds, & ſtāding* of the place  
 Where we abide, come the *Aires* qualities;  
 Vnder the *Poles* (the *Sun* nere showing face  
 But as a *ſtranger*) the *Aire* ſo doth freeze  
 That whoſoever breathes it, ſtarving dies:  
 And in the *Torrid Zone* it is ſo hott  
 That *fleſh* and *Bloud* (like flaming *fire*) it fries,  
 And with a *Cole-blacke* beautie it doth blott,  
 Curling the *Haires* vpon a *vvry* knott.

The *winds*, though *Aire*, yet *Aire* do turne & wind;  
 VVhich *Paſſions* of the *Aire*, our *ſp'its* affects  
 Theſe by the *Noſe* and *Mouth* a waie doe finde  
 To *Braines*, and *Hart*, and there their *kindes* effect,  
 And as they are, make them, in ſome reſpect:  
 For, where the *VVindes* be cold and violent,  
 (As where rough *Boreas* doth his *Throne* erect)  
 There are the *People* ſtronger, and turbulent,  
 Rending the *Sterne* of *civill* government.

The paſſions  
 of the Aier  
 do affect our  
 Minds.

The ſituation of the place likewise  
 The *Aire* therein doth wel or ill diſpoſe;  
 If to the *Sea*, or Southerne winde it lies,  
 It's humid, putrifactiue, & too cloſe: (poſe)  
 So fares it in *fatt grounds* (*Slouthes* chiefe re-  
 The *Sandy grounds* doe make it hott and dry;  
 As cold, and moiſt it is, that *Fennes* incloſe,  
 But cleere & piercing on the *Mountaines* hy;  
 Thus Place with *Aire* doth chāg our quality.

The ſituation  
 of the Place  
 makes the  
 Aier good or  
 badde.

Food, good,  
or bad,  
helpes, or hin-  
ders Witte.

Of no lesse vertue are our *Alements*, (pare,  
Which *VVinde*, & *Aire*, vnto our *spirits* pre-  
VVho are conformed to those *Condimentes*;  
Then *fine* they be, if most *fine* be our *fare*:  
The *Goodnesse*, *Quality*, and *Time* of *yeare*,  
*Vse*, *Order*, *Appetite*, and *Quantity*, (care  
The *Howre* and *Age*, these *nyn* require our  
If we desire to liue heere healthfully,  
And make the *Soule* aboue her soule to fly:

The soone-concocted *Cates* good *iuyce* affording  
And but few *excrements*, are those alone  
that make the *mind* to boord, when *Bodi's* boording,  
If temp'rately the *stomacke* take each one:  
These in the *Braines* bale *witts* doe oft enthrone:  
For, these the *Mouth* preparerh for the *Maw*,  
VVhere be'ng concocted, to the *Liver* runne;  
From whence, a sanguine tincture they doe draw,  
Then to the *Soules Courts* hie by *Natures* lawe.

\*The Hart &  
Brayne.

The *Hart's* the lower house, the *head* the hie;  
(The *Roomes* whereof we did discribe whil-ere)  
VVhere once appearing they are wing'd to fly,  
And in their flight the *Soule* and *Body* steere  
With motion such as both *Caelestiall* were:  
What mervell is it then, though *Geese* some be  
For want of *Capons*, that would *Cocks* appeare  
(*Cocks* of the *Game*) and chaunt melodiouslee,  
If with their kinde, their *Commons* did agree.

How subtile doth a simple cup p of *VVine*  
Make the *Soules faculties*, and their *effects*?  
It makes their divine natures more diuine,  
And with a world of *Ioy* the *Hart* affects.

VVhich

Which *Sorrow* though in panges of *Death* reiects:  
Hence comes it that some *Captaines* doe carrowse  
When they must \* *Combate* with contrary *Seets*,  
To heate the cold *bloud* and the *spirits* rowse,  
And so make *Courage*, most couragious.

\* Wine moderate-  
ly taken  
cheeres the  
Heart & spirits.

But here (as erst was saide) some over drinke,  
While they desire in fight to over-doe;  
On nought but *wounds*, & *bloud*, they speake, & think,  
While *Healths* goe roūd, & *braines* goe rōūder too;  
*VVyne*- making *Bloud* to *VVine* & *Bloud* them wooc-  
But *Neguid nimis*, is the *List* wherein  
*Courage* should combate, and the *Barre* whereto  
*Valor* should venter, what is more is *sinne*,  
Which by the *wise* and *Valiant* damn'd hath bin.

*Drinke* hath three offices, the first assists  
*Concoction*, for in it is boild the *meate*:  
The next, to mixe the *foode* the first digests:  
The Last, to bring it to the *Livers* heate,  
There to be made redd-hot, & apt to fleete:  
Now when the *Current* is too violent,  
It beares awaie (vntimely) *small*, and *greate*,  
So crossing *Nature* in her kinde intent,  
She back 'retires not knowing what she mēt.

3. Offices of  
Drinke.

Then *meate* must soak, not in the *Stomacke* swimme,  
If *Nature* duely we desire to please;  
For, when the *Stomack's* full about the brimne,  
*Tyde* carries none, how ere it may diseale  
And *Nature* drowne in those vnruely *Seas*:  
*Breath* most corrupt, *behaviour* more then most,  
And *Mind* much more then most, is made by these;  
Then how corrupt are they that of it boast?  
So much corrupt, they may infect an *Host*:

3 gluttony &  
Drunkennesse  
are the horri-  
ble sepultures  
of mans rea-  
son & iudge-  
ment.



Its said of one, that did help to behead  
 The mounting *Monastries* that deckt this land,  
 That he (at last) lost his all-wittie *Head*  
 For words he spake, to which he could not stand,  
 Nor stand to speake, *VVine* having vpperhand:  
 Who vld (as *Fame* reports) his wits t refine,  
 To let them often rest at *VVines* commande;  
 But wit abused, by abuse of *VVine*  
 Abusd One that forc'd *Law* to force his fine.

Temperate  
 exercise avail-  
 able to minde  
 and bodie.

Now as a moderation in these things  
 With *Iudgements* choise in their varieties,  
 To *Soule*, and *Body*, *health*, and *glorie* brings;  
 So both are bound to temp'rate *exercise*  
 For helping them to vse their faculties:  
 For without *health* the same were hindered,  
 And *health* from hence as from an *helpe* doth rise;  
 For hole some *labour* breakes those *humors* head  
 By which the *enemies* of *health* are led.

Natural heate

It helps the *heate* that helperh all the *parts*;  
 The *Spirits* it quickens, and puts ope the *pores*;  
 Whereby each loathsome *excrement* departs  
 As at so many straight wide-open *dores*:  
 Our *limbes* it strengthens and our *breath* restores:  
 The *morning* walkes to the *intestines* send  
 The *first digestions* filth (which kinde abhorres)  
 And make the *seconds* to the *bladder* wend,  
 So *labour* lets our *sicknesse*, so, our *end*.

The Sons of  
 Adam, borne  
 to labour.

All *travell* tendes to *rest*, and *rest* to *ease*;  
 Then must the *bodie* travell to this *end*:  
 The *Spirits* travell hath respect to these;  
 For *idle Spirits* that *active Spirit* offend

That

That for such *ease* a world of *woe* doth send:  
 Yet naught it was made that was not made to rest;  
 But nought was made to rest vntill the *end*:  
 For *Heau'n, Earth, Man, Beast, Fish, Fowle, & therest*  
 Doe travell, *in fine* to be rest- posselt.

Yet *Nature* hath ordained a *repose*  
 Which we call *rest* for *Man*, which *rest* is *sleepe*;  
 The *cause* whereof from the *Braines* cheefly floes,  
 When mounting *vapors* in their moisture *steepe*  
 Doe *humors* wax, and in the *Nerves* doe creepe;  
 And so their *conducts* close, which shuts the *eyes*;  
 Then rests the *corpes* in death-like *darknesse* deepe,  
 And *Spirits animal Rest* doth surprise:  
 So, are they said to rest vntill they rise.

This makes the *head* so heavy after meate,  
 The fumes ascending make the *head* descend;  
 For they like *hammers* on the *braines* doe beate,  
 Til they haue hammerd *humors* in the end,  
 The weight whereof doth cause the *head* to bend:  
 Yet sober *sleepe*, in *place*, and *season* fit  
 Doe comfort *Nature*, and her *hurts* amends;  
 The *Spirits* it quickens, and awakes the *wit*,  
 For *hart* must *sleepe*, when the *head* wanteth it.

Dead *sleepe*, *Deathes* other name and Image true,  
 Doth quiet *Passion*, calme *Griefe*, *Time* deceiue;  
 Who pay'ng the debt that is to *Nature* due  
 (Like *death*) in quittance thereof doth receiue  
 Supply of *powres*, that her of *powre* bereaue:  
 So *sleepe* her *foes* wants friendly doth supply,  
 And in her *wombe* doth wakefull *thoughts* conceiue,  
 Making the *Minde* beyond it selfe to spie;  
 For, doubtlesse *Dreames* haue some divinitie.

Divinity oft  
 in dreames.

For

A natural rea-  
son, for the di-  
vinity of  
Dreames,

For, as the *influence* of *Heavens* leames  
Frames diverse *formes* in matter corporall:  
So of like *influence* *visions* and *Dreames*  
Are printed in the *powre* fantasticall;  
The which *power* being instrumental,  
By *Heav'n* disposd to bring forth some effect,  
Hath greatest vigor in our *sleepes* extreames;  
For when our *minde*s doe corporall cares neglect  
That *influence* doth freely them affect,  
And so our *Dreames* oft future haps project.

Over much  
watching de-  
bilitates our  
wittes,

*Watching* oremuch, oremuch doth *Nature* wrong,  
It blunts the *braines*, and *sense* debilitates;  
Dulleth the *Spirits*, breeds *crudities* among;  
Makes the *head* heavie, *Body* it abates,  
And *kindely* *heate* it cooles, or dissipates:  
Yet thorny *cares*, or stings of ceaselesse *Smart*,  
May keepe out *sleep*e without the *senses* Gates,  
(By pricking them as it were, to the *hart*)  
Till *vitall* *Spirits* from *senses* quite depart.

This waking  
care breaketh  
the *sleep*e, as  
a great sick-  
nesse breakes  
the *sleep*e.  
Eccle. 31. 2.

Those *Chieftaines*, on whose *cares* depend the *crowns*  
(The waighty *crownes*, on their as waighty *cares*)  
Of mighty *Monarches*, and their owne *renownes*,  
Two *burdens* which in one who ever beares,  
Must night, and day, vse *hands*, *legs*, *eyes*, and *cares*:  
These watch, yea sleeping wake, for in their *sleepes*  
The *point* on which their *harts* are fixt, appeares,  
And through their closed *eyes*, their *minds* eie peeps,  
To looke to *that* which them from *slumber* keepe.

Care enemy  
to *sleep*e and  
*sleep*e cōfor-  
ter of *Care*,

Their *sleepes* are short, but were they short, & sweet,  
*Nature* would longer sweetly *life* support:  
But in their *sleepes* with wakfull *thoughts* they meete;  
That make their *sleepes* vnswet, and yet as short;

Which



Care a Caker  
to Minde and  
Body.

Which must perforce make *Nature* all amorte:  
Yet as they were all *Minde*, and *Body* none,  
That had noe feeling of the *Bodies* hurt, (grone,  
That *Minde* (all mind) though *Corpes* the while doth  
Makes *flesh* all hardnesse brooke, as it were *Stone*.

Such force hath *worldly glory* (though but vaine)  
To make men, for her love, themselves to hate,  
Who for desire of her, their strength doe straine  
Farre, farre aboue the pitch of mortall state,  
And paine in sense, to *sense* doe captivate:  
Though *pains* wake *sēse*, yet sense doth waking sleep,  
Dreaming on *Glory* in the lapp of *Fate*;  
So *paine* frō *sense*, doth paine with pleasure keepe,  
While *sense* is mouing *Honors* Mountaine steepe.

VWhere *Glory* sits enthron'd (Cœlestial Dame)  
Surrounded with a Ring of *Diadems*,  
VWith face (whose beaming-beautie seemes to flāe)  
Darting in simling wise those blissefull *beames*  
On *those* that for her<sup>a</sup> loue brooke all *extreams*:  
VWhat *sense* hath sense being so beheavened,  
And carried from it telfe on *pleasures* Streames?  
But as entranc'd with ioy, it must seeme deade,  
And feele no paine in *Minde* or *Body* bredd.

<sup>a</sup> The labour  
of like Bodies  
be not a like  
painfull. For  
glory in a  
Prince makes  
the labour  
lighter then  
that of a Pe-  
sant, becauſe  
he wots it wil  
be notable.

If then *Vaine-glories* loue shall so subdue  
The *sense* to *sense* that feeling all annoy,  
Its arm'd to brooke the same by *glories* view,  
And the more *griefe* is felt, the greater *ioy*;  
(Yea though the *grife* the *sēse* doth quight destroy)  
VWhat shall the loue of *Glory* infinite  
Make *sense* endure, if *sense* her powers imploie  
To apprehend it, as its requisite?  
Such love should hold the paines of *Hell* too light.

M

V When

When vnconceaved *Ioy* dilates the *Hart*  
 To th' vtmost reach of his capacitie,  
 When *sense* no leasure hath to thinke on *smart*,  
 Being so busied with *felicity*  
 That *soule*, and *sense* are ravished thereby;  
 What marvell then though *fire* doth comfort such,  
 (Although with quēchlesse flames their flesh it fry)  
 Sith that much \* *pain* their *ioy* makes more thē much  
 And *paine*, that *sense* can feele, no *sense* can touch.

Inward ioy an-  
 nihilates out-  
 ward paine.

Esay the Pro-  
 phet so marti-  
 red.  
 S. Lawrence.

This made a wooden \* *Sawe* sweete to the *flesh*  
 wherewith it sundred was in savage wise:  
 This makes the burning \* *Grediorne* *flesh* refresh  
 That on the same in hellish manner fries,  
 This makes *paine* *pleasure*, and *Hell* *Paradise*.  
 Then give me, ô good *giver* of all *good*,  
 An *Hart* that may ore *paine* thus signiorize,  
 For thy deere *love*; then with my deereft blood  
 Ile wash the *Earth*, and make more *Saints* to budd.

S. Stephen.  
 Act 7.56,58.

When *Stones* (as thicke as *haile*) from hellish *hands*  
 Batt' red that blessed *Proto-Martyres* braine,  
 The *sight* he saw his *senses* so commands,  
 That, as the *Stones* did fal the *sense* to *paine*,  
 It deem'd that *Grace* on it did *pleasure* raine:  
 And that deere *blood*, like-worthlesse *water* shedd,  
 Did make the springing *Church* to sprout amaine;  
 For that no looner was this *Martyr* dead  
 But many (as from him) came in his steede.

One Martyr  
 begets many.

And that the *Elements* doe loose their force  
 (That by such losse their *Lord* might *lovers* win)  
 It wel appeares; for, did he not divorce  
 The heate from *fire*, which his deere *Saints* were in?  
 Some

Some too wel knew that this perform'd hath bin:  
 For out it flew and brent their *enemies*,  
 And where it first began, it did begin  
 The powre thereof with powre to exercise,  
 To shew *his* powre, that loth'd their sacrifice.

Dan. 3. 22, 23.

NOW, to retire from whence our *Rimes* doe range,  
 And touch the *soule*, & *minds* *mind* at the *soule*;  
 We see the *bodies* state the *minde* may change;  
 So may the *minde* the *bodies* state controule;  
 Thus they the state of one another rule:  
 The *soules* *soule* is the *minde*, and the *mindes* *minde*  
 Is that, where *Reason* doth her *lawes* enrowle:  
 Yet fuming *Passions* both of them may blinde,  
 When *body*, with them both are ill inclin'd.

*Phillipides*, that *comedies* compil'd  
 O'recoming one that with him did contend  
 In that light *Art*, (when hope was quite exil'd)  
 A suddaine ioy wrought his as suddaine end.  
 Like *fate* did one *Diagoras* attend,  
 Who, see'ng his three *sonnes* at *Olimpus* crown'd  
 For *deedes* there done (which *All* did much cōmend)  
 He them embracing, straite fell dead to ground,  
 Because his *ioy* was more then *hart* could bound.

Sorrow doth  
 occupie the  
 the place of  
 extreame ioy.  
 Petrarch.

Extreme ioy  
 (being iud-  
 daine) is ene-  
 my to nature.

As extreame suddaine ioy doth kill the *hart*,  
 Leaving it bloudlesse which is *ioies* effect  
 (For ioy lends bloud amaine to ev'ry part)  
 So, extreame *griefe* the *hart* may so affect  
 (Or suddaine feare) that *life* may it reiect;  
 For both revoke the *sp'rites*, *bloud*, and *kind heate*,  
 And to *hartes* Center doe the same direct,  
 Which place bee'ng little, and their throng so great,  
 Expels the *Vitall spirits* from their *seate*.

Simil.



*Marc Lepidus*, divorced from his wife  
 Whom he intirely lou'd, with extreame grieve  
 (For it conceav'd) he quickly lost his life;  
 So *loue* rest *life*, that erst was *lifes* reliefe,  
 For *loue* of that his *woe* was fountaine chiefe.  
 So, with a *suddaine feare* haue many died  
 Which name I neede not, sith I would be brieve:  
 By it the *haire*s haue suddainely bin died,  
 As by graue *writers* is exemplified.

Of no lesse force (though lesse the reason be)  
 Is *shamefastnesse*, in some of mighty *minde*:

Shame may  
 bring lite to  
 confusion in  
 generous spi-  
 rits.

One *Diodorus* died because that hee  
 Could not assoile a *Question* him assign'd:  
 The like of *Homer* we recorded finde;  
 Who died with shame for being so vnfound  
 Not to be able (like one double blinde)  
 To answer that, base *Fishers* did propound;  
 So sense of *shame* did *sense* and life confound:

Quod capio  
 perdo, quod  
 non capio mi-  
 hi seruo.

These *Passions* are the *suffrings* of the *soule*,  
 Body & Soule that make the *Inne* to suffer with the *Ghest*:  
 For, *Perturbations* both together rowle  
 Here, there, and ev'ry where, as they thinke best;  
 Heate naturall *Kinde-heate* they fire, or quench with their vnrest:  
 For, some (as all obserue) haue died with *ioy*;  
 And some with *griefe*, haue bin *life*-dispossest:  
 For in extreames, they *Nature* so annoy,  
 As (being suddaine) her they quite destroy.

Yet *Mirth* in measure, kindly warmes the *bloud*,  
 And spreads the *Spirits*, b'inlarging of the *hart*:  
 This *mirth* in measure is the only *moode*  
 That cuts the throat of *Physicke*; and her *Art*,

And

And makes her *Captaines* from her *coulers* start;  
It makes our *yeares* as many as our *haire* :  
Then, on *earths* flage who play a meery *part*,  
Shall much more more the much offend their *heires*  
By overlong prolonging their desires.

Phisitions.  
Mirth makes  
mans yeares  
as many as his  
haues.

then, should I live by *Nature* over long,  
For I to *mirth* by *nature* am too prone;  
But *Accident* in me doth *nature* wrong,  
By whom vntimely shee'l be overthrone:  
For *Melancholy* in my *Soule* inthrones  
Her telfe gainst *Nature*, through crosse *Accident*,  
Where shee vsurpeth, that is not her owne;  
And *Nature* makes to pine with discontent  
That shee should be reft her regiment.

Thus as the *Corpes* the *qualities* compound,  
So areth' *Affectiōs* moist, dry, hot, and cold,  
The *last* are humor'd as the *first* abound:  
*Joy* (hot and moist) the *Sanguine* most doth hold,  
As *sorrow* (cold and dry) possesse the *Olde*.  
Meane *ioie*'s a meane to make *men* moist, and hot;  
In which two *qualities* *Health* hath her *Hold*:  
But *griefe* the heat consumes, and *bloud* doth rot,  
Which *health* impaires, and cuts *lifes Gordian knot*.

The Affectiōs  
follow the  
qualities of  
the Humors.

And as meane *mirth* mans age maks most extreames;  
So doth it cloth the *bones* with frolicke *flesh*:  
For, to the *partes* it makes the *bloud* to streame,  
Which makes them grow, & doth the *ioy*-re-fresh;  
this *mirth* the *hart* must haue when *head* is fresh,  
For wyne *mirth* proceedeth from *excesse*;  
And all *excesse* doth but make *nature* neth,  
Vnable to endure *times* long processe,  
How ere it may spend *time* in *drunkenesse*.

Sicknesse is  
(a Seneca  
saith) the cha-  
stement of  
intemperace.

The Harts af-  
fects begett  
the Mindes

This correspondence then twixt *flesh*, and *sp'rite*,  
Should make our *Mouth* the House of *Temperance*;  
For the *Corpes* qualities will answere right  
Her rule of Diet; Then *intemperance*,  
The *Head* and *Hart* doth odiously entrance:  
The *Hartes affects*, produce the *Heades effects*,  
Which make the *Soule* and *Bodies* concordance:  
Then sith the *Bodie* breeds the *Soules affects*,  
The *Soule* should feede the same with right *respects*.

Deere are  
fatted but to  
be killed; So  
Epicures &c.

Respect of *Health*, respect of *name*, and *fame*,  
Depending on our moderation,  
Should be of force to make vs vse the same;  
But, when the *Bodies* depravation  
Toucheth the *soule*, and bothes damnation,  
All these *respects* should ( being things so  
Inflame *Desires* immoderation (deere)  
Coldly to vse *hott wines* & *belly cheere*,  
For belly-gods are but the *Divells* <sup>r</sup> *Deere*.

The power of  
The will is de-  
rived from  
Knowledge.

Sith *sicknesse* then in *bodie*, and in *soule*,  
From *tempers ill*, and *ill affects* flo,  
*VVitt* ought *VVills* appetites to over-rule  
*VVhen* they (to follow *sense*) frō *Reason* go;  
And bring them to the bent of *wisdoms* Bo:  
For, sith our *soules* by *Knowledge things* discerne,  
From whence the *will* hath pow'r of *willing* too,  
If *Knowledge* then be to them both a *Sterne*,  
they should do nought but what of her they learne.

And so they doe, but their *Guide* being blinde  
Of the right *Eie*, no mervel though they runne  
Too much on the left hand from place assign'd,  
Directed by *Delight*, the *senses sunne*:

But



But *Cloudes* of *sinne* our *Knowledge* over-runne,  
Which make her run awrie in rightest *vvaies*,  
V hereby our lilly *soules* are oft vndunne,  
VWhen as shee weenes to winne immortall praise,  
And crowne her *Craft* with everlasting *Baies*.

Who learns a *trade*, must haue a time to learne;  
For without *time* an *Habit* is not gain'd:  
So diuerse *skills* the *soule* cannot discerne;  
Vntill they be by *exercize* obtain'd,  
For by it onely *Habittes* are attain'd:  
VWhich *Habitts* stretch not onely to our *Deedes*,  
But to our *suffrings*, beeing wrong'd, or pain'd,  
For *Customes* force another *Nature* breeds,  
And pyning *soule* with *patience* it feedes.

Pr: tise the  
Mother of  
Habit,

Vnto a *soule* impatient (seldome crost)  
Each *Daie* a *yeare*, each *yeare* an *Age* doth seeme;  
But a meeke *soule* with *troubles* often tost,  
The *time*, though long, doth ordinarie deeme;  
For *Time* and *Troubles* she doth light esteeme:  
This well appeares in *sicknesse*, (though most ill)  
At first we still doe worst of it misdeeme,  
But staying long with vs, we make our *vill*  
Familiar with it, so endure it still.

The Soule is  
possest in pati-  
ence, if shee  
posseste pati-  
ence.

*Afflictions* water cooles the heate of *sinne*,  
And brings soule-health; But at the first like *frost*  
It *soule* benummes, as it were starv'd therein,  
And *sense*, and *Life* and *sp'rit* thereby were lost:  
The *Crosse* doth quell to *Hell* the seldome crost:  
Hence is it, *Christ* doth with his *Crosse* acquaint  
those that be his, whereof they glory'ng boast,  
For that the *Crosse* wel borne creates the *Saint*,  
As it to *Fiendes* transformeth them that faint.

First the crosse  
and then the  
Crown.

*Affliction*, Ladie of the happy life,  
 (And Queene of mine, though my life happlesse be)  
 Give my *Soule* endlesse peace, in endlesse strife,  
 For thou hast powre to giue them both to me,  
 Because they both haue residence in thee:  
 Let me behold my best *part* in thine *Eies*,  
 That so I may mine *imperfections* see;  
 And seeing them I may my selfe despise,  
 For that *selfe-love*, doth from *selfe-liking* rise.

Enfold me in thine *Armes*, and with a kisse  
 Of coldest comfort, comfort thou my *hart*;  
 Breath to my *Soule*, that mortified is,  
 Immortall *pleasure* in most mortall *Smart*:  
 Be ieloues of me, play a *Louers part*:  
 Keepe *Pleasure* from my *sense*, with sense of *paine*,  
 And mixe the same with pleasure by thine *Arte*;  
 That so I may with *ioy* the *griefe* sustaine,  
 Which *ioye* in *griefe* by thy deere loue I gaine.

When from our *selves* we are estranged quite,  
 (I hough it be strange, we so estrang'd should be)  
 Thou mak'st vs <sup>a</sup> know our *selves* at the first sight  
 And bring'st vs to our *selves*, our selues to see;  
 So that we throughly know our *selves* by <sup>b</sup> thee:  
 But bright *Voluptu's sense* doth blinde our *Eyes*  
 I hat we can nothing see, (and lesse foresee)  
 But what within her gaudy *Bozome* lies,  
 Being a *Mappe* of glorious *miseries*.  
*Pleasure*, thou *Witch* to this bewitching *World*,  
*Eare*-charming *Siren*, sold to sweetest *Synne*,  
 Wherwith our *Hartes* (as with *Cords*) is ensnarl'd,  
 That breake the *Cords* we cannot being in,

How

<sup>a</sup> Affliction be-  
 i. g. familiar  
 with vs, doth  
 make vs most  
 familiar with  
 our selues.  
<sup>b</sup> As a man can-  
 not know him  
 selfe, if hee  
 know not god  
 so he cannot  
 know God  
 well if hee  
 know not him  
 selfe. So infe-  
 perable are  
 these know-  
 ledges

How blest had we bin, had'st thou never *bin*?  
 For hadst not thou bin, *Griefe* had nere had *beeing*,  
 Sith at thine end, all *sorrow* doth \*begin,  
 And it with thee hath too good ill agreeing:  
 That's leagu'd in *ill*, and in *good* disagreeing.

\* The end of  
 worldly plea-  
 sure is the be-  
 ginning of  
 Payne.

*Observaunce*, looke about with thy right *Eye*,  
 View this *WWorlds Stage*, and they that play thereon,  
 And see if thou canst any *one* espie,  
 That plaies the *wanton* being wo-begon;  
 Or in *WWealth* wall'wing, plaies not the *WWanton*:  
 See how deepe *sighes* pull in each panting *syde*  
 Of the first sort, in all their *Action*,  
 And how the second sort no where abide,  
 As standing on no ground through *wanton* pride.

Wealth makes  
 men wanton.

The *first*, with downe-cast lookes stil eie the *Mould*,  
 As waying whence they came, & where they must:  
 The *second*, with high lookes the *Cloudes* behold,  
 To see how they for *place* and *grace* doe thrust,  
 Like these vngratious proude *Oppressors* iust:  
*Quiett* and *sadd* the *first* doe still appeare,  
 The other \* *madde* with *mirth*, for \* *quarells* lust;  
*Affliction* thus to *God* doth *Soules* indeere,  
 When *welfare* makes them to the *Devill* deere.

\* Ample for-  
 tunes, haue as  
 ample passiōs.  
 \* Prov. 13. 10.

Reville mee *wworld*, say I am *Sincke* of *shame*,  
 Nay worle then *ill* it selfe, (if worle might be)  
 Thou dost not wrong me *WWorld*, for so I am,  
 Although I am the worle (dam'd *WWorld*) for thee:  
 Spitt out thy *fame*-confounding spight at me,  
 Make me so vile that I my selfe may \* hate,  
 That so I may to my *Reformer* flee;  
 And be'ng reform'd, I may still meditate  
 On that pure *Minde*, that mended my *Minds* state.

\* Our enemies  
 will tell vs  
 wherein wee  
 are faulty  
 which friends  
 will forbear,  
 so may we  
 profit by our  
 foes.

N

Then



Affliction is  
the best Tu-  
tresse to make  
vs know the  
World.

Then though *Affliction* be no welcome *Ghest*  
Vnto the world (that loues nought but her *weale*)  
Of me, therefore shee shalbe loved best,  
Because to me shee doth the *World* reueale,  
Which *worldly welfare* would from me conceale:  
It is a gaineful *skill*: the *World* to know,  
As they can tel that with the *World* doe deale,  
It cost them *much ere profe* the same doth show,  
Which knowledge frō *Afflictio* streight doth flow.

And though the entrance into *Vertues* way  
Be strait, so strait that *few* doe enter in,  
Yet being entred, walke with ease we may,  
For labour endes when vve doe but begin:  
,, Sweat before *Vertue* *lucky-like* doth rin  
To ope the gate of *Glory* sempiternē,  
That her triumphant *coach* might enter in;  
So outward temp'ral toile 'gets *blisse* eterne  
Vpon the corpes of *Vertue* most interne.

Custom is ano-  
ther nature.  
Custom is o-  
uercome by  
custome.

Sith *Custom* then is of such liuely force  
As it hath powre it *selfe* to overcome,  
How blest are they that doe themselues divorce  
From *Custom* ill, by force of good *custome*:  
And ten times blessed they that from the *VVombe*  
Accustom'd are to *Vertues* straightest *VVay*,  
For, such by *Custom* vertuous become,  
Though powreful *Nature* doe her' selfe say nay;  
For *Nature*, *Customes* powre is forc'd t'obay.

When, the af-  
fections are  
called vertues  
or Vices.

When the *Affections* *Acts* are *habits* growne,  
Then *Vertues* or els *Vices* are they nam'd;  
A vicious *Habit*'s hardly overthrowne,  
For our *Affection* is therewith enflam'd,

As

As with the fire infernall are the *damn'd*:  
 Who though they would, and though they anguish  
 Yet cannot that outrageous mood be tam'd, (haue,  
 But still they raging sin, and cannot saue (graue.  
 Themselues from that, that makes their grieve their

A vicious *Habit* is *Hels* surest *Gin*,  
 Wherewith a *Man* is sold to *sinne*, and *shame*,  
 Running from *sinne* to *sinne*, and nought but *sinne*,  
 As *Rivers* runne the same, and not the same.  
 Til the *minde*s Iointes, *sinnes* force doth so vnframe  
 That it becomes most loose and dissolute;  
 Neither regarding *heav'n*, *hell*, *shame*, nor *fame*,  
 But to liue loathsomly its resolute;  
 Thus *Habits* ill, make *evill* absolute.

But few there are in whom all *vice* concures,  
 And fewer are they, that all *faults* doe want;  
 Vnto the worst, *offences* cling like *Burres*;  
 And to the best as to the *Adamant*  
 The *iron* cleaues; for the *Church* militant  
 By *nature* is accompanied with *sinne*;  
 Yet the least force of *faith* partes them (I grant)  
 Because it cleaues but sleighly to the *skinne*,  
 But to the *wicked*s flesh its fastned in.

Sin inhabites,  
 but is not ha-  
 bituall in the  
 godly.

For as a *burre* the longer it abides  
 Vpon a *garment* being cott'nd hy,  
 The more the *Wool*l windes in his hooked sides;  
 So *sinne* the longer it in *Flesh* doth ly,  
 The faster to the same its fixt thereby.  
 If *Nature* then *sinne* soone doth entertaine,  
 Vse violence to *Nature* by and by,  
 That it perforce may from the same refraine;  
 For what *skill* cannot, *force* may yet constraine.

Simil.

Simil.

And as the *Burre* to *VVool* so being fixt,  
 With *skill*, or *force* cannot be parted thence,  
 But that some part will with the *VVool* be mixt:  
 So, *sinne* where it hath had long residence,  
 Will leaue *remaines* there, inaugre *violence*:

Simil.

But *Iron* from the *loadstone* cleane will fall  
 With but a touch: and so wil *sinnes* offence  
 From those in whom its not habitual  
 With but a touch of *Faith*, though nere so small.

That I may touch the *Subiect* of my *Rimes*  
 More home, (though homely I the same doe touch)  
 And for, my travell'd *Muse* might breath somtimes,  
 And, that the *Reader* too might doe as much,  
 (Lest that prolixitie might make him grutch)  
 Here shall thee make a *stande*, and looke a-backe,  
 As *Riders* rancke on *Steepe*s haue customes such  
 To breath their bony-*Nags*, when winde they lacke,  
 And courage them againe like toile to take.

Simil.

In knowing  
 our soules, we  
 know the wel  
 head of al our  
 Actions.

**T**HE knowledge of the *Soule*, and of her *Powres*,  
 Is the well-head of *morral*. *VVisedomes* flood:  
 Hence know we al (worth knowing) that is ours,  
 In *body*, or in *Soule*, that's ill or good:  
 And if these *Powres* be rightly vnderstoode,  
 We know the *founts* from whence our *Actions* flow,  
 And from what *cause* proceedeth ev'ry *moode*,  
 Or good, or ill, and where that *cause* doth grow;  
 Al this and more, this *knowledge* makes vs know.

For in the *Soule* doth shine (though *sinne* obscur'd)  
 By *Natures* light, great light of such *sciences*,  
 Whereby the *Soule* is made the more assur'd  
 In all her *Actions*, and *Intelligence*,

Though



Though oft deceav'd by *seeming goods* pretence:  
 And for the *Soule* is to the *body* bound,  
*Affections* therein haue their residence,  
 That, as with *wings*, the *soule* with the might bound,  
 Aboue her selfe from being *bloud* y drown'd.

Wherefore shee hath *Affections* of two kinds,  
 The one eggs on, the other doe restraine,  
 By which the *Minde* the *body* turnes and windes,  
 As they the *mind*, and *minde* the *Corpes* constraine:  
 Yet whē these *Curbs* our head-strong nature paine,  
 It winceth with the Heele of *willfull-will*;  
 Orethrowing those *Affects* that doe it reigne,  
 And in *extremities* it runneth still,  
 Which is the *Race* of *Ruine*, *Rest* of *Ill*.

The Minde  
 turns & winds  
 the body by  
 the Affections  
 of the Hart.

This comes to passe when as we overpasse  
 The *bounds* of *Nature*, by our *Natures* vice;  
 And in some one *excesse* we do surpasse,  
 Desiring more then *Nature* may suffice,  
 To which our corrupt natures vs intice:  
 For let the least *Necessity* appeere  
 A *ken* from vs, (though neere so smal of price)  
 We hold what els we hold, (though nere so deere)  
 VVorthlesse, and for that *want* with woe we steere.

Little sufficeth  
 Nature, but  
 nothing Opini-  
 on.  
 As a little Col-  
 loquintida  
 doth marre a  
 whole pot of  
 portage: so co-  
 vetousnesse  
 doth make all  
 other vertues  
 abominable.  
 The best vse  
 of worldly  
 things is to  
 contemne  
 worldly  
 It things. Plazo.

Hence is it that with never-ceasing toile,  
 And no lesse care, we traverse all this *All*;  
 Nay, all that *All* we restlesslie turmoile,  
 And bandy (as it were) this *Earthie Ball*  
 Past *reasons* reach, to win *worlds wealth* withal:  
*Desire* of *having* thus still moiles the *minde*,  
 Though *Nature* be suffil'd with *pittance* small;  
 VVhich makes vs loose our selues when wee it finde,  
Sith see our selues we cannot, being blinde.

It blinds our *Eyes* that seldom't are deceav'd,  
*Eyes* of our *Soule*, that make our *Bodies* see;  
 Then *Soule* and *Bodie* cannot be perceav'd,  
 By their owne vertue when they blinded be;  
 And *mine* and *thine*, doth sever *mee*, and *thee*:  
*Nought can content vs.* Therefore the *Affects*  
 Are in the *soule* like *windes* (that nere agree)  
 Vpon the *Sea*, and worke the like effects,  
 Some great, some smal, yet like in most respects.

Beside the chiefe *windes* and *Collaterall*,  
 (Which are the *VVindes* indeede of chiefe regard)  
 Sea-men observe more, *thirtie two* in all,  
 Al which are pointed out vpon their *Carde*:  
 But our *Minds* Mapp, (though many may be spar'd)  
 Containeth many more *Affects* then these,  
 All which though sett our *Minds* Content to guard,  
 Yet sturr they vp (as *VVindes* doe on the *Seas*)  
 Vnquiet *Passions* which the *Minde* disease.

A Simil.

When *Zephire* breathes on *Thetis*, she doth smile,  
 Shee entertaines that *gale* with such content;  
 But, if proude *Boreas* doe puffe the while,  
 Shee's madd with rage, and threates the *Continent*;  
 For those proud pusses her *soule* doe discontent:  
 So, some *Affections* our *soules* browes vnbend,  
 And other some doe sextiply each dent;  
 Some meanelly please, some meanelly doe offend,  
 And some doe make the *Soule* her *Soule* to rend.

Affections  
 move the  
 Soule mode-  
 rately, but Per

Those that doe meanelly moue, *Affections* hight;  
 The other *Huff-snuffes* <sup>a</sup> *Perturbations* be;  
 These later rudely gainst their *Guides* doe fight,  
 And so entume them that they cannot see,

Or

Or make them from their *Charge* away to flee:  
 So that the soule being left without a *Guide*,  
 And tost with *Passions* that still disagree,  
 Doth like a Sternelesse *Shippe* at randon ride  
 On mightiest *Seas*, wrack-threatn'd on each syde.

turbations  
 move her  
 most violent-  
 ly.

A Simil.

For, if our *Reasons* iudgment blinded be,  
 Th' *Affections* needes must ever run<sup>b</sup> awrie,  
 And draw with thē each *sense* tumultuoslee  
 To offer violence to *lowe* and *hye*;  
 That *God*, and *Nature*, tast their tyranny:  
 Let but the *Hart* bee *lowe*-sicke, and the same  
 Will carry *Iudgment* where his *Loue* doth ly;  
 And there confine it, setting all on flame  
 That offers but resistance once to name.

<sup>b</sup>When Iudg-  
 mēt is berraid,  
 the Affections  
 are misguided

The lower *Iudgment* in our *blood* is lunk  
 The lower is her reach in *Reas'ns* discourse;  
 For *Iudgmēt* with our *blood* may be so drück,  
 That doome she cannot *better* frō the *worse*,  
 But (reeling too and fro)'is rest of force.  
 The higher therefore, she her selfe doth reare  
 Aboue base *Flesh & Blood's* declining course,  
 The more *Affections* balenesse wil forbear,  
 And neerer draw to that that first they were:

Therefore mo-  
 derate fasting  
 feedes the  
 Soule.

For, *Passions* passing ore that break-neck Hill  
 Of *Rashnesse*, ledd by *Ignorance* their *guide*,  
 By *false Opinions* Hold of *Good* and *ill*  
 Taking their course, at last with vs abide,  
 While frō our selves they make our selues to slide:  
 So that we seeke not that sole sov'raigne *Good*,  
 But many *Goods* we seeke; which being tride  
 Doe but torment the *Minde* with irefull<sup>c</sup> moode,  
 Because they were by her mis-vnderstoode.

<sup>c</sup>It's takē for  
 good, griue  
 the mind vnder  
 triall.

Had



Had we the prudence of the *brutish kinde*,  
 We would prevent these *Passions Stormes* with ease;  
 For, ere a *Storme* appears they shelter finde;  
 Like providence haue Sea-men on the *Seas*,  
 VWho see them farre off, and provide for these:  
 So ought we, when we see a *Passion*<sup>d</sup> rise  
 That may the *Soule*, and *Body* much disease,  
 VWith *Moderations* pow'r the same surprize,  
 Before it gather *head* to tyrannize.

<sup>d</sup> Passion is  
 easiest extin-  
 guished when  
 it begins to  
 kinde.

But, so farre off are we from curbing *Passion*,  
 That wilfully we mount it, and so ride  
 On it a gallopp (spurr'd with *Indignation*)  
 To all *Extremes*, where *Vices* all abide;  
 The *Divell* being extreame *Passions* guide:  
 For once whē *Reason's* driven frō the *Helme*,  
 And we'twixt *Scylla* and *Charibdis* glide,  
 Ther is no hope but one should overwhelm,  
 And send vs straight to the infernal *Realme*.

<sup>e</sup> A wiseman  
 rules, and is  
 not ruled by  
 his Affections.

But with a prudent *Man* it fares not so,  
 He keeps himself without th' *Affectiōs*<sup>e</sup> fways;  
 He seekes no *good*, but he it wel doth kno,  
 And knowing it, seekes it the rightest way:  
*We say, and misse, because we mis-say:*  
*Wisdom* chalks out the way her selfe to find,  
 So that *Men* cannot erre if it they waie,  
 Except they be (as many) wilfull blinde,  
 For it is straight, though strict in easie kinde.

<sup>f</sup> Constancie  
 holdes the  
 Hart that  
 holds wisdōe.

*Wisdom* (the *VVell* of ev'ry perfect *good*)  
 Is that, which *wisemen* onely (seeking) finde;  
 VWhich<sup>f</sup> constant *good* they seeke in constāt moode,  
 And being found, most constant makes the *Minde*:

For

For to the same, it selfe, it selfe doth binde:  
 Heerehence it is, the clowds of *Ignorance*  
 That erst the same did naturally blinde  
 Away are chased, without tarriance;  
 For *Wisdomes Sonne*, himselfe doth there advance.

Thus *good*, and *ill* (as erst we said) procure  
 The *Mindes Affects*, or *Moodes*, (so cald by some)  
 Which *good*, or *evill*, pure, or most impure,  
 Is either *past*, or *present*, or to *come*,  
 To be attain'd, or not be overcome:  
 And, as we deeme the abience of *good*, *ill*:  
 So, absent *ill*, wee deeme doth *good* become;  
 Either of which affecteth so our *VVill*,  
 That by their meanes it is in motion still.

*Ill* is the priva-  
 tion of *good*.

When any *good*'s propounded to the *soule*,  
 Shee notes, thee likes, and lastly it doth loue,  
 But in her *Mouth* shee often it doth rowle,  
 That so her *Pallate* may thereof approue,  
 Before it can her *Soules* affection moue:  
 This motion of possessed *good* is *Ioy*;  
 But *good* to come (which we doe long to proue)  
 Is call'd *Desire*, which loue doth still imploy  
 To seeke that *good* which it would faine enioie.

*Good* is the  
 object of loue  
 and *Desire*.

If *ill* proposed be, its call'd *Offence*,  
 Because the *soule* offended is thereby;  
 If it abides, *Hate* doth her *soule* incense;  
 For shee a lasting *ill* hates mortally,  
 As that which most her *soule* doth damnifie:  
 And, as from present *ill*, *Griefe* doth aspire:  
 So, *Feare* proceedes from *ill* farre off or ny:  
 The moode gainst present *ill* is sinnelesse *Ire*,  
 And *Faith*, and *Hope*, gainst future *ill* conspire.

To bee angry  
 with *evill*, is  
*good*.

Pride is a monster  
 compounded of many  
 Affections.

All which *Affects* haue others vnder them;  
 For *Reuerence*, *Pitty*, and *Beneuolence*,  
 Spring out of *Loue*, (as *Braunches* from the *Stemme*)  
 From *Ioy Delight*, *Dislike* from *sorrowes* lenſe;  
 And in *Deſire*, *Hope* hath her reſidence:  
 But *Pride*'s a *Monster*, for ſhee is compos'd  
 Of *Self-conceit*, *Deſire*, *Ioy*, *Impudence*;  
 Theſe, and ſuch like in *Pride* are oft diſclos'd,  
 For in her *wombe* they reſtleſſe are repos'd.

A Simil.

And, as *Affections* one another breede,  
 By one another ſo are they reſtrain'd:  
*Ioy* woundeth *Griefe*, & *Griefe* makes *Ioy* to bleede;  
 And ſo the reſt are by the reſt reſtrain'd,  
 As by the *Stronge* the *weaker* are conſtrain'd:  
 As when curſt *Thetis* chiding knitts the Brow,  
 Her *Billowes* proud, that eithers pride diſdaine,  
 Thrusts out each other: So, when *Paſſions* flow,  
 The *greater* doe the *leſſer* overthrow.

A Simil.

And oft it fares in our *Mindes* Common-weale,  
 As in a *Civill-warre* the caſe doth ſtande;  
 Where no *mann's* careful of his *Countries* heale,  
 Or who of right ſhould al the reſt commaund,  
 But follow him that hath the ſtrongeſt hand:  
 So, in *Affections* fight ther's no reſpect  
 To the *Mindes* good, or how it ſhould be ſcand,  
 But (inconſiderate) they both reieſt,  
 And doe as ſtrongeſt *Paſſion* doth<sup>a</sup> direct.

<sup>a</sup> Where *Paſ-*  
*ſion* raignes  
*Reason* obay-  
 eth.

The *Hart*, the Hold where theſe *Pow'ers* are inclos'd,  
 Heereby is vext; for, if it doe incline  
 To thoſe *Affections* that are worſt diſpos'd,  
 Its inly griv'd, els *Ioy* the ſaine doth line,

And



And with the same doth face the *Face* in fine;  
 But, if sad *sorrow* doe the *Hart* surprise,  
 It doth deface the face and make it pyne;  
 Looking like *Languishment* through both the *Eyes*,  
 For through the <sup>b</sup> *Eyes*, our *Eye* the *Hart* espies.

<sup>b</sup> The *Eie* is  
 the *Index* of  
 the *Minde*.

This direct *Index* of the *Minde*, the *Eyes*  
 Doth oft bewraie what *Reason* doth conceale;  
 For wil yee, nil yee, we shal see thereby  
 What's well, or ill, in the *Mindes* common-weale: *Eccl. 13. 26.*  
 Our *Lookes*, our *Falshood* truely doe reveale,  
 Whereby oft *lives* and *liberties* are lost;  
 Examined *Theeves* <sup>c</sup> confesse that they did steale  
 By their confused *lookes*, with horror tost:  
 Thus *Count'naunce* oft putts vs to double cost,

<sup>c</sup> Confounded  
 looks bewray  
 mē, lewdnes.

It *Lyvings* costs, to hold it beeing hy,  
 It costs our *lives*, when we it cannot hold,  
 We cannot hold it when through it we dye;  
 And two *Proppes* hold it high, *Silver* and *Gold*,  
 For which oure *lives*, and *livinges* oft are sold:  
 For too lowe *State* too false doth make the hands,  
 Which in the *Countenance* wee oft behold;  
 Through which we die, and *State* that highly stands  
*Lands* must vphold; So, it costs *life* and *lands*.

Thus *Ioy* and *Sorrowe* send with equal pace  
 True *tokens* of their presence in the *Hart*,  
 (By *Natures* force conducted) to the *Face*,  
 Where they the pow'r's convince of *Reasons Arte*,  
 And in the <sup>d</sup> *Front* with force they play their part:  
 If in the *Hart*, *Griefe* be predominant,  
 The browes wil bend as if they felt the smart;  
 If *Ioy*, the face wil seeme therefore to vant,  
 Then how *Hart* fares, *Fooles* are not ignorant.

<sup>d</sup> The coun-  
 tenāce shewes  
 how the *Hart*  
 is affected.

That *Man* is truly wise as *Man* may bee,  
 That can beare *weale*, & *woe*, with like aspect;  
 There may be such, but, such I nere could see;  
 Yet good *mens* countenance I much respect,  
 But of their goodnes nere saw that effect:  
 Let *Stoicks* giue for præcepts what they list,  
 This vertue may (perhapps) be their defect;  
 For though *Affections* force they can resist,  
 Yet they'll prevaile whē *Natures* powres assist.

Not to dissem-  
 ble, is not to  
 lyue.

And weakling that I am, how apt am I  
 To martiall al my *Passions* in my face;  
 I oft haue tride, and yet I doe but trie,  
 To keepe them in, in their conceaving place,  
 Dissembling so *Discretions* fowle disgrace:  
 But as I cannot colour my defects,  
 So, can I wel dissemble in no case;  
 Which is the cause of many badd effects,  
 For none (though nere so vaine) this vaine affects.

\*Teares  
 quench the  
 fire of immo-  
 derate Passio.

Teares are the *Tokens* of a *Passion'd* Soule,  
 That *Hart* for *Loue* somtimes sends to the Eies,  
 And oft they witnes there *Ioy*, *Paine*, or *Dole*,  
 But how so ere, from *Passion* strong they rise;  
 Which *Passion* in *Compassion* often lies:  
 Mine *Eies* are kyn (too neere of kyn) to these,  
 Which, though my *Spirit* doth it much despise,  
 Yet doe they turne mine *Eyes* too oft to *Seas*,  
 To drowne *Harts* *Passion* and to give it ease.

But blessed were I if mine *Eyes* could flowe  
 With *Tears* of *Pittie* seeing the distrest;  
 But much more blest, had I then to bestow  
 And franckly giue, then were I treble blest;

In *Teares*, in *wealth*, and in *both* so adrest:  
 My *Secret* to my selfe, I blesse *Him* ay  
 For being no worse, though badd I be at best;  
 The lesse I speake of what I feele that way,  
 The more I feele his *grace* my *thoughts* to lway.

He, Fount of goodnesse (holie be his name)  
 Was often seene (when he as man was seene)  
 To weepe, and seem'd delighted with the same,  
 Seeing the *World* (through his *Teares*) stil oreseene,  
 That might by his *example* blest haue beene:  
 Who never was observ'd to laugh, or iest,  
 Either in *Manhood*, or when *yeares* were greene,  
 At merry meetings, or at *weddings* feast;  
 Showing thereby what *moode* fits *Vertue* best:

If *Joy* at any time had toucht his *Soule*,  
 (As when his words had made a *Proselite*)  
 He (only wise) would wisely it controule,  
 For that this *moode* with *Maiesty* doth fight,  
 Which in his *Person* was enthron'd by right:  
 this we admire as that we cannot doe,  
 For, we in pleasures vaine so much delight,  
 That *Joy* may make vs *madd*, and kill vs too:  
 For *Joy*, or *Griefe* can our *hart-strings* vndoe.

'Mirth is too  
 light for the  
 gravity of  
 Maiestie.

thus when our *Teares* doe testifie our ruth,  
 We neede not rue, or of them be aham'd;  
 For, *Vertue* therein her owne selfe enluth,  
 When with *selfe-love* her *Soule* is most inflam'd,  
 Which selfe-love burns the *Soul* yet nere is blam'd: : *Vertues selfe-*  
 Wherefore such *Teares*, and *Teares* effus'd for *sinne*, *loue alone is*  
 Is wyne of *Angels*, so by *Angells* nam'd; *Vertuous.*  
 then blessed are those *Founts* that never lyn  
rolend forth *streames*, that *Angels* glory in.



VWhen *sighes* for *sinne* ascend, *Mercy* descends,  
 And in the *rise*, their flight anticipates;  
*Grace* centreth *sighes* that *Mercy* comprehends,  
 But *sighes* from *sinne* ascending *Mercie* hates;  
*Sighes* for, and from *sinne*, are vnequall mates:  
 From *sinne*, none but *sighes* *sinneful* can arise;  
 But *sighes* for *sinne* high *grace* consociates,  
 And did not *Mercie* stay them in the *rise*,  
 They would with violence the *Heav'ns* surprise.

The kingdom  
 of heaven suf-  
 fers violence;  
 and the vio-  
 lent take it by  
 force. Mat. II.  
 12.

The Hart co-  
 ceaues two  
 kindes of Ioy  
 or Griefe.

Two kindes of *Ioy* or *Griefe* the *Hart* conceaues,  
 For *Good*, or *Ill*, possessed, or future;  
 The name of *Hope*, the later *Ioy* receaues,  
 Which of some *good* to come doth vs assure;  
 The latter *Griefe* doth *Feare* in vs procure  
 Of *Ill* to come, which we with *Griefe* expect:  
 So, *Ioy*, and *Hope*, or *Griefe*, and *Feare* in powre  
 Are much alike, their *ods Time* doth effect,  
 And take their *names* as they doe *Time* respect.

Likelyhood is  
 the life of  
 hope touch-  
 ing mundane  
 matters.

*Hope* time to come respects, bred by *Desire*,  
 Desire of *good*, wherein we *Ioy* by *Hope*;  
*Hope* hath no helpe of science but intire  
 Rests on *coniecture*, which to *doubt* lies ope,  
 And *likelyhood* giues her her vtmost scope:  
 Yet *Hope* that's fixt on that all-working *VWord*  
 That gaue *Earth* being, and the *Heav'nly Cope*,  
 Excludes *Coniecture*, and is so assur'd,  
 As if that hopt for, *Time* did strait afford.

Then no true *Ioy* can *hope* accompany,  
 That hath but *likelyhood* for her best stays;  
 For such *hope*, *Posse* evermore doth eie,  
 Which ere it comes to *Esse*, slides away:

For

For in each *Possibilitie* we may  
Behold a possibilitie of faile;  
Which must of force our *hope* sometimes dismay;  
Then *Feare* a shaking *hope* must needs assaile,  
And *hope* must shake, that *crosse events* may quaile.

Such is the *Wicked*s most assured hope,  
Who *Ancor* it on transitorie *Toyes*;  
They feare the cracking of that *cable Rope*  
That holds them to their *hopes* expected ioies;  
*Contingencie* their constan't hope annoies;  
Which ay is constant in vnconstancie:  
And oft them with their groundlesse hope destroies;  
Which fills their hopes with dire perplexity,  
And lines their *ioies* with lasting *miserie*.

The hope of  
the impious is  
full of feare.

But *hope* that hath for' *object* certaine things  
(As those which *Truthes* nere-failing word assures)  
In great'st *distresse* great consolation brings,  
And like good *sauce* an appetite procures,  
*Griefe* to digest, as long as life endures:  
This *hope* makes *harts* to hold that els would breake;  
And harts almost quite broken shee recures,  
And when our *foes* by force our ruine seeke,  
She giues vs strēgh to weene their force too weake.

Innocencie  
dreades no  
danger.

Shee holds the *powres* of *hell* in high contempt,  
And makes a iest of temp'ral powre or paine;  
From all *annoy* of both shee is exempt,  
For in *Griefes* bowels shee doth *ioie* retaine;  
As *Ionas* did in the *Whales* intertaine:  
The *aire* shee striketh with so strong a *winge*  
That *aire*, or *fire*, the force cannot restraine,  
But vp shee will through both, and ev'ry thing  
That lets her from the *place* of her biding.

Hopes winges  
are pennipo-  
tent.

Nay

The Patriarch  
Abraham.

Gen. 32. 26. 28

Nay, she with such resistlesse wings doth flie,  
that shee her selfe her selfe doth oft surmount;  
The *Faithfuls* Father made her so to flie,  
And diverse other *Saintes* of lesse account;  
Being on her *Wings* she, maugre *force*, wil moun,  
Who, through the ten-fold *heav'ns* (though thick &  
Cā glide with ease, as *Fish* do through a *fount*, (hard)  
Nor by the *high'st* him selfe can shee be bard,  
But will prevaile, as it with *Jacob* far'd.

Thus *Ioy*, and *Hope* goe jointly hand in hand,  
Like *Twins* got by *Desire*, by *Fancie* borne;  
And as *Hopes* ioie, on future *Good* doth stand,  
So, *Fear's* a grieve conceav'd for *Ill* vnborne  
(Which we expect) wherewith the *Soule* is torne:  
Then looke what ods there is twixt *Hope* and *Ioy*,  
The like's twixt *Feare*, and *griefe* (in minds forlone)  
A like they comfort, or the *Minde* annoy,  
As they best know, that *best* or *worst* enioy.

*Feare* doth the *Hart* contract, (that *Hope* dilates)  
And shut so close that *vitall Spirits* it pines;  
Then *Nature* to prevent *death* (which shee hates)  
Drawes *bloud* and *Spirits* from al the parts confines,  
And to the *Hart* in haste the same assigns:  
Then are the outward *partes*, as pale, as cold,  
And quake as fearing their approaching *fines*;  
Then pants the *heart* that labours *life* to hold,  
Which ties the *Tongue*, *womb* loosing ere it should.

And as this *sense*-confounding *Passion*, *Feare*,  
The *hart* with *horror* thus excruciates;  
So, in the *soule* it such a swaie doth beare,  
That it the *Powres* thereof quite dissipates;

And



And makes most *abjects*, of most mightie *States*:  
 How like an *Idoll* stands *Feares* servile *Slave*?  
 Whose toral *senses* *Feare* so captivates,  
 that no one *sense* hath force it selfe to saue,  
 But *Death* desires to kill the *feare* they haue.

The Senses  
 would dy, that  
 feare might  
 not die

If this bale *Feare* (*harts* hatefull hel) possesse  
 the *hart*, the *hart* doth then possesse the *heeles*;  
 But most of all, when *hart* doth most transgresse,  
 And diuine vengeance it (with *feare*) doth seele;  
 then *Strength* may seeke to stay it, but, t'wil reele  
 In spight of *morrall strength*, that it should sway;  
 And, as starke drunke with *fear*, turne like the *wheele*  
 that wheelles the nether *heauens* without stay,  
 Let *courage* say the while, what *courage* may.

No *harnesse* (though by *Vulcan* forg'd) can make  
*Feare* to be hardy, or not hartlesse quite;  
 If *Armors* could from *Art* such tempers take,  
 The *Artist* should be king'd in *Fortunes* spight;  
 For many *kings* would crowne him for this sleight:  
 But *he* it is, whom *heav'n*, and *hell* doth feare,  
 Can take *feare* from, and arme vs with his *might*;  
 For he alone the faint-*hart* vp doth reare,  
 Or make the stowtest *hart* most faint appeare.'

Feare is vtter-  
 ly hartlesse,

Wee must then armed be from *Feare*, by *feare*;  
*Gods feare*, that strong *Vulcanian Armor*, must  
 Guard such good *Soules* as doe regard it heere;  
 Because such *feare* is euer full of *trust*,  
 that *feares* no threate of any mortal *thrust*;  
 For, *Hope* in him, doth make the dareing *hart*,  
 Which *hope* no *hart* can haue that is vniust;  
 For *Conscience* prickes will make the same to start  
 When the least *Leafe* doth wagge, by *winde*, or *Art*:

Gods feare  
 expels feare,

Eccle. i. 12.

The Belly  
becomes  
loose though  
force of Feare  
\*Iob.41.16.

When therefore divine *Iustice sinne* wil scourge,  
He doth dishart their *harts*, in whom it raignes,  
In sort, that they themselves with horror \* purge,  
When he on them his heavy vengeance raynes;  
So that their *feare* exaggerates their *paines*:  
The haughti't *Hart* (erit swolne with *Valours* pride)  
Feare striks stone-dead, whē he but vengeaunce faines;  
And greatest *strength* by *weakenesse* is defide,  
When as his *pow'r* in *weakenesse* doth abide.

Courage  
comes from  
Hope.

Then, *Courage* comes from *Hope*, & *Hope* frō *Heau'n*,  
The *Donor* is the highest *Diety*;  
The *praise* is His, that is to *promesse* giv'n,  
For he alone the *Minde* doth magnifie:  
Then praise him *Lowe*, if courage make you *Hie*,  
And laude him *High*, if feare make yee not *lowe*;  
Yea *high* and *lowe* praise Him alone, whereby  
You gaine the *praise* that *men* on you bestowe,  
From Whom (as frō the *Fount*) al *praise* doth flowe.

\* Six-penny  
Champions.

How is it then, that *Divills* in *Mennes* forme  
swaggring \* *Man-quellers* are so desperate?  
Who with strong hand *Gods Images* deforme  
Fearing no *man*, but give the *checke* or *mate*  
To good and *badd* of what soever state:  
This is not *courage*, but an hellish fire  
That boiles their *bloud*, cal'd *Ire*, inflam'd by *hate*,  
And oft of *Saints* they (*Fiendes*) haue their desire;  
No otherwise then *Iob* felt *Sathans* ire.

Iob. 2. 7.

Gen. 4. 8.

So, cursed *Caine* slue *Abellin* that moode,  
*Abell*, that *Innocent* the *Highests* belov'd;  
Yet *Caine* had *hart* and *hand* to broach his blood:  
The like, *Men Angell-like* haue oft approv'd

By

By those whome *God* in this life nere reprov'd.  
 This *secret* is *obscure*, but light to those  
 That take it light, and it abide vnmov'd;  
 Them *Faith* assures, He doth of all dispose;  
 In whome, come *life* or *death*, they hope repose.

If divine \* *LOVE* desires my *Bodies* death,  
 By suddaine death my *Soule* so straight to haue,  
 VVhat matters it, though he bereave my breath  
 By *Di'v'll*, or *Angell*, to my *Soule* he saue;  
 The \* *pow'r* they both possesse, to them he gave,  
 Both are his *Ministers* to doe his will;  
 If *Sathan* then, my *Corpes* bring to the *Grave*,  
 To me it is so farre from being ill,  
 That *Sathan* doth me good, against his wil.

\* *God.*

\* *God* is the  
 Fountaine of  
 all Power.

Me good said I? well may I call it good,  
 Sith it is *good* of *goods*, good all in all;  
 The *fount*, whereof all *goodnesse* is the *floud*,  
 That never yet was gag'd nor never shall  
 By *Men*, most wise, or *Spirits* Angelicall:  
 It is th' *Abyssse* of true *Felicity*,  
 VVhich some *men*, more then most fantastical,  
 Suppose they have, had they high *dignity*;  
 VVith *pleasure* fac'd, and lyn'd with *Misery*.

thus *Ioy*, and *Hope*, were by th' *all Giver* giv'n  
 As *sweete Conductors* to his 'sweetest *Sweetes*;  
 And *Feare*, and *Griefe*, from his *wrath* are deryv'n  
 To awe the *Mind*, (which first therewith doth meete)  
 And that which that *mind* hath fore-done vnmeete,  
 Should be thereto as \* *Scourge* and *Scouger* iust,  
 VVhich doe remaine, when *sinnes* sowre-*Sweetes* do  
 To make the *Mind* abhorre her former lust; (fleete  
 For *Griefe*, and *Feare*, are iust to *Mindes* vniust.

\* *Sorrow* re-  
 maines after  
 sinne for sin,  
 to make the  
 Soule detest  
 sinne.



Now the true *pleasure* which our *Nature* craues  
 The whiles the *Soule* remains the *Bodies Ghest*,  
 Is the true *rest* some *Good* the *Soule* vouchsafes,  
 Which the *Hart* holdeth, and esteemeth best;  
 As *Contemplation* is *Reasons* rest:  
 Yet can there be no pleasure in that *good*  
 If it be greater then *Hart* can digest;  
 For, if the *Continent* bound not the floud,  
*Confusion* must ensue in likely-hood.

If *Light* (ioy of the Eye) be, as the *Sunne*,  
 Too great for the *Eyes* small capacity,  
 They may be dymmed so, if not vndunne:  
 Or if it be too small, they cannot see;

\*Too great  
 Light is as of-  
 fensive to the  
 Eye, as too lit-  
 tle.

As they are strong or weake, so <sup>a</sup> *Light* must  
 The like of other *senses* may be fedd (bee:  
*Out ward* or *in ward*, bound to *forme*, or free,  
 Who must with *moderation* still be fedd,  
 For *excesse* the annoies, nay strikes the dead.

As therefore *God* is most most infinite,  
 So hee's with ioy receaved of that *part*  
 that's likt himself, which is the *Soul* or *sp'rit*;  
 But for that he cannot himselfe impart  
 (being *Immenſe*) to them by *pow'r* or *arte*,  
 (they being not so) he is to them applied  
 By <sup>b</sup> *Vnderstanding*, yet but so in part;  
 If otherwise he should with them abide,  
 They would through *glory* be quite nullified.

†God is by  
 Intelligence  
 apprehend:d  
 of vs.

Now, as a man takes pleasure by these *partes*,  
 So in that *part* he takes the most delight  
 That to his *Flesh*, or *sp'rite*, most ioy imparts;  
 And with those pleasures is he swallowed quight,

That

That doe affect that *part* with maine and might:  
Therefore the brutish *Vulgar*, most are pleas'd  
In things substantial which appeare to sight,  
And things divine, which cannot so be seas'd,  
They hold as vaine, and are therewith displeas'd.

Amonge the *pleasures* which are sensuall,  
The villt is that we *feele*, by that we *touch*;  
Because it is the Earthli<sup>st</sup> *sense* of all:  
The *Tast's* of better temper, though not much:  
*Smelling* is light, and lightly more will grutch  
At vnswete Savors, then in sweete will ioye;  
The *Hearing* is more worthie farre then such,  
Sith its more *Airey* and doth lesse annoy,  
Whereby we gaine the *Faith* which we enioy.

Note which  
of the out-  
ward senses is  
the most su-  
preme.

But *Seeing*, (*Sov'raigne* of each outward *sense*)  
Holds most of *Fire*, which is in nature neere  
To the<sup>e</sup> *Celestiall Natures* radience;  
Therefore this *sense* to *Nature* is most deere,  
As that which hath (by *Natures* right) no *Peere*.  
Thus much for *pleasures* which these *senses* giue,  
Whereof the *best* must needs most *base* appeare  
Compared to the *worst* our *Soules* receive, (give.  
Whose *powres* haue much more pow'r to take and

<sup>e</sup> Seeing is the  
Soveraigne of  
the outward  
Senses & why.

These are the *Lures* of *lust*, that never lyn  
To draw the *world* to be a pray to *vvoe*;  
These make fraile *flesh & Blood* the *founts* of<sup>d</sup> *sinne*,  
From whence all mortall *miseries* doe flowe;  
Which *flesh* and *blood* doe groning vndergoe;  
In these are *Baites* for *Beggars*, as for *Kinges*:  
Which pleasures streames doe (swelling) overflowe,  
That they are caught vnwares; so that these things  
The *World* to *Hell*, and *Hell* to *horror* bringes.

<sup>d</sup>The outward  
senses are the  
Dores where  
through Sin  
enters into  
our Soules.

The Divell  
knowes not  
the thoughts  
of Man.

These are the *windows* through which *Sathan* spies  
The disposition of our better *part* :  
Through these he hath a glimpse of all that lies  
Within the secret'st corners of our *Hart*,  
Which wel to know belongs to *heav'nly Art*:  
For loue of *these*, the *Flesh* the *Sprite* doth loth,  
Who for *their* pleasure makes the same to smart,  
And for their comfort *soule* and *bodie* both  
With *Care* confusedly themselves doe cloth.

A Simil.

As when grim *Night* puts on a *Sable weede*,  
Fac'd with infernal *Apparitions*,  
That so the next *daies* comfort might exceede:  
So, are the *Minde* and *Bodies* motions  
*Care*-cloth'd for *senses* consolations.  
Fraile *senses* ( Seede-plots of *impietie*  
Made for our *Reasons* recreations )  
Die and bee damn'd, or liue to magnifie  
Your *makers* *Mercie*, *Might*, and *Maiestie*.

The interi-  
or interior  
sense perceiues  
more pleasure  
then all the  
outward sen-  
ses can.

And as in *Pleasures* false are true degrees,  
Agreeing with these *Organs* of the *sense*,  
Some *base*, some *meane*, some *high*, (for so are these)  
(Yet all but base to pleasures excellence,  
Whereof the *soules* low'st *powre* hath highest sense)  
So are there like gradations in the *ioies*  
Those *Powres* conceaued, as is their pre'minence;  
The feeding *Powre*, in feeding *powre* imploies,  
Which pleaseeth *Nature*, but the *soule* annoies.

The pleasures  
of the minde  
doe far excell  
those of the  
body.

Those *ioies* conceaued by th' *Intelligence*  
As most supream, doe most reioice the *sp'rites*  
For they belong to the supreamest *sense*,  
Wherein the *Minde* conceaveth most delight  
(though



(Though *Nature* pine the while) by *Natures* right.  
 Thus then, if *iudgement* these *degrees* would way,  
 Shee would reiect *ioie sensuall*, as too light,  
 And not permit the same her to betray,  
 Which makes fraile *sense* the strongest *Reason* way.

The *Gluttons* Gorge (*Charibdis* of *Excesse*)  
 Should, being disgorg'd) from surfetting forbear:  
 th'infatiate *Leacher* would that *fire* suppress,  
 that *Conscience* and his *secrets* oft doth seare:  
 None would be *Beasts* that *humane creatures* were.  
 Then, *sense* of *Touch* or *Tast*, as vil't they bee,  
 So doe they bring the *ioies* that soonest weare;  
 For those that come by that wee heare or see,  
 Doe longer last, and with vs more agree.

And the more base and brutish *pleasures* bee,  
 The more's the paine in their accomplishment;  
 And the more v'd they are excessiuely,  
 The more's the *soule* and *bodies* dammagement;  
 VVitnesse the *Leachers* lothsome languishment,  
 the *Drunkards* dropsie, and the *Gluttons* Greale,  
 Each clogg'd with either, or worle punishment,  
 that *health* decreaseth with their *corps* increale,  
 And *shame* increaseth with their *fames* decreale.

The more brutish the pleasures bee, the more paine is taken in their execution.

Alke sensual-*pleasure*, in her greatest ruffe,  
 How little grieve will overthrow her quite  
 And giue her *soule* a deadly counter-buffe,  
 Shee wil (as forc'd) confesse, shee hath no might  
 VWhen *Griefe*, scarce sensible, but comes in sight.  
 VVe can brooke *pleasures* want with greater ease,  
 then not feele *griefes* though they in *pleasure* bite;  
 For, absent *good* doth not so much displease,  
 As present *ill* our *Soules* *soule* doth disease.

Griefes doe more annoy vs then Pleasures delight vs.

For

\* Gods cōmā-  
dements mē-  
tioned in the  
Decalogue.

For *corporall pleasure* being sensuall  
Consists in some *excesse*, which stil doth tende  
To the extreame subversion of our *All*;  
The feare whereof must *pleasure* needs suspend,  
And make her suffer *pennance* to the ende.  
No *Cōsciēce* \* fear'd with *Lusts* Soul-scortching fire;  
But sees the *Lawes* sharpe-burning *Iron* to send  
A hell of *paine*, where she is most intire;  
For it doth *death* it selfe with *life* inspire.

Now as the *pleasures* of the 'eie surpasse  
The *rest* that on the outward *senses* rest:  
So *Fancies* pleasures all those *pleasures* passe,  
Because *Opinion* esteemes them best;  
Hence is it, *wealth* with *pleasure* is possest  
For no inherent vertue, but because  
*Opinion* holdeth the possessor blest;  
This makes men (maugre *God* and *Natures* lawes)  
To bite, and scrat for *wealth*, with *Teeth* and *Pawse*.

*Wealth*, *State*, and *glorie*, if they worldly be,  
False *wealth*, fraile *State*, vaine-*glory* then they are;  
Only held good by doting *Fantasie*,  
Which wil no part thereof to *Reason* share,  
Least shee should finde them false, and bid beware:  
But *Reasons* pleasures are perpetuall,  
They are all *comforte*, quitted from all *Care*,  
They thrall the *Minde* to freedome spiritual,  
That makes selfe *Bondage*, sweet selfe *Freedom*s thral.

Bodily plea-  
sures are but  
paines cōpa-  
red to those  
of the minde.

No marvell then, though *Men* possessing these  
Doe hold al other pleasures *hels*. of *paine*;  
that *some* their *wealth* haue throwne into the *Seas*,  
that so they might this *weale* with ease retaine;

These

These made that \* *King* to hold all pleasures vaine \* Eccles. 2,  
 (Save these alone) that prov'd all vnder *Sunne*,  
 These haue made *Princes* quitt their princely *traine*,  
 Train'd by these *pleasures* (which are never dunne)  
 Quite from their *Scepters* and themselves to runne.

These make the *Mind* and *sp'rite* so *Nectar-drück*  
 That they sleepe soundly in *diuine delight*:  
 These make the *Soule* forsake the *Bodies* Trunck,  
 Leaving it *Joy-tranc'd* whilst shee takes her flight  
 Through *Natures* workes to haue her *Makers* sight:  
 These, these, & none but these are *Heau'ns* on *Earth*,  
 Because on *Earth* they see by *Natures* light  
 The highest *Heavens* *Maestie* and *Mirth*,  
 And by his *Sonnes* light \* without *Sire*, their birth. \* God the Fa-  
ther, father-  
lesse.

Among which *pleasures*, those which doe consist  
 In *Contemplation*, are the most *diuine*;  
 By which this life and *that* to come are blist,  
 VVhich made *Philosophers* to it assigne  
 The *Chiefe Beatitude*, the *Spirittes* *vvine*.  
 If *Mindes* that never knew the *Sov'raigne Good*  
 Mount vp so high to make this *Good* their *fine*,  
 VVhat shame for those baptiz'd in *Christ* his blood,  
 If they (like *Swine*) doe place the same in *mudd*?

And as the *Soule* retaineth more or lesse  
 Of *pristine purity*, so will the same  
 In all hir *Actions*, lesse or more transgressse,  
 And to the *best*, or *worst*, her *motions* frame:  
 Therefore some place their *pleasure* in their *fame*  
 For *knowledge*, and seeke *knowledge* to be knowne;  
 Some in rare *handy-works*, and some in *Game*,  
 Some how a *State* may stand, or be orethrowne  
 VVhen it is little, or else overgrowne.

Q

And



Civill Policie. And of al *skills* that meerely are humane,  
 This *skill* is it that most commends the *soule*:  
 This can instruct the *sword* to make a *lane*  
 To *Crownes*, & teach the same *Crownes* to cōtroule,  
 And *slaves* in *Catalogue* of *kings* enroule.  
 For *Policies* long *Arme* can compasse *pow'r*,  
 Which ioin'd, at wil, the *Earths* huge *Bowle* cāroule  
 In *Natures* spight, if from *th' aetheriall Towre*,  
 A suddaine vengeance stay not humane powre.

If the *swordes* edge be set on *Policie*,  
 It wil slip through the *Joins* of *Monarchies*;  
 And shaue the *Crowns* of *Roiall Maiestie*,  
 So be it stand in way of *Tyranies*,  
 That clime to *Crownes* by *bloud* and *villanies*.  
 The hand of *Policie* welding the *sword*,  
 Directs each Blow that *wounds* stil multiplies, (ford;  
 That *slaves* to *Crownes* through *streams* of *bloud* may  
 For *Crownes de Or*, those *sanguine streames* afford.

Crownes are  
 purchased of-  
 ten vniustly  
 by bloody cō-  
 quests.

**H**ERE *Muse* craue licence for a maine *digresse*,  
 Of those that shal thine *Ambages* surveys;  
 Sith *Policie* compels thee to transgresse  
 The *Rules* of *Order*, her *pow'r* to display;  
 She (most importunate) wil haue no nay,  
 But thou must from thy *proiect* long desist  
 To blazon her high vertue by the way,  
 That *sense* may see wherein *shee* doth consist,  
 Wherein (being *much*) thou must the *more* insist.

But what I shall in this behalfe insert  
 Through my no *skill* and lesse *experiment*,  
 Comes from a *Muse* that can but *speake* of *part*,  
 Much lesse hath skill to *teach* al *government*;

Or

Or if thee had, thee were too insolent  
So to presume; sith *Reason* hath bin strain'd  
To higheſt reach for *Rules of Regiment*;  
Sufficeth me to touch it as constrain'd  
By that I handle; els, would haue refrain'd.

Nor wil I iuſtifie all *rules* for right,  
That *Policie* approveth for direct;  
*God*, and *Mans* wiſedome are repugnant quite;  
*Mans* wiſedome holdes for good a good effect  
Caused by ill, which *Gods* doth ſtil reiect:  
And to doe all that *Policie* doth will  
Muſt needes the ſoule with mortal *Sores* infect;  
Heare, what ſhee wils, then iudge, if well or ill;  
And uſe or els reſuſe it, as yee will.

Whoſe powre if it with *puiffance* be conioin'd  
Controules al *powres*, ſaue *hellish* or *diuine*;  
It glues together *ſtates*, that *VVarres* vnioin'd,  
And ſeuers thoſe that *Concord* did combine:  
It makes or marres diſpoſing *Mine* and *Thine*:  
On *Sou'raignes* heads it makes *Crownes* cloſe to ſit,  
That ſooner ſhal their *heads* then *Crownes* decline;  
It makes *VVill* law, when *VVit* thinkes *Law* vnfit,  
Yet wils that *Law* ſhould lincke with *VVill* and *wit*.

*Policy* (vnder  
*God*) is the o-  
ueruler of all  
vnder heaue.

It tels the *Stateſman* ſitting at the *Sterne*,  
(Embozom'd by his *ſou'raigne*) he muſt be  
Carefull the humor of his *Lige* to learne,  
And ſo apply himſelfe thereto, that hee  
May neither croſſe nor with it ſit agree:  
Like *Sol* that with not gainſt the *Heaven* goes,  
But runnes aſcue, by whoſe *obliquitie*,  
Each thing on *Earth's* conſerv'd, and gayly groes;  
So *Councillors* their *councils* ſhoulde diſpoſe.

To Princes  
wee muſt giue  
our reaſons  
by waight, &  
our words by  
meaſure.

Similie.  
All *Policie*  
ought to tend  
to publicke  
profite.

Simil.

And as the *Moone* reflects her borrowed light  
Vnto the *Sunne*, that but lent her the same :

So *Statesmen* should reflect (how ere vnright)  
their wel-deservings, and their brightest fame

Where the  
worde of the  
king is, there  
is power, and  
who shall say  
to him, what  
dost thou ?

Vnto their *Liege*, as though from him it came.

For Princes may put shame of their *oresights*

Vpon their *servants*, who must beare the blame,

Applying praises of those mens *foresights*

Vnto themselues, as if they were their rights.

Eccles 8 4.

A Caveat for  
great subiects.

Great *Subiects* must beware of *subiects* loue,

And *Sov'raignes* hate the *first* oft breeds the *last*;

*Kings* wil their *Brethren* hate, if not reprove

For being too wel belov'd, who often tast

The evil speede that growes from that loues hast;

Men shoulde  
not bee diuels  
to thun tēpo-  
rall death, or  
to be Gods on  
earth.

Which makes great *subiects* (in great policie)

That would of *King* and *subiect* be embrac'd)

To mix their vertues *deeds* with *villany*,

T'avoide the plague of *Popularitie*.

That which in  
privat persons  
is called Cho-  
ler, in publike  
is called Fury  
& cruelly. Sal.  
Rigor often  
buyeth her  
plea'ure with  
perill of life.  
Mercy & truth  
preserue the  
King : for his  
throne shalbe  
established  
with Mercie.

With submisse voice it tels the *Soveraigne*,

*Severity* makes weake *Authoritie*,

If that too oft the *Subiects* it sustaine;

And smal faults punisht with great cruelty

Makes *Feare* and *Hate* desp'rate rebell'ouslie.

For, death of *Patients Empricks* lesse defame,

Then *Executions* oft doe *Sov'raignty*,

And all that haue delighted in the same

Haue *hate* incurr'd, and often *death* with *shame*.

Prover 20.28  
He that is care-  
les of his own  
life, is Lord of  
another's Sen,

For *Policie* can hardly wel prevent

The purpose of true *Hate* made obstinate

With ceaselesse *plagues*, and extreame *punishment*.

For, when the weakest *hand* is desperate



It may confound a \* *Cesar*, so a *state*.  
 Who death desires, is *Lord* of others life:  
 He feares not *hell* that would be reprobate:  
 A calme *Authoritie* represseth *strife*,  
 When much *severitie* makes *Rebels* rise.

It's better \* cure, then cut of *members* ill,  
 If it may be; and, if that wil not serue,  
 Yet cut them off as t'were against thy will:  
 For, *Men* hate not their *members* which they kerue  
 Or cleane cut off, the rest so to preferue:  
 For *Cruelty* sometimes is *Clemencie*;  
 Its *mercy* in the *Prince* (peace to conserue)  
 To cut off *Rebels* with severity,  
 Lest they prevailing make an *Anarchie*.

And, if in case a mighty Multitude  
 Of mighty *Men* for *Treason* were to dy,  
*Policie* would not haue the *sword* imbrude  
 In blood of them as t'were successiuelly;  
 But all at once, let them al *headlesse* ly:  
 For oft \* *revenge* with *blood* to iterate,  
 The malice may suppress of few too hy;  
 But stirres the harts of *all* to mortall hate,  
 Which may impeach the most secured *state*.

And therefore that which must be cut away  
 Away with it at once, quoth *Policie*:  
 And to the *fores* these <sup>b</sup> *plasters* ply straight way,  
 Doe some great good that argues *Charity*,  
 And pardon some to shew thy *Clemencie*:  
 To shedde the blood of corrupt *Maiestrates*,  
 Doth not a little the paine qualifie:  
 The sacrifice of such *hate* expiates;  
 Thus blood must heale what blood exulcerates.

\* Which mischief (though with extreme difficulty prevented if at all avoided yet all the means to escape it are these, 4. Enquiry, Punishment, Innocencie, Destenie.

\* By reprehension which S. Basil calls the healing of the soule: Salomō an ornament of fine gold Pro. 25. and David a precious Balme, Psa. 41. Tacitus saith, every notorious execution of iustice hath some taste of iniustice therein, yet sith it wrings but some in particular it is amply recompenced in the common good.

\* Iteration of revēg for one fault, is faulty. Punishment is the companion of iniustice. Plato.  
<sup>b</sup> Salus for the fores growing from overmuch severity.

• Austere and  
iust Maiestrats  
are like the  
Ligatures of  
Chirurgions,  
which hurt  
them that bee  
wounded; for  
though those  
Bands be im-  
ployd to cure  
loose mēbers,  
yet they putt  
the Patient to  
much paine.

• By the re-  
sistance of  
those that  
should obey,  
the lenitie of  
those that co-  
mand is dimi-  
nished.

Tacitus.

• Vsurie is a  
sweete poison  
compounded  
vpon the  
ruines of  
good men.

• A temperate  
dread suppress-  
eth high and  
stout sto-  
makes, feare  
in extremitie  
stirres men to  
presumption  
or desperate  
resolution, &  
provokes them  
to try conclu-  
sions dāgerous.

Piety makes  
Authority  
most potent.

Intemp'rate *Patients* make *Phisitions* cruell,  
And wayward *Subiects* make the *Prince* <sup>a</sup> leueare:  
Ceaselesse *abuses* of *Ire* is the *fuell*: (beare?  
Can *Sov'raignes* beare, when *Subiects* nought <sup>b</sup> for-  
Such must be taught to *loue* through cause of *feare*:  
For, oft a ijrke from a kinde *Masters* hand  
Amōg much cockring, makes our *loue* more deere,  
When as we know, it with our *weale* doth stand:  
So short correction tends to long command.

*Judges corrupt* and all *Extortioners*

Like *Spunges* must be vs'd, squiz'd being full,!

And so must *Iustice* handle *Vsurers*;

They pull from <sup>c</sup> *Subiects*, *Kings* from thē must pull,  
And whē their fleece is grown, sheare off the wooll.

These are the *Canker-wormes* of *Common weales*,

They mortifie and make the *Members* dull,

Then when the *Head* thereof these *Cankers* feeles,

He needes must cleanse them, ere the *Body* heales.

For whosoever feares *hate* over much,

Knowes not as yet what *Rules* to *Rule* belong;

Let *Subiects* grutch without iust <sup>d</sup> cause of grutch,

They will, whē they perceave the *Prince* they wrōg,

To right the same, continue *Subiects* long:

By *Punishment*, and by *Reward* a *State*

May be ore-aged beeing over yong;

In *Mould* of *Love* to melt the *Commons* hate,

Is to correct without respect of state.

From *Piety* and cleere-Eyde *Providence*

*Authoritie* derives resistlesse force;

For *Piety* constraines *Obedience*,

Sith all beleeves the *Heau'ns* doe blesse her coorse:

And

And \* *Providence* *Subiection* doth enforce,  
For, it foresees where *Riott* may runne out,  
And with strong *Barres* (which *Barristers* r'enforce)  
Makes fast the *Parke-pale* there and round about,  
That to goe through, no one wil goe about.

\* The mother  
of a wary per-  
son knows not  
what belongs  
to Teares.  
Paul. Emil.

It teacheth *Princes* wisely to beware  
How they exhaust their *store* for warre in peace  
To maintaine <sup>f</sup> *Renellings*, and nothing spare  
That tends to *Sensualities* increase,  
Although therefore their *Flocks* they often fleece:  
It ill be seemes (quoth *Providence*) the *Prince*,  
His owne and *publike* <sup>g</sup> *Treasures* to decrease  
For private satisfaction of the *sense*,  
Which sincks the *State* with waight of vain expēce.

<sup>f</sup> Superfluity  
in *Bāquers* &  
*Aparrell* are  
tokens of a  
diseased *Cō-*  
*mon-weale*,  
or which is ra-  
ther in dāger  
of death.  
Seneca.

If there be *factions* for *Sions* cause,  
So bee't they breake not bounds of *Charitie*,  
*Instruction* sooner then <sup>h</sup> *Correction* drawes  
Such *Discords* to a perfect *Vnity*,  
That yeelds a sweete *Soule-pleasing* harmony:  
For, when a *Violls* strings doe not concent,  
We doe not rend them straight, but leisurely  
VWith <sup>i</sup> patience put in tune the *Instrument*;  
So must it be in case of *Government*.

<sup>g</sup> A kingdoms  
superabūdāce  
if it be mana-  
ged by a lasci-  
vious & volup-  
tuous Prince,  
is the cause of  
the subversio  
thereof.

<sup>h</sup> F. are & ter-  
ror are slen-  
der bonds to  
bind leue,  
Tacitus.  
Simil.

Its the least freedome *Subiects* can demaund  
To haue but liberty to hold their peace;  
Who keepe their *errors* close from being scand  
Doe hurt none but themselves, in warre or peace:  
If *Freedome* true *Obedience* release  
It will <sup>k</sup> containe it selfe in *liberty*;  
And *Lenity* *Subiection* doth encrease  
Where *strife* desires *publike* tranquillity,  
And still agrees to obey *Auctoritie*.

<sup>i</sup> A gentle in-  
treaty is of  
more force  
then an impe-  
rious cōmād.  
Claudian.

<sup>k</sup> It is an easie  
matter to go-  
verne good  
men, Salust.



10 impious  
people, & ac-  
curſed times,  
that doe con-  
ſtrain Princes  
to doe this for  
the ſafety of  
their States, &  
bodies, that is  
ſo perrillous  
touching the  
State of their  
Soules.

11 Ere the Sub-  
iect be in  
Armes. A Sub-  
iect placed in  
high dignitie  
hath more ad-  
doo to hold it,  
then others to  
gett it. Brutus.  
12 Tacit Hiſt.  
Abraham and  
Lott muſt part  
when their  
wealth is over  
growne.

13 All Wiſdome  
aſſiſted both  
by nature and  
Arte, is little  
ynough to ef-  
fect ſo great  
an Act by rea-  
ſon of the per-  
verſnes of  
mā's nature.  
14 They ought  
to feare many  
whom many  
feare.

15 Familiaritie  
in Princes  
breedes con-  
tempt in Sub-  
iects.

*Policy* prompts the *Prince*, with voice ſcarle heard,  
If any *Subiects* be growne over great,  
By <sup>1</sup> death their *grandure* muſt of force be barr'd;  
But if by *Lawe* they cannot doe that feate,  
Without the ſhaking of their *State* and *Seate*,  
It muſt be done without *Law* by ſome *Chance*  
That <sup>m</sup> ſoddainly muſt fall (ere blood doe heate)  
So ſhall their *Throne* be ſtabliſht, (witneſſe *France*).  
And ſubieſt onely to *divine vengeance*.

For it is ſel'd, or rather never ſeene  
That *peace* and *powerfull men* doe dwell <sup>n</sup> togeather;  
And ten times bleſſed is that *King* or *Queene*  
Who make their *Nobles* live and loue each other;  
Lyve like themſelves, & like themſelves love either:  
This were the *Quintenſens* of *Policie*,  
And <sup>o</sup> witte, that's ſeld derived from the *Mother*,  
VVhich rather can be wiſht then taught, for whie?  
No *pow'r* from *vill* can take *vills* libertie.

A *King* may from his high erected *Throne*  
VVith *Eagles Eyes* (for *Kings* ſuch *Eies* ſhould have)  
Behold the *Members* of the *State* alone,  
And what the *humors* are which them deprave;  
So may he purge the *partes* the *VVhole* to ſaue:  
But to attone the *vills* perverſt by *pow'r*,  
As eaſie wer't the *Ocian* drie to lave;  
*Pow'r* may cōſtraine, but *VVill* may chooſe t'endure,  
And they that wil be ſicke, no *ſkill* can cure.

Great *Minds* like *Horſes* that wil eaſly reare,  
Are eaſi'ſt ruled with a gentle *Bitt*;  
And rev'rence *Princes* ſhould not gaine with <sup>p</sup> feare,  
Nor *Love* with <sup>a</sup> *Lowlineſſe*, for *State* unfitt,

For

For none of both with policy doth sitt:  
 This skill is very difficult, because  
*Vertues* of diff'rent kindes must kindly knitt  
 Their *powres* in one, which *Will* togeather drawes,  
 And guards the *Prince*, no lesse thē *Guards* or *Laws*.

The *Empires* <sup>a</sup> *Maiestie* her *state* sustaines;  
 The *Prince* thereby security enioyes,  
 Free from *Rebellions* reach (that *State* disdaines)  
 And from contempt of *Rule*, that *State* annoies  
 Ingendring all misrule that *state* destroies:  
 The *Scepter* and the nuptial *Bedd* detests  
 To be <sup>b</sup> devided, or to share their ioyes;  
 Yet *Sou'rainty* in extreame perill rests  
 Of *partnershippe*, when it *Contempt* disgests:

<sup>a</sup> Maiestie in a  
 Prince is no  
 lesse commen-  
 dable then be-  
 hooful.

<sup>b</sup> A Crowne  
 devided vwill  
 serue no kings  
 head.

*Empires* are *Fortunes* *Obiects* and *Tymes* *Subiects*,  
*Envy* and <sup>c</sup> *Empire* be inseparate,  
*Fortune* doth often *Monarches* make of *Abiects*  
 And *Envy* *Monarchy* doth quite abate,  
 If it assisted be with *vulgar* <sup>d</sup> *hate*:  
 For *Monarches* finde no meane betwixt the *Ground*  
 And the extreamest topp of their <sup>e</sup> *estate*;  
 But if they fal, the fall doth them confound:  
 Therefore let them be sure of footing sound.

<sup>c</sup> The Creator  
 of all cou-  
 pled Envy &  
 a Kingdome  
 together. Se:  
 neca.

<sup>d</sup> The Multit-  
 tudes love is  
 light & their  
 hatred heavy.  
<sup>e</sup> To attain to  
 Empire is a  
 work humane  
 but to retaine  
 it being attay-  
 ned is a grace  
 diuine.

Three things (saith *Policy*) doe stablish *Rule*,  
 That it be *Constant*, *Severe*, and *Restrained*;  
*Constant*: for *innovation* breeds *misrule*;  
*Severe*: for oft by *Lexity* vnfaïn'd  
 Nought but *Contempt* (or ethrow of *Rule*) is gain'd:  
*Impunity* breeds lawlesse <sup>f</sup> *Libertie*;  
 For hope of scape (when *Iustice* is but faïn'd)  
 Drawes on bold *Vice* to doe al villany  
 Vnder the *Nose* of mild *Auctority*.

*Innovation*  
 most dange-  
 rous to a state.  
<sup>f</sup> Over much  
 pittie brings  
 eue: much pe-  
 rill to Sove-

R

For raignes.

For who is aw'd by him, whose *Sword* doth lie  
Fast *sheath'd* with rust, that it wil not come out?  
Who by *remisnesse*, not by *clemencie*  
Makes th'edge of his pow'r (dull'd) to turne about:

An ych of li-  
berty more  
then ought,  
maks the Co-  
mons much  
more loose  
then they  
should.

This *King* the *Commons* wil command and flout,  
Who are contain'd with *feare* and not with *shame*,  
And nere abstaine from *Riot* or from *Rout*  
For badnesse of them, but for feare of *blame*,  
And *punishment* inflicted for the same.

Thirdly, *Authoritie* should be *restrain'd*,  
(As erst was said) and is as much to saie,

Whé the Rod  
is in the magi-  
strats hand, he  
may correct,  
but if it be out  
hee may bee  
corrected.

That the chiefe *strength* from *Kings* shoulde stil bee  
And stay with them, to be to them a *stay*; (drain'd,  
Lest *Treason* should their *trust* and *them* betray:  
They may dissolue the force of *Emperie*,  
When they make *Kings* of those that should obay;  
For *Slaves* endu'd with *Kings* authoritie  
Make *Kings* but *slaves*, through *Kings* infirmity.

Yet *Policie* doth not forbid the *Prince*  
To honor *Subiects* high, of high desert  
With highest honor of *Obedience*,  
And though obeying, rule an ample part:  
So be't the *honor* which they thus imparte  
Bee *short* and *sweete*, chiefly *Lieutenancie*;  
For it, if long, with *pride* affectes the *Hart*,  
Which makes the same affect sole *Monarchie*;  
So put the *King* and *state* in ieopardie.

It is a sure  
garde of thy  
principality, if  
thou doe not  
suffer great  
com naunde-  
mēt to indure  
long. Livie. 4.  
Hardly cā mé  
keepe a mean  
in dignities  
surmounting  
mediocritye.

For *Men* are *Men* how ever *Angell*-like;  
The highest *Angels* were ambitious:  
Its death to ample *fortunes*, Saile to strike;  
Nay *Death* to them is farre lesse dolorous:



"For use of Rule makes mindes imperious.  
Great Persons haue great Passions; state is stiffe,  
Vnapt to bow, how ever curtiuous:  
And when great Spirits haue tasted but a whiffe  
Of praise for rule, they (drunke) would rule in chiefe.

Wee read but  
of one Scilla  
that having  
gettē absolute  
empire, gaue  
it over volun-  
tarily.

For as the Man orecome with powrefull wine  
(Although a Beggar cloathed like a king)  
When some in mock'ry made him halfe diuine  
With Lauds, and Legs, stil rising and bowing,  
Perswaded was, he was no other thing:  
So Sprites that are made druncke with vulgar praise  
For their dexteritie in governing,  
Doe weene all true that vulgar vapor saies,  
And thinke themselues alone the rest should raise.

Simil.

When too great subiectes doe too well agree,  
Suspicious Policie them out doth set:  
For like as stones, which in firme Arches bee  
Would fall, but that they one another let,  
By meanes wherof the Arch more strength doth get:  
So fares it with a state or Monarchie,  
Whose perill might (perhaps) be over-great  
By ore-much concorde of the over-hie;  
Then ods twixt them still mainetaines unity.

Not to bee o-  
vercome with  
praises & ac-  
clamations of  
people is inci-  
dent to God  
only.

Simil.

But among other rules of policie  
That are vnruely (if by that \* rule squar'd  
That al should rule) It sou'raignes learns to ly,  
Dissemble, and deceaue; if it regard  
The common good of thē they ought to guard:  
But to doe ill, that good thereof may come,  
By better \* Rules and more assur'd, is bard;  
Then how it should a sou'raignes state become  
to ly at all, to this I answer *mum*.

We ought to  
endeavor even  
by laws to hin-  
der strife: and  
partakings a-  
mong nobles.  
Ari. 5. Pol. c. 8.

\* Scripture.

\* Divinky.

Kings shoulde  
bee so framed  
as they may  
be altogether  
good or halfe  
good, and not  
altogether wic  
ked, but halfe  
wicked.

Ari. c. Pol. c. 11

\* The divine  
Precepts.

But this I say from thole that wel did trie  
What tis to *rule*, and ruling long to *raigne* :  
If *Kings* make conscience of a little lie,  
When it may good the *state* and *Soveraigne*,  
*Ill* may ensue, that *good* so to refraine:  
Yet when wee knowe all *harts* are in his hands,  
That *harts* and *all* doth rule and sole sustaine,  
We muse at *Policies* so crosse *commandes*  
When as we know, all by the \* other stands.

We have two *eies*, two *eaues*, and but one *Tongue*  
Which with the *teeth* and *lippes* is eake inclos'd,  
And is the *senses Organs* plac'd among  
*Eies*, *Eaues*, and *Nose*, by *Nature* so dispos'd  
That nothing by the *Tongue* should be disclos'd,  
Before it hath tane counsell of each *sense*,  
That are to *falshoode* evermore oppos'd,  
Lest they should misinforme 'th' *Intelligence*,  
Which haynously procures the *Soules* offence.

The Soule is  
the true lover  
of Truth.

Proverb. 17. *Excellent talke* becommeth not a *foole*,  
Nor *lying lips* the *King*; so saith that *Prince*  
That rul'd in *peace*, and did his *enemies* coole  
With *truth* and *equity*; but that's long since,  
And twixt the *times* there may be difference:  
Yet if we may not for *Gods* glory ly,  
Much lesse for matters of lesse consequence:  
*Kings* should be *Patterns* of all *pietie*,  
VVhich doth consist in *truth* and *equitie*.

These are the  
last, and there-  
fore the worst  
daies.

But pious *Augustine* (canonized  
For piety) saith there are certaine *lies*  
VVhereof no great offence is *borne* or *bred*,  
Aug in Psal. 5. Yet are not faultlesse; in which *leasings* lies.

That

That *lie*, which *Kings* for *common good* devise:  
 Hence may we see, how much deprav'd we are,  
 VVhen *Kings* sometimes must *faine* and *temporise* A Kingdome  
 For their *estate* and *common-wealthes* welfare, is a schoole of  
 VVhich would fare ill, if they should it forbear. decept. Sen.  
 thyest.

VVho note withall, It breederh small regard  
 To bee too lavish of their *presence*, when  
 Among the *commons* it might well be spar'd;  
 For *Maiestie's* like *Deity* in *Men*,  
 VVhen wee it see, as farre as wee can ken:  
 Yet *policie* (the *proppe* of waightie *States*)  
 VVould haue them present with all now and then,  
 As well to comforte, as to ceale debates,  
 Both which their *harts* to true loue captivates.

We bear most  
 reverence to  
 Maiesty a far  
 off.

It tels them other *Documents* among,  
 That who so bridles their felicitie  
 Shall better governe it, and hold it long;  
 For *Temp'raunce* ioined with *Authoritie*,  
 Makes it resemble sacred *Deitie*:  
 It bids them loue the *learned* with *effect*,  
 VVho can with *lines* their liues *historifie*  
 That ay shall last, and their *renownes* erect  
 As high as *Heav'n*,maugre *humane defect*.

It is a great fe-  
 licity not to  
 be overcome  
 of great felici-  
 ty.

And here I cannot wonder (though I would)  
 Sufficiently at these *guilt times* of ours,  
 VVhercin great *Men* are so to *money* sold,  
 That *Iupiter* himselfe in *golden* Showres  
 Wil basely stand, to gather while it powres.  
*Mars* scornes *Minerva*, gibes at *Mercury*,  
 He better likes *Venerian* *Paramoures*:  
*Greatnesse* regards not *Prose*, or *Poesie*,  
 But weenes an *Angell* hath more *Maiesty*.

Poets & Histo-  
 riographers  
 haue powerto  
 giue immor-  
 tality.  
 The Golden  
 Worlds retur-  
 ned fro exile.

Yet learning  
 and Armes  
 should bee in  
 league by the  
 law of nature.



\* Yet if some  
mens wittes  
were mea-  
red by their  
wealth, they  
would be ac-  
counted Salo-  
mons, that are  
nothing else  
but money-  
bags, in who  
there is no-  
thing but mo-  
ney.

As poore as a  
Poet.

*Artes* perish wanting *praise* and due *support*;  
And when *want* swaies the *Senses Common-weale*,  
*Witts* vitall *faculties* wax al \* amorr:  
The *Minde*, constrain'd the *Bodies* want to feele,  
Makes *Salves* of *Earth* the *Bodies* hurt to heale,  
Which doe the *Mind* bemire with *thoughts* vnfit;  
Hēce come those dull *Concepts* sharp *witts* reueale,  
Which nice *Eares* deeme to come frō want of *witt*,  
When want of *wealth* (indeede) is cause of it.

How many *Poets*, like *Anatomies*,  
(As leane as *Death* for lacke of *sustenance*)  
Complaine (poore *Staruelings*) in sadd *Elegies*  
Of those whom *Learning* onely did aduance,  
That of their *wants* haue no confiderance.  
What *Guift* to *Greatnesse* can lesse welcome be  
Then *Poems*, though by *Homer* pend perchaunce?  
It *lookes* on them as if it could not see,  
Or from them, as from *Snakes*, away wil flee.

What's this to me (thinke he) I did not this?  
How then to me should praise thereof pertaine?  
Thou hitt'st the *Marke* (deere Sir) & yet dost misse;  
For, though no *praise* for *penning* it thou gaine,  
Yet *praise* thou gett'st, if thou that *Pen*<sup>a</sup> sustaine,  
That can<sup>b</sup> eternize thee in *Deaths* despight,  
And through it *selfe* thy grossest *humors* straine,  
So make them pure (at least most pure in light)  
Which to *Posterity* may be a *light*.

<sup>a</sup> It is good to  
doe well, so it  
is also to sup-  
port well do-  
ing.

<sup>b</sup> But Poets lie  
open to a mis-  
chiefe; for as  
Alchymists are  
suspected for  
coyning: so  
are Poets for  
libelling.

In common policy, great *Lords* should give, (ceae:  
That so, they may (though great) much more re-  
The more like *God*, the more they doe relive;  
And, the more *Writers* they aloft doe heave,

The

The more *renowne* they to their *Race* doe leaue:  
 For, with a *droppe* of *ynke* their *Penns* haue pow'r  
 \* *Life* to restore (being lost) or *life* bereave,  
 Who can devour *Time* that doth *all* deuoure,  
 And goe beyonde *Tyme*, in lesse then an *hō'r*.

Where had *Achilles* fame bin longe ere this,  
 Had not blind *Homer* made it see the *vway*  
 (In *Parchas*) (spight) to all *eternities*?  
 It had with him (long since) bin clos'd in *Clay*.  
 Where had *Æneas* name found place of stay,  
 Had *Virgills* verbe of it no mention made?  
 It had ere this bin drown'd in deepe decay:  
 For, without *memory*, *Names* needes must vade;  
 And *memory* is ay the *Muses* Trade.

But how can these *Daughters* of *Memory*  
 Remember *those* of whom they are dispis'd?  
 They are not *Stocks* that feelee no *iniurie*,  
 But sprightly, quicke, and wondrous weladviz'd;  
 Who, though with<sup>d</sup> loose *Lines* they are oft disguis'd<sup>d</sup> *Lascivious,*  
 Yet when they list, they make immortal *lynes*, *obscene, &c.*  
 And, who soere by those *lines* are surpriz'd,  
 Are made eternal, *they*, and their *Assignes*,  
 Or wel, or ill, as *Poesy* defines.

Leaue we to vrge poore *Poets* iust \* complaint  
 (Sith they are deafe that should redresse the same)  
 That *Policy* we may yet better paint,  
 And consecrate more *lines* vnto her *name*,  
 That learnes our *Pen* her *laudes* by *lines* to frame.  
 Shee would that *Government* should never dy,  
 Which is the *Rodd* of *Circes*, which doth tame  
 Both *Man*, and *Beast*, (if ledd by *Policy*)  
 And tends to perfect *Mans* Societie.

\* Good and ill  
 renowne are  
 immortal and  
 prevaile even  
 over the re-  
 membrance  
 of Tyme,  
 which Poets  
 haue powre to  
 give.  
 When Poets  
 cōmend mens  
 names to me-  
 nument they  
 neede no  
 Tombs.

\* As good no  
 compleyning  
 as complay-  
 ning for no  
 good.

Shee

The putting  
up of one in-  
iurie begettes  
another.

They that  
possesse all  
things want  
nothing but a  
man that will  
speake the  
truth. Seneca.

Prov. 25. 23.

The further  
Flatterers and  
Avaritious per-  
sons stand fro  
the Sovereign  
the surer hee  
stands.

Take away  
the wicked fro  
the King and  
his Throne  
shalbe establi-  
shed in righte-  
ousnes.

Prov. 25. 5.

The Frogs  
(in AEsop)  
insulted vpon  
the Logg and  
held it in  
scorne.

Not to be a-  
ble to do evill  
is great pow-  
er. It is an ex-  
cellent neces-  
sity not to bee  
suffered to do  
evill.

God governs  
that common  
weale that is  
governed by  
a written law.  
Aristot.

Shee teacheth *Kinges* to giue and take no wrong,  
*One gettes Revenge, Contempt the other gaines:*  
All gainfull *Leagues* she would haue lengthn'd long,  
And not to warre vntill iust cause constraines;  
For, *Justice* prospers *Varres* and *Thrones* sustaines:  
No *Secrets*, nor no *publike governments*  
To *Clawbacks*, or to those that scrach for *gaines*,  
Shee would haue shar'd; for badd are all their *bents*,  
And evermore doe ruyne *governments*.

In such is neither truth to *God*, or *King*:  
Therefore shee would haue such aloose to stand,  
As farre (at least) as a bent brow can fling  
Them from the *Sov'raigne*, or a straight command:  
These bitter baneful weeds doe spil the *Land*.  
But to the *tried trusty*, she would haue  
The *Sov'raignes* fauoure constantlie to stand;  
For, with their losse they seeke the whole to saue,  
To *whome*, like *Fathers*, they themselues behaue.

Shee tells the *King* that *Treason* gathers strength  
Extreamly in his *weakenesse*; and requires  
That it be cut short ere it gathers length,  
And level *that*, that out of course aspires:  
Shee chargeth *Kinges* to quench their vaine desires  
Of *vaine expence*, without the *Commons* charge,  
Lest it enflame *Rebellions* quenchlesse fires,  
Which oft, such large expence doth much inlarge;  
Who, oft the same vpon the *King* discharge.

Shee wils that holosome *Lawes* should be ordain'd,  
Bereaving *Kings* of *pow'r* 't' infringe the same:  
For, if their *Crownes* are by the *Lawes* sustain'd,  
They should not breake the *Props*, lest al the *Frame*  
Should



Should fall, to their confusion and shame:

<sup>1</sup> That, of *Reteyners* thee would have obseru'd,  
Else most *Ignobles*, in a *Nobles* name,  
Will let *Lawes* course, which should be safe reseru'd,  
And wrack the *Poore* which *Law* would haue cōserv'd.

And as the *Law* should governe *Maiestrates*;  
So should the *Maiestrates* the *People* sway.  
The *Governours* are living *Lawes* in *States*:  
And a dumbe *Maiestrate* the *Law*ve is ay'.  
As *Bodies*, *Reason* and the *Soule* obey;  
So *States* should *Law* and *Maiestrates* by right;  
For, *Law* is *Reason*, keeping all in Ray,  
By which the *wise* them selues doe guide aright;  
And *Vulgares* have it from *Law-givers* light.

She<sup>m</sup> bids the *Sou'raigne* take heede how he heares,  
Much lesse embrace th' advice of *selfe* <sup>n</sup> *Concept*:  
For, such *Concept* hath neither *Eyes*, nor *Eares*,  
To heare, or see *another*, but doth waite  
Vpon her selfe, admiring her owne height.  
In *cases* doubtfull it is dangerous  
T' admitte light <sup>o</sup> *Councells*; for, for want of weight  
T' wil make the case to be more ponderous,  
The whilst such <sup>p</sup> *Councells* prove *Aëreous*.

For its oft seene that *Publike Politie*  
Occurs with matters of such consequence,  
Wherein there is such depth of *Misterie*  
That it wil blunt the sharpest *Senses* sence  
Of the acut'st, and swift'st *Intelligence*;  
Ne shall *Deliberation* be assur'd  
Of their effect, vntill their *evidence*  
*Tyme* doth produce, or *triall* hath procur'd,  
Wherein *rash Iudgment* must not be endur'd.

<sup>1</sup> *Statute of Reteyners.*

It is an Aphorisme amonge the *Lawes* of the 12. Tables Let the protection of the *People* be the chiefest *Law*.

<sup>n</sup> *Civill Policy*

<sup>n</sup> *Ouer-wee-*  
ning a pestilent  
disease of the  
*Mind*, most fa-  
miliar with  
*Fooles*.

<sup>o</sup> Take coucell  
of thine owne  
hart: for there  
is no mā more  
faithfull to  
thee then it  
Eccles. 37. 13.

<sup>p</sup> He is more  
discreete with  
whom provi-  
dent counsell  
(that carry  
reason with  
them) do pre-  
vaile, the prof-  
perous delibe-  
rations which  
happen by  
chaunce.

Tacit 2. An.  
Treasons pre-  
vaile on the  
Iodaine, good  
Councells ga-  
ther force by  
leisure.

Tacitus Hist.

The heav'nlyest *Hav'ns*, m' haue *Hellish* entries :  
 Therefore, wise *Pilots* keepe them in the *Maine*,  
 And rather brooke rough *Tenpests* miseries ,  
 Then by vnknown perrils rest to gaine:  
 They shunne the *flats* by their experience plaine;  
 For, in all perils such experience  
 Must guide the *course*, els perillous is *paine*;  
 Nay, death may follow *double* \* *diligence*  
 Not set on worke by *single* *Sapience*.

\* The faster  
 me run being  
 out of the way  
 the further

they are out  
 of the way.  
 Experience is  
 the eie of hu-  
 mane wisdom.

*Experience* is the *guide* of *Policie*,  
 Whose nere-deceaved *eie* sees all in all;  
 Shee can make light the darkest *mystery*,  
 Then, her at all *assaies* to counsell call,  
 Especially in *matters mysticall*:  
*Realmes* haue a world of *crannies*, where doe lurke  
 Ten thousand *mysteries* from view of *eie*,  
 VVhich nereth elese vncessantly doe worke,  
 And often giue the *state* a deadly *lurke*

a prince ought  
 to bestowe  
 more in get-  
 ting a wise  
 counsellor, the  
 in achueing a  
 conquest quin-  
 tus Curtius.  
 Wher no coun-  
 cell is, the peo-  
 ple fall: but  
 where manie  
 counsellors are  
 ther is health.  
 Prover. 11. 14.  
 Simil.

Shee would haue *Kings* to haue such *Councillors*  
 That might be learn'd in *state-Philosophies*;  
 For *Kingdomes* govern'd by *Philosophers*  
 No *Constellations* feare, nor *Destinies*:  
 They know what should the *Soveraigne* suffice  
 And what the *Subiect*; bending al their might  
 T'accomplish both their long felicities  
 By seeing that each *one* may haue his right,  
 Preventing *foraine*, and *domesticke* spight.  
 As when a *Shippe*, that liues vpon the *Downes*  
 Of *Neptune* (mightie *Monarch* of those *Plaines*)  
 Is neere at point to perish (if hee frownes,)   
 Without a *sterne* and one that it sustaines:

(For

(For maine is *perill* els vpon those *Maines* :)  
 So fares that *state* that hath nor *Lordes* nor *Lawes*,  
 Wherewith the *Liege* the *State* from *ruine* raines  
 In *stormes* of *troubles*, and *Contentions* flaws,  
 VVherein wise *Councels* calme *effectes* doe *cause*.

They are the *VVatch-men* that stand *Sentinell*  
 T'examine *all* that may impeach the *state*;  
 They make the *Common-wealth* a *Paralell*  
 To that of *Rome* when shee was fortunate,  
 And *Cesar* make of a meane *Magistrate* :  
 VVho *Baracado* vp with *Lawes* strong *Barres*  
 All that lies ope for *Vice* to ruinate,  
 And stoppe the *Passages* of *Civill VVarres*  
 VVith *martiall law*, which *Male-contents* deterres.

A good coun-  
 cellor is an  
 Argust o the  
 Cōmō-weale.

Nor neede the *Statesman* gage *Philosophie*  
 Deeper, then well to know how well to liue  
 In *Peace*, and *VVealth*, (this *worldes* felicitie)  
 And *Rules of Life*, to that effect to giue ;  
 They diue too deepe , if they doe deeper diue :  
 VVhat is the knowledge of the *Transcendents*  
 To him that learnes men onlie how to thriue?  
 Though he nere red such wilde \* *Artes Rudiments*,  
 Hee's fitter farre for *civill governments*.

\*They will di-  
 stracte his  
 thoughts, and  
 government  
 requires the  
 whole man.

the *Mathematickes*, and the *Metaphysickes*,  
 Haue no necessitie in *government*;  
 But *Ethickes*, *Politickes*, and *Oeconomicks*,  
 these to good *Governours* are incident,  
 VVhere *morrall vertue* sitteth *President* :  
 ro bee well red in all good *Historie*  
 (VVhich makes the *sp'rite* much more intelligent)  
 Doth stand with *state* and perfit *policie*,  
 And maketh dexterous *Authoritie*.

To bee well  
 scene in histo-  
 ry necessarie  
 in a magistrat.



Salom<sup>o</sup> knew  
all in all.  
1 King. 3. 13.

Eccles. 1. 16.

The Councel-  
lor should bee  
vertuous, for  
hee supplieth  
vertues place,  
which is in the  
middest.

Those whom  
the king will  
know shal bee  
to wel known,  
but those hee  
looks strange  
vpon, no man  
will know the.

The boundes of *knowledge* are the highest *spheres*,  
For, all is knowne in their circumference;

And what soere this *Nurse* of *Earthlings* beares?

Is subiect to *humane intelligence*:

Then *knowledge* is vnknowne by consequence:

In which respect *Men* doe their wits apply

To this or that *Arte* with all diligence,

Vnable to know al *Philosophie*,

Because it stands not with *mortality*.

In all things (as its sedd) are *three degrees*;

To weete, *Great*, *Small*, and the *Indifferent*;

And that which doth participate of *these*

Is in perfection held most excellent;

Which is the *Councillor* in *government*:

For, hee twixt *Prince* and *People* beeing plac'd,

Best sees what is for *both* convenient;

And for his *vertue*, is of *both* embrac'd;

For *vertue* from the midst is nere displac'd.

If any one supply that vertuous place

And is not vertuous, he a *Monster* is;

For, in the *midst* can nothing sit that's base,

Sith *Vertue* there (as in her *Heav'n* of blisse)

Her selfe enthrones to all *eternities*.

*Physitions* labour, aimes at nought but *health*;

*Sailors*, good *passage*; *Captaines*, *victories*;

So *Councillors* should for the *Common-wealth*,

Which iustly to her *limbes* her *dowry* dealth.

He had neede be more then *honest*, yea much more

Then *vertuous* (that is, vertuous past compare)

Who whe his King's with-drawn, may ope the dore

And in a *Closet* diue into his *care*,

To put into his *Head* how all *things* are:

**This**

This if ill *Spirits* perceiue, and hee will bee  
Corrupted with pure gold, or what soere,  
Some *Fiend* will say, all *this* wil I giue thee  
(Shewing him *VVorldes*) if thou wilt honor mee.

Then how behouefull tis for *Kinge* and *state*,  
to make such *Minions* (if he must haue *such*)  
That in their *Soules corruption* deadly hate,  
And having *much*, desire not overmuch;  
But to finde such an *one*, were more then *much*:  
For to be *neere*, and *deere* vnto a *Kinge*,  
Fills *hart* with *pride*, and *pride* doth empt the *pouch*;  
thē for supply (lowre \* *sweete*) a *sweete-lowre thing*  
(Which may the *Sou'raign* wrest, the *subiect* wring)  
Call'd *Lieges-loue* abus'd, the same must bring.

A man maye  
light a candle  
at noone and  
seek amōgst a  
multitude, yet  
misle to finde,  
such an one.  
• Minions are  
for the most  
part so.

But where shall *Princes* then, bestow their *loue*  
(Sith *loue* they must, and ought, where it is due?)  
On any *one* that still his *grace* wil moue  
For *Common-good*, and *private* doth ensue  
But for that *good*; this *Minion* in a *Mew*  
Had neede be kept; for, if he flie abroad  
*Diuels-incarnate* will him still pursue  
Till they haue made a *Diuell* of a *God*,  
Or if hee scape, tis with *temptations* lode.

It is dāgerous  
ventering a-  
broade the  
Aire is so infe-  
ctious.

An *Hart* that's truely humbled and is dead  
(For *loue* of *Heav'n*) to all the *earth* holds *deere*,  
Yet *serpents* wisedome hath, in his *doues* head,  
And from all spots of *pride* is purged cleere,  
And stil would fast to make the *rest* good-cheere:  
This were a *Minion* for a *God*, or *King*,  
Worthy to weld the *VVorld*; and who drawes *neere*  
In nature to this *Man*, or divine *Thing*,  
A *Prince* should vse, with all *deere* cherishing.

• Maximilian  
the Emperour  
answered one  
that desired  
his letters pat-  
ents to enno-  
ble him, I am  
able (quoth  
he) to make  
thee rich, but  
Vertue onelie  
must make  
thee noble.

• It is better to  
bring honour  
to a mans  
house then to  
diffame it be-  
ing there al-  
ready.

• A<sup>c</sup>t. 17. 26.  
The higher  
the Sunne is,  
the lesse shad-  
dow he makes,  
& the greater  
a mans vertue  
is, the lesse glo-  
ry he seekes.

• They will  
make sale of  
the Princes  
favour to the  
preiudice of  
his people

• Eccl. 38. 33.

For, <sup>a</sup> *Vertue* onely makes good *Councillors*,  
Who in great wisdom hold the *State* vpright;  
No *Halles* orehang'd with *Armes* of *Ancestors*  
Haue in their right creation any might;  
But if they haue them too, they are most right:  
Yet *Vertue* found not *Tully* <sup>b</sup> nobly borne,  
But made him *Noble* by his wisdomes weight;  
„ *Vertue respects not fortune, nor doth scorne*  
„ *To dwell with those whose fortunes are forlorne.*

*Kinges* come from *slaves*, and *slaves* frō *Kinges* descēd:  
*Bloud's* but the *water* wat'ring *Fleshes* dust;  
Which by its nature ever doth descend,  
And makes fraile *Flesh* to fall to *things* vniust:  
For, tis but <sup>c</sup> *Blood* in the *vniust* and *iust*:  
And alalike it is in *high* and *lowe*;  
Not halfe so ful of *life*, as ful of *lust*,  
Making vs rather *abieēt*, then to growe  
To *high* *account*, for ought that from it flowes.

Yet some times evil men make *Rulers* good,  
As good *Musitions*, oft in *life* are badd;  
These *last* make *discords* ioyne in pleasant moode;  
The *first* the like in *Common-weales* have made:  
So either may be *vertuous* in his *Trade*,  
How ever *vitious* in their *lives* they are:  
But *Policy* the *Prince* doth still dissuade  
From making *such* too great, for they wil pare  
The *Prince*, and polle the *Commons* <sup>d</sup> without care.

For *Slaves* (though *Kinges*) in disposition  
Are most vnmeete to manage *Kingdomes* states;  
And so are *Men* of bale condition  
Vnfitt to make inferior <sup>e</sup> *Maiestrates*:

The



*The Flourres of Crownes fitt not Mechanick<sup>e</sup> Pates,*  
No more then costly plumes doe *Asses* heads;  
They are call'd *Crafts-men*, *quasi* craftie mates,  
Let these rule & such (if they must governe needes)  
For they at best are nought but holosome *uvedes*.

But some as voide of *honestie* as *Arte*,  
Advance themselues by <sup>h</sup> *wealth* (the *Nurse* of *Vice*)  
And with *good gifts* supply want of *desert*;  
*Good-giftes*, that *Givers* of *Commands* entice  
To part with *them* though they be nere so nice:  
These (seing *wealth* hath giv'n them *Vertues* meede)  
Doe make *port-sale* of *Vertue*, and *Iustice*  
T'enrich themselues to clymbe thereby with speed;  
From whence the wracks of *Cōmon-weales* proceed.

Did they but good themselues by some *mens* harme,  
It might be borne, although it *heavy* were:  
But <sup>i</sup> *they* hereby make *all* themselues to *arme*  
With *gold*, that seeke *authoritie* to beare,  
Because they see its gotten by such *geare*:  
When *Vertue's* thus neglected and dispis'd,  
Then *Vice* perforce doth in her *place* appeare;  
And where dam'd *Vice* hath *Vertues* place surpris'd,  
A *Common-woe*, with *Common-wealth's* disguis'd.

That must be deerely sold that's deerely <sup>k</sup> bought;  
And whereas *Iudgments* thus are bought and sold,  
There, by *iust Iudgment* al goes stil to nought:  
Yet *Iustice* and iust *Iudgments* *States* vphold,  
Whose want wrappes them in *'mis'ries* manifold.  
The *Iudgments* of that *Iust* orewhelme that *Land*  
That armes *Oppression* (gainst the *Laxes*) with *Gold*;  
For where its so, there *VVill* for *Law* must stand,  
And *Law* goes with *Confusion* hand in hand.

They are, as the feete. n. - cessary members, nor could a common-wealth stand without them, howbeit they are as the feete furthest remoued from the head being Realesse Sente.

\* Crafts-men. Had men no other fault yet are they therefore unfit for government, because so desirous to governe. Authority should be denied to such as seeke it, & given to those that (like wise mē) refuse it.

<sup>i</sup> Example of rich men doth much good or hurt in the cōmon-weale.

\* Alexander Severus caused such to be deposed, and severely punished, that bought their Offices, saying they sold dearer in retails then they bought in the

*lu.* grosse.

The Philo-  
sopher saith,  
God is an in-  
finite actuall  
Vnderstanding

*Intelligence* (supreme pow'r of the *Soule*)  
Wherein alone w're like the *Deity*,  
Is that alone which makes vs meete to rule;  
For *Natures* lawes, and *Reas'ns* authority  
Requires that such should haue high'st dignity,  
That by their *vertue*, and their *highestate*,  
They might conserue men in prosperity:  
For right it is they should be rais'd to *State*,  
That make the state of all most fortunate.

Honor is  
the Prize for  
which Vertue  
endureth  
what not?

For *Honor* is high *Vertues* sole <sup>m</sup> Reward,  
For which all vertuous *Men* all paine endure:  
If then such men from *Honor* should be barr'd,  
*All* to be vicious it would soone procure;  
For *Vice* doth raigne where *Vertue* hath no pow'r:  
Where *Honors* are bestow'd without respect  
On good and badd, as cloudes bestowe their *shower*,  
There must of force ensue but badd effect  
For who'l be good, if *Grace* the good neglect.

Honors given  
to vertue in  
former times.

In ancient *Common-weales* they wonted were  
*Statues* of mettall, *Arches* triumphal,  
With *Publike Sepulture*, and *praises* cleere,  
These, and such like, they did bestow on all  
That to their *Common-weales* were as a *VVall*:  
For they that watch whilst others sound doe sleepe  
To stay the *State*, that else perhaps might fall,  
And labour stil the *Lambes* from *Wolves* to keepe;  
Such *Shepherds* should be honor'd of the *Sheepe*.

Simil.

For to give *Rule* to none but *Midas*ses,  
Is e'vn as if a *shippe* were rendered  
In greatest *Tempests* and *W'indes* outrages,  
To richest *Marchants* to be governed,

Not

Not to the *skillful* it to be mastered:  
Whereof ensues the wracke of *shippe* and *freight*,  
From which in *Stormes* it is delivered  
By skilful *Pilotts* which haue gott the *sleight*  
by their experience to direct her right.

*Themistocles* is iustly famoused,  
For that by *Valor* and great *Policie*  
He did reduce th' *Athenians* beastly bredd  
To live by *Lawes* in great *civility*;  
But *Solon's* prais'd more meritoriously,  
Who finding *Athens* at the point to fall  
With shooke of *Civill warre*, he readily  
Did staie the same, and reestablish't all  
The *Lawes* & *Maiestrats*, driv'n to the wall.

<sup>a</sup> From whence  
the liberty of  
disorder is ta-  
ken away, he is  
over-ruled for  
his owne be-  
nefit,

Nor did *Camillus* that repulst the *Galls*  
And *Rome* preserved from their furies flame  
Deserve lesse, (if not more) *memorials*,  
Thē the two<sup>b</sup> *Brethre* that first built the same:  
Nor yet can *Cæsars* or great *Pompeies* fame  
(Though they *Romes Empire* stretcht from *East* to  
Be so renowned, as his glorious name (Vvest)  
That found it neere by *Haniball*<sup>c</sup> posselt,  
Yet rescu'd it, and gaue it *roome* and *rest*.

<sup>b</sup> *Romulus* &  
*Remus*.

<sup>c</sup> *Scipio Affri-  
canus*.

<sup>d</sup> The oath of  
xpian Kinges  
is I will mini-  
ster Lawe, ju-  
stice and pro-  
tecti'n aight  
to every one.  
It behoues thē  
thē to see that  
their vnder-  
Maiestrates  
make a cōci-  
ence of ther  
owne oathes  
& the Kinges.

Then *Rule* should not be given to the *rich*,  
If with their *wealth* they were but *fooles* vniust:  
The *Common-wealth* would<sup>d</sup> *private* be to such,  
For they would *rule* by *Lawes* squar'd by their *lust*;  
And for their *gaine* stil buy and sell the *lust*:  
*Wisdom*e and *Iustice*, with *wealth* competent  
Should be in *Rulers*: such the *Prince* might trust  
With greatest *charge* (next them) in *government*;  
For each will rule as *Vertues* President.

T

For



\* To mak laws  
for others &  
trāsgresse the  
our selus, is to  
teach others  
to trāsgresse the

\* They that fa-  
vor sin are as  
worthye of  
death as they  
that cōmit the  
sin Rom 1.31.

The way by  
precepts is ob-  
scure & long,  
but by exam-  
ples shorte &  
plaine. Senec.

<sup>b</sup> Princes and  
Priests ought  
to be the Ex-  
chequers of  
Gods inestim-  
ble Graces.

\* Good works  
arm much more  
perswasive to  
good life the  
good wordes.

\* Good life is  
the effect and  
glory of the  
church militāt  
& of the good  
Pastors there-  
of. Blessed is  
the Prince &  
Priest whose  
liues serue for  
vnwritten law.

\* Mis-govern-  
ment for the  
most parte is  
cause of rebel-  
lion; an argu-  
ment of the  
goodnes of  
ours.

For how ist possible *men* should perswade  
Others to *vertue* and to keepe the *Lawes*,  
If they them-selues them-selues there frō \*disswade,  
And by their *lewdnesse*, others *lewdnesse* cause?

\* A *Rulers Vice to vice the People* drawes:  
*Sylla* might wel be laught to scorne, when hee  
Perswaded *Temperance* to all; because  
He liv'd himselfe (none more) licentiouslee,  
For none lesse loved *mediocritee*.

*Lisander* was no lesse to blame, for hee  
Allow'd those Vices in the *Multitude*,  
Frō which himselfe refrain'd <sup>a</sup> religiouslee:  
For, if by *Princes*, vices bee alowd,  
It is al one, as if they *vice* ensude.

But iust *Licurgus* nere did ought forbid,  
But by himselfe the *same* should be eschude  
Whole *subiects* did no more thē himself did,  
Such *Legislators* should bee *deifide*.

Such *Prince* or *Priest*, such *people*, <sup>b</sup> saith the *Saw*;  
*Examples* more then *Lawes* make men liue wel:  
Doe *Priests* liue so? their liues like *Loadstones* <sup>c</sup> draw  
The *people* to the same: And doe compel  
Sans-force t' *obedience* such as would rebel:  
Then weigh what *good* or *ill* your <sup>d</sup> *liues* doe cause  
Ye *Prophets* *Sonnes*, that should in *grace* excel;  
Is your *life* il? its double ill, because  
It hurts your *selues*, and to *vice* others drawes.

And where *Vice* raignes, *Rebellion* oft doth rule  
That diss-vnites the best vnited *state*:

Which growes from *Governors* vice or <sup>e</sup> *mis-rule*  
That makes the *Commons* (with no common *hate*)

Watch

Watch al *advantage*, to abridge their *date*.  
 The forraine *Foe*, then findes domesticke *aide*,  
*Aide* that assists all that wil *innovate*;  
 So by their *Subiects Sov'raignes* are betraide,  
 VWhen their *mis-rule* makes them be', disobaide.

ANd here my *Muse* leads, me as by the *hand*  
 Out of the *way* (as it were) by the *way*,  
 To view the liues of *Princes* of this *Land*,  
 Since first the *Norman* did the *Scepter* sway  
 And scanne their *undertakings* as I may:  
 For by th'event of *Actions* past, wee shall  
 the *present*, and *future*, the better sway;  
 Which is the vse of *storie*, for they fal  
 Seldome or nere, that haue *light* to see *All*.

William the *Norman*, surnam'd *Conquerer*,  
 By his successful *sworde* having subdude  
 This compound *Nation* (weake through *civil war*) Brittan, Sax-  
 The *Conquest* hee so thorowly pursude on, Dane.  
 As that an admirable *peace* ensude:  
 This fierce *Invader* with resistlesse *force*  
 Dissolu'd the *state* and made the *Multitude*  
 To liue by *Lawes*, which *Lawyers* yet enforce,  
 Which, of all former *lawes* did crosse the *course*.

Hee pull'd vp all that might pul downe his *state*,  
*Supplanting*, or *transplanting* ev'rie *plant*  
 that might proue *poison* to his frolicke *fate*;  
 And *planting* in their *place* (ere *Plants* did want)  
 Such as were *holosome*, or lesse discrepant:  
 So that no *Brittaine*, *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *all*,  
 Could to this day his *Offspring* here supplant,  
 But *they haue, doe, and still continue shall*,  
 Vntill this *Kingdome* from her *selfe* doth fall.

Willia Duke  
of Normandy.

Others harms  
teachvs to sinū  
what caused  
them.

It is a glorious  
matter to cō-  
quer, but a  
much more  
glorious to vse  
the Conquest  
well.

The way to e-  
stablish a state  
purchased  
with the sword

A consequent  
of removing  
great ones in  
a newe-con-  
quered king-  
dome.

30 And odde  
descences of  
Kings and  
Queens since  
the conquest.

It was no little worke, nor *wisedome* lesse,  
From so smal *wealth*, and *powre* which he possesse,  
Not onely such a *people* to suppressse,  
But erst at *ods*, to make them liue in *rest*  
For ten *descents* twice tolde and more at least;  
Not as a *Nation* mixt, but most *intire*,  
And with new *Lordes*, new *Lawes* the land invest,  
Which straight extinguiſh might *ſeditious* fire,  
And keepe *Ambition* downe that would aspire.

As this of this  
Conqueror.

France.

Our glory &  
shame.

For vvhoe so reacheth vvith his *ſworde* a *Crowne*,  
If *head*, and *hand*, vve not \*like *government*,  
The reeling *Crowne* may ſoone be overthrowne,  
Though it (perhaps) be propt by *Parliament*:  
VVitneſſe our *Conqueſts* in the *Continent*:  
That vv ere more *glorious*, then *commodious*,  
Because we made the *ſword* the *instrument*  
Onely to make our ſelues *viſtorious*,  
But not to keepe vvhat made vs *glorious*.

Avarice and  
Pride the per-  
verters of  
Peace.  
It is meermad-  
nes to truſt  
the Crown in  
their handes:  
that long to  
put it on their  
owne heads.  
Rich taken  
prisoner in  
Austria.

From *VWilliam*, vnto *Edward*, *Longſhancks* nam'd,  
*Turmoiles*, and *Byals*, to that *ſtate* incident,  
That is not thoroughly *ſtaide*, the *Land* inflam'd;  
For no *peace* is ſo ſure or permanent,  
But *Avarice* or *Pride* makes turbulent.  
*Richard* the firſt, transported by deſire  
To helpe to conquere *Iurie*, thether went;  
And made his brother *Iohn*, *Regent* intire;  
Who did *uſurpe* the *Crowne* ere his *retire*.  
In which *returne*, hee vv as tane *Prisoner*  
In *Austria*, from whence b'ing *ranſomed*,  
Hee repoſſeſt his *Crowne*; but in the warre  
He made (when he his *Crowne* recovered)

Vpon



Vpon his *focs*, he *life* surrendered.  
The end of *Kings* thus causing their owne *griefe*  
To leaue their *crownes* lo neere anothers *Head*;  
A pleasant *pray* enticeth many a *Theefe*,  
And who' i bee *second*, when he may be *chiefe*.

The sincerest  
minds may be  
tempted aboue  
their strength  
by the glit-  
tering glosse of  
a crown lying  
within reach.

Neither did *John* escape the heauie *hand*  
Of iust *Revenge*, to all *Vsurpers* due;  
In whose dire *Raigne*, two *curfes* crost the *Land*,  
*Gods*, and the *churches*, which made *all* to rue,  
For ceaselesse *Troubles* did thereon ensue:  
And in conclusion his *life* hee lost;  
For *vengeance* to the *ende* did him pursue;  
So, al his *life* hee beeing *turn'd* and *lost*,  
Before his *time* gaue vp his tired *Ghost*.

The Pope in-  
terdicted the  
land.

By poison as  
some saie.

But to descend to *Longshankes*, in whose *time*  
The *common-wealth* (fast rooted) gan 'to sprout,  
And by this *Piller* to high *State* 'did clime,  
For he was *prudent*, *paine*full, *valiant*, *stout*,  
And dextrously his *bus'nesse* brought about:  
He wisely waide how incommodioufly  
The *Conquests* stooode archiv'd the *Land* without,  
Therefore he bent his *powre*, and *industry*,  
It to reduce into a \* *Monarchie*.

Edward I.

All kings that  
thought for  
thrived the  
better.  
\* Wā Scotlād.

On *Vales*, and *Scotland* he that *powre* imploide,  
Reducing both to his obedience;  
And long might one the other haue enioy'd  
Without hart-burning inbred *difference*:  
If hee had vs'd *King VWilliams* dilligence:  
Prosperous he was *abroade*, and iust at *home*,  
A no lesse *vertuous*, then a *valiant Prince*,  
Leaving his *Sonne* (that next supplide his rome)  
A demonstration what doth *kings* become.

That which is  
got e with the  
Sword must so  
bee maintai-  
ned, which lit-  
tle instrument  
can remooue  
Obstacles bee  
they never so  
great, or keep  
them downe  
that wold rise  
without pers-  
mission.

<sup>a</sup> To rule is as much as to amend that which is amiss or awry.

<sup>b</sup> A Prince once in obloquie, doe hee wel, or ill, al is ill taken of his subiects  
Tacitus Hist. Simil.

<sup>c</sup> Claw-backs, and Sing-foothers.

<sup>d</sup> The more wealth, the more woo, if evil employed.  
Edward 3.

<sup>e</sup> The divine Vengeance sleepe not though it wincks.

Edward his *Sonne*, succeeded him in *Rule*,  
But not in <sup>a</sup> *Rules*, by which he rul'd aright,  
Who being seduc'd by *Masters of Misrule*,  
Referr'd the *government* to their *oresight*,  
Who, *all* orefaw, but *what* advance them might:  
Vntill their *rapine*, and *ambition*,  
The loue of *all* from their <sup>b</sup> *Liege* parted quight;  
So that the *Sire* assail'd was by the *Sonne*,  
And being *subdu'd*, was murth' red in *Prison*.

A direfull *end* to *Kinges* misguided, due;  
Who like to *figg-Trees* growing on the side  
Of some *steepe Rocke*, doe feede none but a crue  
Of *Crowes* and <sup>c</sup> *Kites*, which on their *Toppes* do ride,  
And plume on them (base *Birds*) on ev'ry side:  
A *States* abundance, if it manag'd be  
By a lascivious *King*, which *Slaves* misguide,  
Subverts the <sup>d</sup> *State* which *Kinges* cannot foresee,  
When they are compast with ill *Companee*.

Edward the third, was most victorious,  
In all *attempts* and *Actions* fortunate,  
No lesse *indicious* then *valorous*,  
Yet were his *Conquests* hurtfull to his *State*,  
For they the same did but debilitate:  
So that when through his *ages* feeble plight,  
And this ore-racked *Realmes* most poore estate,  
The *Synnewes* of the *warre* were cracked quight,  
His wonted *fortunes* then plaide least in fight.

His *Fathers* blood with never-ceasing *cries*  
Filling Th' *almighties* iust al-hearing *Eares*,  
Importunes *Vengeance*, which with *Argus Eyes*  
VVatcheth his shaking *house* for many <sup>e</sup> *yeares*,

And

And to his *Sonnes Sonne* fearefully appeares:  
 Disastrous <sup>f</sup>*Richard* second of that name,  
 Pestred with *plagues*, and ceaselesse cause of *feares*,  
 (Through his *misrule*) can well averre the same,  
 VVho did the *forme* of this *State* quite vnframe.

<sup>f</sup>Richard of  
 Burdeaux.

He, like his *Grandfire* great, great *troubles* rais'd  
 Through his more great *oppressions*, and *excesse*:  
 He lov'd and praised none that *vertue* prais'd;  
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 VVho, blest a *few*, that *few* or *none* did blese:  
*Edward*, and *Richard*, second of their *names*,  
 (The *last*, the *first* did second in *distresse*)  
*Both* over-ruled were by base *past-shames*,  
 So *Both* alike, lost *Kingdome*, *Life*, and *fames*.

<sup>g</sup> One evil cor-  
 rupteth ano-  
 ther and evill  
 put to evill is  
 cause of mutu-  
 all destructiō.

And if there be *wrench* in this *Paralell*,  
 It is in that one had a sory *Sonne*,  
 The *other* a like *Cousin* to compell  
 Him yeeld his *Crowne*, before his *Daies* were done,  
 VVhich were abridg'd (as *Edwards*) in *Prison*:  
 But, if this *King* had not so *childish* bin  
 VVhen *Mowbray* peacht th' *Vsurper*, of *Treason*,  
 He might haue bin secure from al his *Kin*:  
 But blinded *Iudgment* is the *hire* of *Sinne*.

Thus fares it with weake *Kings*, and *Cousins* stronge;  
*Richard*, lies *naked* clothed with his <sup>h</sup> *gore*,  
 Exposed to the *view* of *old* and *yonge*,  
 A woefull *Spectacle*, if not much more  
 For *Kings* that live, as he had liv'd before:  
 But though *Examples* (freshly bleeding yet)  
 Doe *Cave* crie, (or rather lowde doe rore,)  
 Yet *Kings* thus *clawde*, where they doe *ytche*, forgett  
 The future *paine*, on present <sup>i</sup> *pleasure* sett.

<sup>h</sup> God exe-  
 cutes his owne  
 iustice by the  
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 thers.

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 sures take a-  
 way the  
 thought of fu-  
 ture paine.

Hen-

Henry 4.  
 A King  
 shou'd be able  
 to counsell as  
 chiefe coun-  
 cellor and di-  
 rect as chiefe  
 Captaine.

*Henry the fourth, which thus vsurpt the Crowne,*  
*Of all Vsurers had the best successe.*  
*For, he was provident to hold his owne,*  
*And for the Common-wealth he was no lesse:*  
*In Field, and Towne, he would direct the Presse;*  
*Chiefe Captaine, and chiefe Councillor was he*  
*Who rul'd in height of Wisedome, and Prowesse;*  
*Into obscurest Treasons he could see,*  
*And if they Were, soone cause them not to Bee.*

*This held him Kinge as long as life he held,*  
*Which was as long as Nature gaue him leave;*  
*And courage gaue the Scepter wel to weld*  
*Vnto his Sonne to whome he both did leave,*  
*Who, did accordingly the same receave:*  
*He rul'd as did his Sire, in Wisedomes strength,*  
*And heigh of Valor, which he eke did give;*  
*Who caught fast hold on fleeting France at length,*  
*„But weak Arms loose, what ere the ströng Arme geint'h.*

Henry 5.

*And now as rowled from a tedious Sleepe,*  
*(After this Kinge with glorie was interr'd)*  
*The Divine Vengeance gan againe to peepe*  
*Vpon his Sonne, that longe had bin deferr'd;*  
*The Cries of Richards blood now well are heard:*  
*And silly Henry (though a Saint he bee)*  
*Must beare the plagues his Grandfires guilt incurr'd,*  
*When he imbrude his hands, or did agree*  
*To have his Sou'raignes bloud shedd savaglee.*

1 Vengeance  
 attends the 3.  
 and 4 genera-  
 tion of merci-  
 lesse māquel-  
 lers.

Henry 6.

*His Vncles (more like Fathers) first he looeth,*  
*Then by a woman most improvident*  
*He is ore rul'd, for shee of all dispoeth,*  
*Till Hate and Factions ore-grew government.*

Then,



Then Richard Duke of Yorke in *Parliament*  
 Claimed the *Scepter*, (being so ill swai'd)  
 Where was examin'd his *claime*, and *descent*,  
 And then gaue waie to it, when *all* was wai'd;  
 So, filly *Henry* was by *law* betrai'd.

Rich. Duke of  
 York claimed  
 the crowne in  
 Parliament.

The *title* of Duke Richard thus admitted,  
 But an *Vsurper* needes must make the *King*;  
 Yet it was decreed that he should bee permitted  
 For *life* to hold the *Crowne* which *death* doth bring  
 When as the *Crowne* is held as no such \* thing:  
 Making the *Duke* by *Act* of *Parliament*  
 His *Heire apparant*, without altering,  
 Which for them both was most malevolent,  
 For hardly can one *Crowne*, two *Kings* content.

\*No king, if  
 but halfe one.

This was a fond conspiring *Parliament*  
 Against their *Liege* directlie, and the *Lawes*;  
 No lesse *disloyall*, then *improvident*,  
 And of *effectes* most bloudie was the *cause*;  
 For, now the *King* his *Friendes* together drawes,  
 VVho, for his safetie straight began to lay,  
 VVhich could not be without the fearefull *Pawse*  
 Of *Yorke* (that *Lion*) cleane were \* cut away,  
 Downe must his *Den*, his *Howse* must haue no *stay*.

The fruites  
 springing frō  
 the powe of  
 Parliamēts to  
 make Kings  
 in England.  
 \*Germanicus,  
 because one  
 or two in the  
 Army had on-  
 ly a purpose to  
 salute him by  
 the name of  
 Emperor, was  
 never wel  
 brooked til by  
 his own death  
 he had paid  
 the price of o-  
 ther mēs rash-  
 nes. Tac Hist.  
 \*No wisdom  
 prevailes a-  
 gainst Gods  
 decree.  
 Edward. 4.

VVho like him *selfe* (beeing truely *Leonine*)  
 Stood on his *strength*, so to defeate his *foes*;  
 And having *wisedome* truelie *serpentine*  
 Still *compassing* about the *crowne* he goes,  
 VVhom *Henry* tripping in his *course* \* orethroes:  
 But his *Sonne* *Edward* kept the *claime* a *foote*  
 Vntill that *civill* bloud the *Land* oreflowes;  
 VVho, in conclusion, pull'd vp by the roote  
 All *Lets*, & got th'imbrued *crowne* with *mickle* boot.

\* The effects  
of civil warre:  
for looke how  
much Peace  
is better then  
warr, so much  
is forraine in-  
vasion better  
then civill dis-  
tention.

Whilst this was doing, the *Realme* was *undunne*,  
The *Common-wealth*, became a *Common-woe*;  
*Justice*, and *government* by *Rogues* ore runne,  
The *Ministers* whereof tost too and fro  
Like *foote-balls* over which al men may <sup>a</sup> goe:  
All was quite out of *square*, by *squaring* thus;  
The *Ground* did grone enforc'd to vndergoe,  
Continued *Armies* (most contentious)  
That made the *State* poore, as prodigious.

\* Civill warre  
ten les to the  
preiulice of  
the yet vn-  
borne.

This *Claim*e was wel examin'd, and admitted,  
Here was *Succeſſion* wel established,  
What *villanie* was not thereby committed?  
What *vertue* was not quite abolished?  
And who so *high* that were not drown'd in *dread*?  
*Tonge*, *olde*, *rich*, *poore*, and *Babes* vnborne, <sup>b</sup> or borne,  
*Beaſts*, & things senselesse had cause *Teares* to shedd,  
For all hereby away perforce were worne,  
And far'd at least, as *Creatures* most forlorne.

\* Kings hau-  
ses yeld ma-  
ny such Ver-  
mine.

Woe woorth such vip'rous <sup>c</sup> *Consins* that wil rend  
Their *Mothers* wombe (the *Cōmon-wealth*) to raigne;  
From such *apparant-Heires* God vs defend,  
That care not who doe *lose* so they may *gaine*:  
And long may *Hee* in *peace* the *Crowne* sustaine,  
That for our *peace*, & *his* such *Heires* hath brought;  
We all of late for *such* did stil complaine;  
Then now sith we haue such, and cost vs nought,  
Let's *thankfull* be and *know* them as we ought.

\* For a poore  
and hungry  
Army cannot  
observe mili-  
tary disciplin  
Caliodorus.

As *Pow'r* doth want, so *Claimes*, & *Factions* <sup>d</sup> cease;  
*Might* *Right* orecomes, chiefly in *Kingdoms* *claimes*;  
*Pow'r* *Titles* stirrs, and *Conquest* makes their peace:  
The *Sword* the *Law* (how firme soever) maymes.

Which

Which at a *Conquest* (though vnlawful) aymes:  
 Though *Prince*, and *Peeres*, provide for future *rule*,  
*Ambition* hardly her estate disclaimes,  
 Though for a time the *Lawes* her over-rule,  
 Yet when *time* serues, the *Law* shee wil \* misrule.

Our *State* stands not on *Armes* as *others* doe;  
 Our *force* lies most dispersed at the *Plow*,  
 Vnready, rude, and oft rebellious † too,  
 Whose *Sun-burnt Necks* oft rather breake the bow,  
 Not caring *whom*, ne *what* they doe allow:  
 These and such like enduced our late *Prince*  
 Such *motions* vtterly to disallowe,  
 For this, and many an inconvenience,  
 Whereof all *Times* affoord experience.

This made this careful *Queene* as knowing well,  
 (By fortie fīue yeares *prooffe*, and her sharpe sight  
 Into *events*, whereof al *Stories* tell)  
 How safe to *rule*, and keepe the *State* vpright,  
 For her *rights* sake, right close to keepe this ‡ right:  
 Better (she thought) such *Hēires* two daies old  
 Then two yeares, and as strong in *Law*, and *Fight*:  
 So, lou'd her *States* life, and her owne to hold,  
 And made her *Hart* that *Heires* securest *Hold*.

But sith shee did conclude this great *affaire*,  
 Both *Law*, and *Conscience*, doe conclude the *State*;  
 And who resists (by birth) that lawful *Heire*,  
 Resists the lawful *Sov'raigne Maiestrate*,  
 Made both by birth and *Law* from iust *estate*:  
*Monarchicall*-inheritance resides  
 In *him* from *her*, <sup>h</sup> then, who doth violate  
*Obedience* to him wounds the tender sides  
 Of *Law* and *Conscience*, and al good besides.

\* Ambition vpon the least opportunitie sett's vp what so ere hinders hir rising  
 † More cōmon weales are ruined for want of good obayers, the good commanders.

‡ Jealousy is glued to loue and to a Crowne.

<sup>h</sup> Birth, Bequest, Laws of God, Nature, Nations, and Reason, together with all kingly worthines makes good our now kings possession.



**E**dward the fourth thus hauing caught the *Crown*,  
 The weake *Lancastrians* drave to the wall,  
 And spared *none*, till *all* were overthrowne  
 That might lie in his waie to make him fall:  
 His<sup>1</sup> *Brother Clarence* (ô *Crime Capitall*!)  
 He did *rebaptize* in a *Butt of VVine*,  
 Being ielous of him (how soere *Loiall*)  
 A *Turkish* providence most *indiuine*;  
 Yet *Crownes* wil rest on *such*, ere their decline.

<sup>1</sup>Neereneffe  
 of blood doth  
 oft put hartes  
 furthest a sun-  
 der, in King-  
 domes cases.

\* The Lawe it  
 selfe will ra-  
 ther admitt a  
 mischief the  
 an inconveni-  
 ence.

<sup>1</sup>He alwaies  
 shal be sus-  
 pected & hated  
 of the Prince  
 in possession  
 who men doe  
 account wor-  
 thy or like to  
 be Prince in  
 succession.  
 Tacitus Hist.  
 The Valor &  
 fierce courage  
 of the great  
 Cousin, dis-  
 pleaseth the  
 ielous Sove-  
 raigne. Tacit.  
<sup>m</sup>All crafty &  
 Achitophell-  
 like counceles,  
 are in shewe  
 pleasant, in  
 execution  
 hard, and in  
 event deadly  
 dangerous.

Besides, a sliding and new-fangled *Nation*  
 Full of *Rebellion* and *Disloyaltie*,  
 May cause a *Prince* for his securer *Station*  
 To stand vpon the like *extremitie*  
 VVhere *Virtue* hath no place of certenty.  
 VVhat *Prince* (if providēt) wil stick to straine  
 Both *Law* and *Conscience* in secrefye  
 To cutt one *Mēber*<sup>k</sup> off, that letts his *raigne*,  
 VVhich the *states Body* doth in *health* maintaine?

The more *perfection* and Heroick worth  
 Such *Heires*, great *Cousines*, or great *Subiects* haue;  
 The more the *Multitude* wil sett them<sup>1</sup> forth  
 And more and more their *rule* they seeke and craue;  
 Then must we lose a *part* the *vvhole* to saue:  
 These haue *Achitophells* to egge them on  
 And make them much more restlesse then a *wave*,  
 Vntil their *Soveraignes* they sett vpon  
 To make them yeeld vp their *Dominion*.

Manie a busie- *Head* by *VVords* and *Deeds*  
 Put in their *Heads* how they may cōpasse<sup>m</sup> *Crownes*,  
 That *Crownes* at last may compasse so their *Heads*  
 And sitt victoriously on stedfast *Thrones*:

All these like humming Bees ensue those Drones;  
To gather *Hony* if they chance to rest,  
And store themselves with sweete <sup>n</sup> *provisions*,  
VVhilst the *Crown-greedy Cousine* in vnrest  
Lives but for them with *feares* and *cares* oppress.

Now though *King Edward* (like a wary Prince)  
To remoue *Obstacles* bent all his *might*;  
Yet could no *skill* or *humane providence*  
Protect his *Sonnes* from their *Protectors* spight:  
*Who as he seru'd King Henry, seru'd them right.*  
The blood of *Innocents* on *Innocents*  
VVith heavy *vengeance* mixte, amaine doth light:  
*Thus, Innocents are plagu'd for the N<sup>o</sup>cents*  
Such are the *High'sts* inscrutable <sup>o</sup> *iudgments*.

And as He murdred *Henrie* for his *Crowne*;  
So for their *Crowne* were his *Sonnes* <sup>p</sup> murdered,  
By hardest *Harts* in softest *Bedd* of *Downe*  
they were (deere *Harts*) at once quite smothered,  
VVhich some ignoble *Nobles* <sup>a</sup> furthered:  
And, rather then they should not die by force,  
Or want a *VVant-grace* to performe the *Deede*,  
their *Vncle* and *Protector* must perforce  
their *Crowne* from *Head*, and *Head* frō *Life* divorce.

Now vp is *Richard*, (*Monster*, not a *Man*)  
Vpon the Royal *Throne* that reeling stood;  
Now *Rule* doth <sup>r</sup> end, when he to *rule* began,  
VVho being perfect *ill*, destroy'd the *Good*,  
And like an *Horseleeche* liv'd by sucking *blood*.  
Now as desire of *Rule* more *bloody* was.  
In *Yorke* then *Lancaster*, so did the flud  
Of *Divine Vengeance* more in *Yorke* surpasse:  
For to maine *Sens* of *blood*, *Blood-Brookes* repasse.

\* A *Baker* out  
peace is in ci-  
vill discord, &  
his discord is  
in peace.

\* Gods Iudg-  
ments are in-  
scrutable but  
none vnjust.  
† Iustice equal  
in quality, &  
quantity for  
Henry 6. and  
his Sonne  
were murde-  
red. &c.  
‡ Man ought  
not to vse mā  
prodigally.  
Seneca.  
Richard 3.  
§ Vnder this  
King, to do ill  
was: not al-  
waies safe, &  
alwaies vn-  
safe to doe well, as  
Tacitus re-  
ports of Ne-  
ros raigne.  
Princes that  
tyrannously  
governe their  
people haue  
greater cause  
to feare good  
men then the  
that bee evil.

They which *Bloud-sucking Richard* (swolne with sucking *Bloud*)  
 cōtē: peace When *Horsleeche*-like he had his bloody pray,  
 and covet ho- Away fals hee in *bloud* bemir'd with *Mud*,  
 nour, doe lose Making his *Nephewes* vther him the way.  
 both peace & honor.

For from his *crowne* the *crowne* was cut away.

A good cause *Henrie* the seventh's keene-edg'd victorious *Sword*  
 in publikewar Slipt twixt both *Crownes* vnto his *Crownes* decay,  
 (like the Cape And got the *Crowne* that was much more assur'd  
 Bone) spei) cō- *Which* hee to *his*, and *his* to *theirs* affoord.  
 ducts to the  
 lād of triumph

Men. 7.

*God* amongst *Men*, no *King* but demi-*God*  
*Henrie* the seventh the *Scepter* takes in hand,  
 Who with it (as with *Moses* powrefull *Rod*)  
 Turn'd *streames* of *civill bloud* that soakt this *land*  
 To *silver streames*, that ran on *Golden sand*:  
 He turned *Swords* to *Mattocks*, *Speares* to *Spades*,  
 And bound vp all vnbound, in *peaces Band*,  
 Who draue the erst long *idle* to their *Trades*,  
 And chang'd iniurious *Swords*, to *Iustice-Blades*.

A good prince  
 mak: war that  
 hee may haue  
 peace, and en-  
 dures labor in  
 hope of rest.  
 Salust.

No more *Plantagenet*, but *The wdor* now  
 Sits in the *Kingdomes* late vnstable *Seate*:

Ecclef. 5. 8.

\* Where *God*  
 is praised mēs  
 endeavors are  
 blessed.

\* Two things  
 doe establish  
 the *Throns* of  
 kings prudēce  
 & pietie, the  
 one apear-  
 ing in their *Acti-*  
 ons, the other  
 in their man-  
 ners.

1. King. 3. 12.

*Plow-men* praise *God*, and *God* doth \* speed the *Plow*,  
 For such a *King* that makes their *Crops* compleate,  
 And multiplies their *herdes* of *sheepe* and *Neate*:  
 Vpon *Ambitions* *Necke* hee sets his *foote*  
 Keeping her vnder; \* And amongst the *Whete*  
 He puls vp *Darnell* dulie by the roote,  
 And nought neglects that may his *Kingdome* boote.

This *Salomon* lookt into *High* and *Low*,  
 And knew all from the *Cedar* to the *shrub*;  
 He bare the *sworde* that gaue a bitter blow  
 As well to *Cedars*, as the lowest *stub*

That



That in the *course* of *Iustice* prou'd a *Rub*:  
*Wisedome* and *Prowesse* did exalt his *Throne*,  
*Iustice* and *Mercie* propt it, which did curb  
Those that would shake it, so that he alone  
Did rule the *Roast* that all did liue vpon.

He, (vertuous *King*) still fear'd the *King of Kings*  
With louing *fear*, that made him *Lion-bold*.  
He ordred *things* as pleal'd the *Thing of Things*,  
Like *David*, that of him his *Crowne* did hold,  
That on his *Throne* his *Ofspring* doth vphold:  
Laden with *happinesse*, and blessed *daies*,  
His *Realme* repleat with *blesings* manifold;  
This prosp'rous *Prince* (to his immortall *praise*)  
Left *Life*, *Realme*, *Children*, all at happy *staies*.

Then no lesse fear'd, then famous *Henry*,  
(That had a sacred *Cesar* in his pay)  
With some-what more then mortall *Maiestie*,  
Sits on the *Throne* (that *hands* diuine did stay)  
As *Heire apparant*, and the *state* doth sway:  
He weilds the *sword* with his victorious *hands*  
That the whole *Continent* doth fore affray,  
Wherewith he makes to crouch the *Neighbor lands*  
Which in a manner lie at his *commands*.

Hee was as *circumspect*, as *provident*,  
And by his *Fathers* obseruation  
Did right well know, what kinde of *government*  
Was fitt'st for this vnkinde revolting *Nation*:  
Well knew *hee* how to part a *Combination*  
That stood not with the *state*, or his *availe*;  
And if he were severe for *reformation*,  
T'was *Emperik*-like, that knew what it did aile,  
So, kill the *cause* lest all the *Whole* should faile.

Homer fa-  
neth all the  
Gods to sleep  
except Iupiter  
implying ther  
by the care of  
a good King  
for his subiects

Princes ought  
to measure  
their Actions  
by the stan-  
dard of their  
Laws; as this  
did.

Hen 8.

His sword was  
so succesfull  
as made his  
neighbours  
glad of his  
friendship, &  
feareful of his  
indignation.

Mercie may  
haue her ex-  
celsie in huma  
things.  
Clemency is  
most daunge-  
rous where &  
whē soft quiet  
dealing draw-  
eth on more  
evil then seve-  
rity.

His

His forraine *Varres*, and famous *Victories*  
 More glorious were then for our *Contrie* good:  
 For, such *Vars* haue these *inconueniences*,  
 They make vs spend our *Treasures* with our *bloud*,  
 Where both are cast \* away in likelyhood,  
 When wars abroad drinke vp our wealth at home,  
 The fire must out, when spent is all the wood;  
 And if nought from without come in the wombe  
 The Body needes must die by *Natures* dombe.

\* Forrain Co-  
 questes were  
 costly in achi-  
 ving costly in  
 holding, & oft  
 no lesse costly  
 then dishono-  
 rable in for-  
 going

The wealth hee prest from *Monastries* suppress  
 With the *Revennues*, which to them pertain'd,  
 The Crowne possessest, but hee it dispossessest  
 With open Hand; which, had they, still remain'd  
 T'had bin aloft; for lesse hath *Crownes* sustain'd.  
*Lone, Reliefe, Subsedie*, and such as these  
 Might (for the *subiects* scale) haue bin refrain'd:  
 The *crownes* *Revennues* such might well releafe,  
 And haue maintain'd the state in warre and peace.

\* In liberal lar-  
 ges to his  
 friends & ser-  
 vants,

If these had still bin *adiuncts* of the crowne,  
 And all that hold them hold as of the same;  
 Our *Kings* might warre with *Tenants* of their owne,  
 Who would *unprest* haue yet bin prest for shame  
 To follow their *Liege-land-lords* by that name.  
 The Crowne then, like a *Condite* neuer dry,  
 Stil might haue stream'd (to th'owners endles fame)  
*Rivers* of *Riches* vnto Low and by  
 That well deserv'd of King or Contery.

Our *Kinges*  
 might haue  
 had a double  
 intrest in their  
*subiectes*.

Those *harts*, whose life their *Liege* should thus main-  
 (No lesse then *bodies* to their *souls* are bound) (tain  
 Should haue bin tied vnto their *Soueraigne*  
 To goe with him at ev'ry needfull Sound,

And

And in their *service* bin most faithfull found.  
*But that, that shalbe, shalbe.* That high hand  
 that all disposeth, thus did it \* confound  
 For purposes which hardly can be scand,  
 But for the *Crowne* ill, how ere for the *Land*.

The hearts of  
 Kings are in  
 his hands  
 that disposeth  
 all things to  
 effect his in-  
 evitable de-  
 crees.

Hee, *Cesar*-like in's *fortunes* confident,  
 Ere first he crost the *Seas* to warre with *France*,  
 The *Marquesse* of *Exceter* made *Regent*  
 And *Heire* apparant; but no ill by chance  
 Ensu'd till he did him quite \* disadvantage:  
 Hee had forgot the direfull *Tragedie*  
 Of the sixth *Henry*, and like *heires* apparance:  
 But more advi'd, he held it *policie*  
 to spare that *heire* till more necessitie.

Beheaded him

He knew it was  
 not the speech  
 of a wise man  
 to say, who  
 would haue  
 thought it?

When he had cleer'd the *coast*, and clen'd the *waie*,  
 Of all that lay in *either* to molest,  
 And having put the *state* in perfect *staie*,  
 He with his *Fathers* laid him downe to rest,  
 And left a *Sonne* in whom the *Land* was blest:  
 VWho being *yong*, could not yet stirre the *sterne*,  
 But rul'd by thole his *fire* esteemed best;  
 And while the vertuous *King* to *rule* did learne,  
 His *Realme* (misrul'd) in *vp-rore* did discerne.

Edw. 6.

Heere raign'd *Ambition*, like *Obedience* clad,  
 There rul'd *Sedition*, in *Concordes* coate;  
 And *here* and *there* *Rebellion* rag'd as mad,  
 And ev'ry where the *Common-wealth* did floate  
 Like to an halfe-suncke tempest-beaten *Boate*:  
 Each for him *selfe*, no one for *King* or *Sate*,  
 Vpon the *VVedge* of *Gold* the best did doate,  
 All stood as falling still in each *estate*,  
*Knights* giving *Earles*, *Earles* giving *Dukes* the *Mate*.

Simil.



<sup>a</sup> For private  
good.

Many a *Demas* then forsooke poore *Paule*;  
In Summe, the *Summe* of all was out of square,  
And yet (strange *Paradox*) at square was all,  
None *Compasse* kept, yet <sup>a</sup> compassing they are,  
And *Circumvention* held *discretions* care:  
Thus whilst the *Sov'raign's* in *minoritie*,  
Each would be *sov'raigne* that about him were;  
The small in *grace* strave for *majority*,  
And *Youth* with *Age* for *Seniority*.

<sup>b</sup> Disorder mo  
ther of Con-  
fusion.

*Disorder* thus dividing the whole <sup>b</sup> *State*,  
And subdividing those *divisions*;  
The *Lord* of *Love*, to show his vrged *Hate*,  
Tooke the wrong'd *Kinge* from his *Dominions*,

<sup>c</sup> Sedition the  
plague of per-  
vertnesse.

And left the *Land* fir'd with <sup>c</sup> *seditions*:  
By *Angells* hands this *Kinge* Angelicall,  
(*A* one of high *Iehovahs* *Minions*)

<sup>d</sup> Fortune oft  
reserveth to  
the hardest  
chance, them  
who she advā-  
ceth to the  
greatest dig-  
nity.

Was borne from this *Nation* vnnaturall,  
That vengeance on it, so, might freely fall.

The fortunate  
cannot doe ill  
it they would.

No sooner had the *Heavens* seis'd his *Soule*,  
But a left *hand* began to seize the *Crowne*;  
Which seisure a right *hand* did soone controule,  
And *Wrong* that would aspire, *Right* straight putts <sup>d</sup>  
Which fatally in fine was overthrone: (downe;

<sup>e</sup> He is made  
wise too late  
that is made  
wise by his  
owne harme  
and irrecove-  
rable losse.

Yet was that *Wrong* made *Right* by their consents  
That were to see that each one had his owne;  
But *Hesit'n* dispolet *Earth* and her intents,  
And *Earth* gainst *Heav'n* oppos'd, too late <sup>e</sup> repents.

<sup>f</sup> Depart from  
thine enemies  
and beware of  
thy friends.  
Eccle. 6. 13.

Who trusts in *Men* in whome was never <sup>f</sup> trust  
(Except they were at warre with *Wealth* and *tate*)  
Few *Statesmen* such) shal see how much *distrust*  
Doth *Men* advantage, and prolongs their date;

*Trea-*

*Treason's in Trust*; *Repentance* comes to late:  
 When *Power's* deriv'd from *those* that are but *weake*  
 (*Weak* ev'ry way) it stands in desprate *state*:  
*Frailty* sticks not *fidelity* to<sup>b</sup> breake  
 VVhen it doth *favoure*, and *advantage* seeke.

<sup>a</sup> Frailty is full  
 of falshood.

In case of *Crownes* (when it our *Crownes* may cost,  
 If we misse holding when at them we catch)  
 It's deadly dangerous at al to trust,  
 Much more to trust<sup>b</sup> *all* that *advantage* watch  
 By thy *losse*, from *losse* themselves to dispatch:  
*Religion* cannot dwell in double<sup>i</sup> *harts*;  
 Such *Harts* haue *All* that with al *states* doe match:  
 Then where *Religion* sliderh, *promise* starts,  
 And feare of *perill*, worldly *friendshippe* parts.

<sup>b</sup> There is no  
 thing more  
 profitable to  
 mortall men  
 then distrust,  
 Euripides.

<sup>i</sup> They that  
 stand with all  
 worldes will  
 stand with no  
 world if the  
 world stand  
 not with the.  
 Queen Mary.

*Queene Mary* (for, she was that which shee was,  
 Namely our *Queene*, and neere to our late *Queene*)  
 Her faults in silence we will<sup>k</sup> overpasse;  
 Let them be buried with her, sith I weene  
 Sh'hath bin well *taxt* whole memorie is greene:  
 Shee now is *Crown'd*, and *Crown'd* to others cost;  
 VVith *Spaine* shee matches, being overseene,  
 Her *Kinge* forsakes her, *Calis* quite is lost,  
 All goes awry, which makes her yeeld the *Ghost*.

<sup>k</sup> Love covers  
 the multitude  
 of sins in our  
 neighbour  
 what shou'd it  
 doe the in our  
 Sovereignes  
 that haue  
 more meanes  
 & inducemets  
 to sin the pri-  
 vate persons.

<sup>l</sup> Queene Eli-  
 zabeth.

<sup>m</sup> All that vn-  
 derstand the  
 worth of blef-  
 sed Peace will  
 say Amen to a  
 praier for  
 Peace.

Now sacred<sup>l</sup> *Cynthi's* girt with silver *Orbe*  
 From out *Cimerian* Clouds of *Prisonment*,  
 (Faire *Queene* of *Chastity*) appear'd to curbe  
*Contention*, which oreranne this *Continent*;  
 And ioynd the same with *peacefull* government,  
 VVhich we doe yet *enjoy*, and long may wee;  
 The *cause* of it<sup>m</sup> possesse in all *Content*;  
 Amen say I, and all that *peacefull* bee  
 In him that saith *Amen* when all agree.

God will rather hear  
the Orisons of  
thē that pray  
for Peace, thē  
the Trūperts  
that pro-  
claime warres  
• So often wee  
play with  
Gods iudg-  
mēts because  
we feele not  
the force ther  
of, that at  
length (like  
the Fly in the  
flame) we are  
consumed of  
them.  
• Civill warre  
is farre worse  
then Tyranny  
or vniust iudg  
mēt • Plutarch.  
in Bruto.  
• Gods com-  
mandements.  
A Recapitula-  
tion of what  
hath bin dis-  
coursed touch-  
ing the Kings  
of England &  
their govern-  
ments.  
William Con-  
queror.  
• Vis vniū for-  
tior.

Pray for thy King (bleſt Ile) leſt that a *Change*  
A five-fold *change*, to *Deſolation* tend;  
Or thou made ſubiect to a Subiect ſtrange,  
Which may thy publike-weale in peeces rend,  
And make it private onely to the friend:  
*Gods Mill grindes ſlowly, but ſmall meale it makes.*  
Then praife him for thy peace and leſſe offend;  
Be not as *one* that ſtil occaſion takes  
To ſin the more, the more he peace pertakes.

Farre be it from *Religion*, to pretend  
*Obedience* whilſt it aymes at Princes ſpoile;  
Its not *Religion* Sovereignty to end,  
That *Servitude* thereby may keepe ° a coile,  
And for her freedome covett *Freedoms* foile.  
If *Kings Commands* do crosse the Divine will,  
In their diſcharge *Religion* muſt recoile,  
But not confound the *Charger*, for its ill;  
*And ill can never good<sup>r</sup> Commands fulfill.*

Now, briſfly t're collect what we haue ſedd  
Touching the *Actiōs* of theſe *Potētates*:  
In *William Conqueror's* conſidered  
How ſoone are conquered devided *States*;  
„ *For force diſioyned, ſmall force<sup>r</sup> ruins.*  
He, being deſirous to reteyne the *Pray*  
His *Sword* had purchas'd, it quite diſſipates;  
And like a *Chaos* at his feete it lay,  
To forme it as he liſted ev'ry way.

New Lords,  
new Lawes.

With the new *Kinge*, he gaue new *Lords* and *Laws*,  
Which curb'd the head-ſtrōg, & did yoke the *Wild*,  
Till *Diſobedience* with *obedience* drawes,  
And all as *one* to *one* and all did yeeld,

That



That *with* and *for* that *One* did winne the *field*:  
 VVho, finding his *possession* to bee *lure*  
 Did ease the *thralldome* wherein they were held,  
 And that which erst he wounded, he did *cure*;  
 And ev'ry waie their loves did then allure.

\* To hurt and  
 heale for  
 more health  
 is holsome.

Now are the *Kinge* and the *Nobility*  
 True *freinds*, and *fathers* to the *Common-weale*;  
 The *Commons* now obay *vnfeynedly*:  
 The *Victors* and the *Vanquished* doe feele  
 How much these *Corsses* deadly hatred heale:  
 Now all, being *whole* and *sound*, are made *intire*,  
 And all aboute, their *Liege* doth *Larges* deale,  
 By meanes whereof he hath his *harts* desire,  
 Whilst with his *love*, he thus sett's *harts* on fire.

\* Blessed is the  
 affliction that  
 procures grea-  
 ter perfection.

If he to *mercy* had the *Peeres* receav'd,  
 Or trusted to their *Oathes* (true *Fallacies*)  
 And so departed when *hee* had perceav'd  
 The *State* well *settled* leaving *Deputies*,  
 H'had lost the value of his *Victories*:  
 Ne had the *Land* bin free from *vvarrs* and *woes*,  
 That doe consort divided *Monarchies*;  
*Ireland* a woefull wittnesse is of those,  
 That for a *Conquests* want, wracks *Friends* and *Foes*.

\* Soone ripe,  
 soone rotten.

Omitting other *Princes*, to descend  
 To the first *Edward*, that did first refine  
 This *Common-weale*, and made the same ascend  
 VVhen through *mis-swaying* it seem'd to decline:  
 In whom we see the *Providence* diuine  
 VVorke by his *VVisedome*, *Valor*, *Industrie*,  
 Glorious *effects*, which in the *State* doe shine;  
 For *Hee* it made an *intire Monarchie*,  
 Which now remains so to *Posteritie*.

Edward . i.  
 Longshank's.

Edward.

Edw 2. Rich. 2 *Edward and Richard*, second of their names,  
 Hen. 6. Edw. 5. *V*With the sixth *Henry*, and the Infant *King*,  
 By these (bee't spoken not without their *blames*)  
 Is leene the dire and diverse altering  
 Of kingly *State*, through evill managing.  
 These beeing *childish, fraile, improvident*,  
 Laie open to <sup>a</sup> *Ambitions* canvaſing;  
 VWho (ſpying *time*) vſurpt their government  
 Making them *Mirrors* for *Kings* negligent.

<sup>a</sup> Ambition ga-  
thers reſtleſſe  
ſtrength in a  
Kings weak-  
neſſe.

The faults fore-mention'd in theſe hapleſſe *Kings*,  
 The vniuſt rule of thoſe that ruled *them*, (brings,  
 The *ſubieſts* ſtrength which *Sov'raignes* weakneſſe  
 A fatal *Potion* made for *King* and *Realme*,  
 Whereof they dranke a deadly draught extreme:  
*Kings* muſt be *Kings* indeede and not in ſhow,  
 Like as the *Sunne* is Actiue with his *Beame*;  
 For if they ſuffer *ſubieſts*, *Kings* to grow,  
*Kings* muſt bee ſlaues, and to their *ſubieſts* <sup>b</sup> bow.

Maieſty with-  
out magnani-  
mity is vnaſſu-  
red. Livie. 2.  
<sup>b</sup> I haue ſeene  
ſervants on hor-  
ſes, & Princes  
walking like  
ſervants on the  
ground. Eccl.  
10. 7.

Edw. 3. Hen. 4. *Edward* the third and *Henrie* Bullenbrooke,  
 Hen. 5. Edw. 4. *Henry* the fiſt, and the fourth *Edward*,  
 Theſe *Princes* were of *Fortune* nere forſooke,  
 Becauſe they governed with due regard;  
 And whiſt they watcht, they made the reſt to warde:  
 By others errors they did rule aright,  
 Who made their *ſubieſts* loving feare their garde:  
*Ambition* durſt be dam'd ere come in ſight,  
 Or but once moue her head to looke vpright.

Loving feare  
a ſure garde  
to Sovereigns

No kingdome  
free fro Am-  
bition.  
Kingdoms the  
objects of for-  
tune & Envy. *Kings* cannot ſafely raigne without *miſtruſt*,  
 Becauſe no *ſtate* without *Ambition* is,  
 Which ever hath her *Traine* (for ſo ſhee muſt)  
 To helpe to guide her, when ſhee guides amiſſe;

For

For shee is *blind*, and oft the way doth misse,  
 Impatient of *delay* in her *desire*,  
 Now running *that* waie and streight trying *this*;  
 Like to a restless ventlesse *Flame* of *fire*,  
 That faine would finde the way streight to aspire.

Simil.

There's <sup>a</sup> no *perfection* without some *defect*,  
 Yet may't be cur'd, or tolerable made;  
 Onely *Ambition* doth all *cure* reject,  
*Wealth* doth augment it, *want* makes it not fade;  
 And into *deeper* vnkowne in *both* t'will wade:  
 In *doing* well it is most *insolent*,  
 And nolesse *impudent* in *doing* bad,  
 Too wil'd to tame, and violently bent  
 With *Tooth* and *Naile* to catch at *government*.

• Perfection  
humane

Ambition a fore  
of the minde  
incurable.

The *Conquests* which these *Kings* in *France* obtain'd  
 (As *those* in *Scotland*) were by *others* lost:  
 "(For *Vice* will lose what is by *vertue* gain'd.)  
 Their keeping put the *state* to ceaselesse <sup>b</sup> cost,  
 Which lost the *Commons* (rag'd) being racked most;  
 And with *their* losse, the *King* lost many *friends*,  
 Which were as *Fortes* to guard his *Kingdoms* coast;  
 "But ill *beginnings* haue vnlucky *ends*,  
 And worse *proceeding*, worse in fine offends.

An inevitable  
in. cōvenience

In the last *Richard* may be <sup>c</sup>liuely scene  
*Ambition* really *annatomiz'd*;  
 Which orelooks *all*, and yet is overseene,  
 Advising *all*, yet none more vnadviz'd,  
 Destroying *all* till shee be sacrific'd:  
 Shee, <sup>a</sup> *Faith*, *Sex*, *Age*, *Blond*, *State*, and *Contery*,  
*Divine* and *humane* lawes (immortaliz'd)  
 Respects not, in respect of *Empery*,  
 All which appeer'd in this *King* copiously.

Richard. 3.

• Ambition  
would destroy  
al to be about  
all.

In



Hen. .7

In his Successor (*Englands Salomon*)  
 Are diverse things well worth the imitation  
 In our *states* policie: for he alone  
 Bent all his powres to benefit this *Nation*:  
 He saw our *forraine Conquests* ill probation,  
 And that for *Islanders* it was vnmeet  
 To spend their *wealth* for *forraine domination*,  
 Which was no sooner *fixed*, but did *flee*,  
 And did this *state* with ill *Salutes* regreete.

Vniust peace  
 is to be prefer  
 red before iust  
 warre Livie.  
 Yet open war  
 is more secure  
 the suspicious  
 peace. Tac. 4.  
 Hist.

Great heapes  
 are made of  
 many litle  
 thigs in peace,  
 & brought to  
 nothing in  
 warre.  
 Peace & good  
 government  
 the Parents of  
 Prosperity.

God selleth vs  
 riches for the  
 price of labor.

We are said to  
 be well backt  
 when we are  
 no worse fren  
 ded

He thought it *losse* to purchase \* *warre* and *hate*,  
 Where *loue* and *Traficke* might be helde with *gaines*,  
 He well remembred, how each *Runnagate*  
 And wandring *Nation*, here ran in amaine,  
 Making their *profit* of this *Nations* paine:  
 He saw the *safetie*, and \* *weale* of this *state*  
 Rested in *wealth* and *peace*, and *quiet raigne*,  
 And not in *forraine Conquests*, and *debate*,  
 Which haue as *short*, as most *uncertaine date*.  
 Through *Peace* and perfect *government* this *Land*  
 May in her rich \* *Commodities* abound,  
 Which may cōfirme the *Neighbor-friendships* band,  
 And intertrafficke with them, *tunne* for *pound*,  
 So make the *Landes* adiacent, to her *bound*:  
 Thus *God* is pleas'd, and *King* and *Contrey* cal'd,  
 The *Tradsmen* \* *thriue*, that *dearth* & *vars* cōfound,  
 The *People* are (as with great profit) pleas'd,  
 And *none*, but those that liue by *spoile*, displeas'd.

This prudent *Prince* perceav'd this *Common-weale*  
 To be by *Traficke* strong made in the \* *backe*,  
 So, as an *head* that *Members* 'wants doth feelee,  
 He leagu'd him, where might be suppli'd their lacke,

Or

Or be as walls to keepe the *Realme* from wrack:  
He seeing that (which he did often trie)  
The <sup>a</sup> *Money-Sacke*, best kept the *Land* from <sup>b</sup> sack;  
Therefore the *Angells* which from him did fly  
Had but short *wings*, and lighted but hard by.

Among the things which he did least regard,  
His *Belly* and his *Backe* were more then least;  
He fared wel, when so his <sup>c</sup> *Commons* far'd,  
(Although his *commons* were not of the best)  
Yet fared like a *King* without a *feast*;  
He rather chole to haue *Exchequers* <sup>d</sup> rich  
Then wealthy *Wardropps*; yet would well be drest  
When it his *Maieſtie* and *State* did touch;  
Yet held, save *Common-wealth*, all wealth too <sup>e</sup> much.

Where *Kings* be not in ceasleſſe guard of *Armes*  
(Like theſe of *ours*) the *State* lying open ſo  
T*in*vasion and *Rebellions* ſoddaine *harmes*,  
Let not the *King* looke *Friends* ſhould ſoile the *Foe*  
At their owne charge, for feare of *overtbro*.  
And in *tumultuous times* to breake their *backs*  
Will make them from their *Necks* the *yoke* to thro,  
And to be freed from ſuch tormenting *Racks*  
Wil ruine all, though them with al, it wracks.

Such great *improvidence* <sup>f</sup> and want of *heede*  
Unſeaſonable *Taxing* (*Tempting* rather)  
Hath made the *Soveraigne* with the *Subiect* bleed;  
Witneſſe the two laſt *Richards* among other,  
That knew how greevous *then* it was to gather:  
*Store* is no *Sore* (they ſay) except of <sup>g</sup> *Sores*,  
Yet tis ſore <sup>h</sup> *ſtore* with *hate* to heape together;  
*Hate* havocks in each hole in al *vprores*,  
As *Water* havocks *life* through all the *Pores*.

<sup>a</sup> Gold makes  
all in ſpreg  
nable.

<sup>b</sup> Money is the  
very ſinewes  
of a State.

Mucian.

<sup>c</sup> The good of  
the Subiects  
is the object  
of the good  
Prince.

<sup>d</sup> Money (ſaith  
Thucidides)  
makes weapōs  
forcible and  
profitable.

<sup>e</sup> Cy ſus was  
went to ſay, he  
heaped great  
treasures whē  
he enriched  
his friends &  
Subiects.

<sup>f</sup> Let *Kings*  
that deſire to  
live in peace,  
provide in  
time things  
neceſſary for  
warre.

<sup>g</sup> Tiberius of  
Constantino-  
ple accounted  
that for coun-  
terfet coyne,  
that was  
levied with  
Teares and  
cryings of the  
people.

<sup>h</sup> The bitings  
of enraged ne-  
ceſſitie are  
moſt dange-  
rous. Portius  
latro.

Hen. 7. a true  
Patterne of a  
wise and ver-  
tuous Prince.

This *spectacle* of *Kingly providence*  
Nere cloi'd the *subiect* with too great estate,  
Nor would he of a *Pesant* make a *Prince*;  
His best *belov'd* he held in sober *state*,  
That he might live with them without *debate*.  
Of all the *Kings* that ere this *Land* posselt,  
For *government* discrete and temperate,  
This *King* deseruedly is deemed *best*,  
And to be imitated *worthiest*.

Men. 8.

In his Triumphant most victorious *Son*  
*Henry* the last in *name*, and first in *fame*,  
Is to be seene great wisdom, vsd to shun  
*Crosse Accidents* and *courage* in the same:  
Yet some suppose, that he incurred *blame*  
For be'ng too open-handed in expence  
And *giftes* excessiue; but it is a shame  
For *Kings* not roially to recompence  
The rich desert of any *Excellence*.

Bounty doeth  
cover manie  
faults, & Aua-  
rice obliureth  
many vertues.

*Ingratitude* in all's most monstrous,  
But most of all in *roiall Maestie*,  
Wherein its more then most prodigious:  
*Munificence* makes great, *Authorities*;  
And standes with *Greatnesse* in great *politic*:  
The force of *Guifts* doth offer violence  
Even to savage *Inhumanity*,  
Forcing therefrom such loues 'obedience,  
As *singlie* workes with *double* diligence.

Guiftes doe  
superinduce  
the heart to  
loue.

He more re-  
spected honor  
then profit.

His forraine *Conquests* much more *famous* were  
Then any way *commodious* to this *state*,  
Yet them his a true *sp'rite* could not forbear;  
For *Cesar*-like he would predominate

Where



VWhere he had least iust *color* of estate:  
 In raising lowest *shrubs* to *Cedars* hie  
 He from his sage *Sire* did degenerate;  
 Yet *vertue* though it nere so low doth lie,  
 Is vvorthy of high *praise* and *dignitie*.

In the last *Edwards* and *Queene Maries* raigne  
 Is seene, what to those *States* is incident  
 VWhere *subiects* doe not feare their *Soveraigne*,  
 But strue to line beside their *Regiment*,  
 Contemning so their too-weake *government*:  
 This made the *Rebell* rise in *strength* and *pride*,  
 From *Sov'raignes* weaknesse taking couragement,  
 T'assault their *Gates*, led by a feeble *Guide*,  
 Shaking their *Thrones* a while from side to side.

Edward 6.  
 Q. Marie.

Contempt in  
 subiects is the  
 confusion of  
 government.

In our *Queenes* no lesse long then *peacefull* reigne  
 Blest (as appeer'd) by that blest *Prince of Peace*,  
 VVas seene much more then *wisedome feminine*,  
 If we respect how soone shee made to ceale  
 The *olde Religion* for the *oldes* increase:  
 That suddaine *change* that did the *soule* acquite  
 Of *olde devotion* (which *none* will release  
 Vpon the suddaine) still to stand in might,  
 May make a *Newter* deeme sh'was in the right.

Q. Elizabeth.

Act. 5. 35, 36,  
 37, 38, 39.

And now descend yee *spirites Angelicall*,  
 That, chargde, doe guard th' *Anointed* of your *Lorde*;  
 Crowne my *Liege Lord* with crowne *imperiall*,  
 And put into his *hand* the awfull *Sword*  
 Of *Iustice*; so, the *good* shall bee assur'd,  
 And so may yee bee freed from your *charge*,  
 VVhereby the *good* are evermore secur'd;  
 For, hee that *office* will for you discharge,  
 Sith *Iustice* *good mens* surance doth enlarge.

Blesse *him* o' ever-blessed *Vnion*,  
 Making a no lesse blessed *Trinitie*;  
 Blesse *him* as thou hast never blessed *one* .  
 That ever did possesse this *Monarchy*:  
 Showre downe thy *blesings* on his *family*:  
 The *blesings* of the *womb* giue to his *Quene*,  
 And let them as the *Sea-sand* multiplies;  
 That frō their roiall loines may still be seene  
 Heires, as the starres of heau'n, for store, and sheens.

Thus haue I breath'd my *Muse* in *Policie*,  
 Or rather runne her out of breath therein;  
 That so shee may with more facility  
 Runne ore the *rest* lesse difficult, vvherein  
 Shee hath much more then much delighted bin.  
 But *Policie* is but abu'd by me,  
 I doe but mangle her, and make her *sinne*:  
 But were shee whollie seene as shee should be,  
 Sh'would seeme no *daughter* of *Mortalitee*!

**R** Eturue my *Muse* frō whence thou hast digrest,  
 (To toile thy selfe in *States* deepe misteries)  
 And now directly prosecute the *rest*  
 Touching the *soules* yet vntoucht *faculties*:  
 VVee varied, where we toucht varieties  
 Of *dispositions* of the *soule* and *sp'rite*;  
 In touching which, vvee toucht these *Policies*  
 Wherein the *worldlie wise* so much delight,  
 Because *they* tend to rule the *VVorld* aright.

The Mindes  
 pleasures much  
 more pleasant  
 the corporal  
 delights.

The pleasures of the *Minde* (as erst vvas said)  
 As farre surmount all pleasures corporall,  
 As the *Minde* doth the *Bodie*, which is swaï'd  
 But by the *Minde*, with swaie *Monarchicall*;

Yet

Yet some base *bodies* keepe the *Minde* in thrall:  
 VVho doe f'extremely doate on *fleshy ioies*,  
 That they doe wish they had no *minde* at all,  
 That so they might not feele the *Mindes* annoies,  
 For those *delights* which *Flesh* and *Sprite* destroies.

These *Men-beastes* are as if they never were,  
 They burden but the *Earth*, yet are too light,  
 VVho liue to *lust*, yet streight away they weare,  
 (Like *Dew* against the *sunne* in highest height)  
 VVith *flesh*-consuming fleshly fraile delight.  
 These senseless *sponges* of *Improbability*,  
 Are full of *pleasure*, but it is vnright;  
 For *Gods* hand squizeth out their *idollitie*,  
 And fills their *Mindes* with reall *miserie*.

Sensuall persons are vesselless: burdens to the earth.

The *Minde*, her *pleasures* needs not intermit  
 And then retake them, as the *senses* must:  
 But changeth them as shee thinkes requisit,  
 (Sometimes the *iust*, for *pleasures* most *vnjust*,  
 So changing *Loue* too oft. to lothsome *Lust*)  
 Except the *powre*, from whence the *motion* springs  
 Be hindred by (and so betrai'd in trust)  
 Some let in th' *Organs*, vsd in her *workings*,  
 Which *VVines* excessse, and *sickness* often brings.

The senses soone weary of their pleasures.

But those *impediments* bee'ng tane away,  
 Shee, like a *River*, keepes her wonted course  
 In *motion* still, till shee bee at a stay  
 By some strong *Damme*; yet doth her selfe enforce  
 (Stil gath'ring *strength*, & *courage* from her *Sourse*)  
 To breake away through all *impediments*,  
 That so shee may imploy her wonted force  
 Vpon the *pleasures*, which her most contents,  
 Be they vaine *ioies*, or *diuine ravishments*.

Wine & sickness 2. Obstacles that lets the mindes actions. Simil.

Wee ought to propole nothing to the minde vnworthy of her.



Simil.

It then behoves vs to be wel advis'd  
 What *matter* we propose vnto our *minde*;  
 Or *good*, or *ill*, or *ill* with *good* disguiz'd:  
 For if shee should therein a liking finde,  
 Shee will thereto be evermore inclin'de:  
 Like some pure virgins, that nere knew the sport  
 That men doe yeeld them, in the kindest kinde,  
 Having once tasted it, are all amort  
 But when (though damn'd) they are at that disport.

If then we would cheere this ay-moving *mind*,  
 We must haue care, that that be perfect good  
 Which shee doth *chew* (how different e're in *kynd*)  
 For, corrupt *Aliments* breede corrupt *blood*;  
 And *blood* corrupted is *Confusions* flood:  
 But *sensuall pleasures* cannot please the *Sense*  
 Without being cloied, though they change their  
 For *Sense* sometimes must hold the in suspēce, (*mood*;  
 To sett an edge the while on her dull'd sence.

Sense must a-  
 while fo: bear  
 pleasures to  
 make them  
 more pleasur.  
 \* the pleasures  
 which sense  
 receiues from  
 naturall things  
 are more plea-  
 sant the those  
 frō Artificiall.

Likewise, the *pleasures* which we doe receave  
 From \* *Natures* works haue much more force, then  
 That we from *Artificiall things* conceaue: (those  
 For lett all *Artes* vnto our view expose  
 What *Arte* it selfe in each kinde can disclose,  
 They bring *satiety* soone with the sight;  
 But who is cloid to see a flowred *Cloise*, (dight,  
*Hills, Dales, Brooks, Meads, Woods, Groves*, all daintie  
*Sunne, Moone, and Stars*, & al in perfect *plight*?

For we, being *naturall*, doe best agree  
 With things in nature no lesse *naturall*;  
 Yet, to confesse a wel-know'n veritee,  
 Our often seeing these faire *Creatures* all

Doth

Doth make the pleasure much lesse \**Cordial*,  
 Herehence it is, that we doe lesse admire  
 The pow'r of that *Hand* supernaturall,  
 Which did this *al* with al these *Faires* attire;  
 And so not praise him, as his *workes* require.

\*Nothing vnder the Sūne  
 long cōtents:  
 therefore wee  
 should seeke  
 contentment  
 about the  
 Sunne.

Yet if a *Child*, confin'de t'a *Dungeon* deepe  
 Vntil he had attained *Manhoods* yeares,  
 Should on a *Sōmers*- day frō some high *steepe*  
 Vpon a suddaine see these glorious *Fayres*,  
 His *Eyes* would raviſht be, how ere his *Eares*;  
 For *Eares* ſhould ſolac'd be, as well as *Eyes*,  
 With the melodious\* nimble-winged *Quiers*;  
 Nay I ſuppoſe ſuch *ioy* would him ſurpriſe,  
 As he were plung'd in ioyes of *Paradize*.

\*Birdes.

But while he's *Dungeon'd*, let the expert'ſt *Tonge*  
 (That able were to create *Living wordes*) (*yonge*,  
 Paint out the *Earth* with quicke- *wordes*, great with  
 And though that *Fry* againe like *Spawne* affords,  
 And ev'ry one had pow'r to pierce like *Swords*  
 Into the nature of theſe *Rarities*,  
 To make him comprehend the higheſt *Lords*  
 Inferior'ſt *workes*, he could not well cōprize  
 the thouſandth part of *grace* which in the lies.

As when a *Man* (though with an *Angells* tongue)  
 Whilſt we are *Dungeon'd* in this *World* of *vve*,  
 Tels vs of *Heav'n*, and all that doth belonge  
 Vnto the ſtate of thoſe that thither go,  
 With words that from a well of *Viſdome* flo,  
 Yet tells he not the hundred thouſandth part  
 Of that rare *bliffe* which none on *Earth* can kno;  
 As good *Soules* wel perceave, whē hēce they \*part;  
 Which farr ſurmoũts the higheſt thoughts of *Hart*.

Simil.

\*None know  
 it but they  
 that feele it.

But

But herein's faulty this Comparison:  
 To *Mundane things* is fixt *satiety*,  
 But those blest *Things* that are aboue the *Sun*  
 Are priviledg'd from such deficiency;

<sup>a</sup> The proper-  
 tie of true fel-  
 city is alwaies  
 to content the  
 desire and ex-  
 clude feare.

For they are ful of all <sup>a</sup> *felicity*: (may,  
 The more they are beheld the more they  
 For they content *Desires* best-sighted *Eye*,  
 And please the more, because that *still* they stay;  
 "For true *ioyes* are compleate by their delay.

<sup>b</sup> St. Paule.

Aske that same third-*Heau'n*-rapt <sup>b</sup> *Saint*, what hee  
 Or what he *heard*, when he was raviſht ſo; (*saw*  
 Hee'l tell you (though moſt learn'd in ſacred *Law*  
 And no leſſe learn'd each way) he doth not kno,  
 The *ioye* thereof his *Senſe* did ſo oreſſo.  
 If then ſo great a *Clark*, ſo pure a *Saint*,  
 Being but in the *Heau'n*, two lofts belo,  
 Wants *words* the *ioye* thereof aright to paint,  
 Who can the higheſt *Heavens* bliſſe depaint?

Thus the *Affects* of *ioy* and *Griefe*, are giv'n  
 By him, that gives *all* onely to one end,  
 To weet, his *Glorie*, and *deſire* of *Heau'n*;  
*Ioje* to allure, and *Griefe* th' *Affects* to bend  
 From that which doth to *Griefe* and *Horror* rend.  
 Now then, to runne through other ſtrong *Affects*;  
 And to deſcend to *Love*, (that doth <sup>c</sup> deſcend)  
 Which is a *Paſſion* powrefull in *effects*  
 And chiefly the chief-*good* by kinde reſpects.

<sup>c</sup> Loue doth  
 deſcend not  
 aſcend.

When *Iudgment* hath alow'd a thing for *good*,  
 Shee forth-with renders it vnto the *VVill*,  
 Which doth embrace the ſame in ioyful moode,  
 Because it doth hir *Soules* deſire fulfill:

And



And when that *joy* (conceav'd) doth tarry still  
 Its called *Loue*, which doth the wil incline  
 To *simple good*, or *good* scarce toucht with *ill*:  
 Thus *Loue* is bredd or *humane* or *divine*,  
 Which in the *soule* like a faire *Flame* doth shine.

How love is  
bredd.

But *Loue*, that hath respect to any *thing*  
 Besides the *goodnes* of the *thing* belov'd,  
 Is rather *doating*, which doth *loathing* bring  
 Whē *things* therby desir'd are wel approv'd:  
 If *God* himselve bee for his *bounty* lov'd  
 And *onely* therefore, who doth loue him so  
 Doth loue him for his *goodnes*, by him prov'd,  
 Yea for that *goodnes* which to him doth flo,  
 Not for that *good* which he cannot forego.

Doating  
brings loa-  
thing.

Who loveth vs for his owne *goodnesse* sake,  
 And for no *good* in vs, (for we have none)  
 We should loue him, not for he did vs<sup>a</sup> make,  
 But for his *goodnesse* onely and alone,  
 And loue al *goodnesse*, for, and in that *One*:  
 A *father* loues his *sonne*, not in regard  
 Of any *gaine*, but for he is his *owne*;  
 Nor should a *Sonne*, his *Sire* loue for reward,  
 But for he is his *Sire* in *Nature* dear'd.

<sup>a</sup> God should  
simply be lo-  
ved for his  
own goodnes.

For, if we loue *ought* for the *good* we have  
 From it, we loue our *selves* more then the *same*,  
 Or loue *it* for our *selves*, our selues to save  
 From want of *that* which from it to vs came:  
 So such loue is *selfe-loue*, which *Love* doth blame:  
 But we must loue the *Lord of Love* for *love*;  
 Nay, though he hate vs, we must love his *name*,  
 Sith to make *man*<sup>b</sup> *Loue* onely did him move  
 But to loue him againe for *Mannes* behove.

It is selfe-loue  
to love God  
for his bounty  
towards vs  
onely.  
<sup>b</sup> Loue made  
vs to loue.

God is mans  
beginning &  
his end.

If then we weigh, by vvhhat *degrees* wee mount  
To him from vvhom our *soules* did first descend,  
We finde that as through *loue* (which doth surmoût)  
They came from him, so to him they ascende  
The selfe-same way, as to their proper *end*.  
For comming from *him*, they must *know* him needs;  
Aud knowing *him*, they needes must to him tend,  
But so they cannot, but by *loues* good-deedes;  
For what is not of *loue*, from *sinne* proceedes.

The order of  
loues progres

The order then, of the '*degrees* to *loue*  
Is, first vvee at *things corporall* beginne;  
For, our *birth* to that *Steppe* vs streight doth moue;  
Vnto our *outward senses* then wee rinne,  
To *Fancie* next, and so wee never linne  
Till through *Reas'n, Iudgement, Contemplation*,  
VVe come to *loue*, and so wee rest therein:  
But to descend by the selfe same *gradation*,  
And there to rest, descendeth to *damnation*.

For, to dismount from true *loues* loftie *pitch*  
(*Loue* of the *Hig'h'st*), so lowe as to *selfe-loue*,  
Is, *Sow-like*, to lie mired in the *ditch*  
Of lowest *Hell*, where we all *Sorowes* proue,  
And cannot for our *soules* from thence remoue  
Without kinde heav'nly *loues* all-helping *hand*;  
Which onely and alone hath powre to moue  
Our *Mindes* from *Earth* vnto the *Livings* Land,  
And breake the *linckes* of *selfe-loues* mortall Band.

He workes in  
vs both the  
will and the  
deede.

*Loue* makes an *Vnion* of *Diversitie*;  
If then wee loue *God*, *hee* and *wee* are *One*,  
*One* (although diverse) through true *amitie*;  
VVe loue *him* and our selues for *him* alone:

So

So may we loue our selues, as wee loue none.  
*Likeneſſe* breeds loue, which makes him loue vs ſo  
 Who made vs to his *Image*; and his *Sonne*  
 Aſſum'd our *ſhape*, which makes his loue the mo:  
 then, by like reaſon, wee ſhould loue him to.

Selfe-loue is  
 iuſtifiable whē  
 we loue our  
 ſelues for god  
 only.

The more his *Image* is renew'd in vs,  
 The more he loues vs, and wee loue the more;  
 Then to deforme the ſame's moſt odious,  
 And he deteſteth vs alone therefore,  
 VVhich makes vs likewiſe loath *him* and his *lore*:  
 All which proceedes from *diſſimilitude*,  
 For, *God* and *Beliall* are *foes* evermore;  
 Then ſith wee are with his faire *Forme* indu'd,  
 Let it by vs bee euermore renew'd.

For, *Beauty* is an vrgent cauſe of *Loue*;  
 If ſo, wee ſhould embrace the faireſt *Faire*  
 With loue that ſhould be farre all *loue* aboue,  
 Yea, die for loue, that *Loue* might *life* repaire,  
 And glorifie the ſame as *Beauties Heire*:  
 See wee an hue that mortall *beauty* ſtaines  
 (As doth the *Sunne* the *Moone* by his repaire)  
 This ſov'raigne *Beauty* all the glorie gaines,  
 Sith but a ſparke thereof the ſame ſuſtaines.

Beauty is a  
 ſpeciall cauſe  
 of loue.

God the Four  
 of all Beauty.

Then *Beauty* bluſh to glorie in thy *Blaze*,  
 And much more bluſh to blaze thy *glorie vaine*  
 With *coulers* freſh, to make fraile *eyes* to gaze,  
 And ſuch as cannot iudge of *coulers*, faire;  
 No *coulor* haſt thou ſo thy ſelfe to ſtaine:  
 The *beſt* is too too *bad*, and *bad's* the *Beſt*,  
 That without \* *coulor* doe their *face* ingraine:  
 In earneſt ſuch (I thinke) doe loue to *leſt*,  
 As *Chancer*, but my, *Muſe* will owe the reſt.

Painting the  
 face.

Without cou-  
 lor of Reaſon.



Outward argues inward beauty.

But *outward beauty* loue procures, because  
It argues th' inward beauty of the *Minde*;  
For *goodnes* is th' effect, *Beauty* the Cause,  
And both together commonly we finde;  
For *Nature* both together stil doth binde.  
A good *Complexions* disposition  
Is, for the most part, vertuously inclinde;  
But *Wemens* beauty by permission  
Being often tempted breeds suspition.

Sinne is conceived in the womb of concupiscence.

For hardly is *that* kept, that *many* craues,  
And *chastitie* with *beautie's* stil at strife;  
For, much more beautiful are *Frailties* *flanes*  
Thē (for the most part) they of vertuous life:  
And, alke a *man*, that hath a beautilous *wife*,  
How much he fears the fowle fal of his *faire*,  
Because that nothing in the *world's* more rise  
Then at *faire beauties* byding *mens* repaire;  
And where they *haüt*, they do not stil \* *repaire*.

\* They rather ruine then repaire the tender honors of women.

A well tempered body makes a like tempered mind ordinarily.

But this by *accident* is rather thus,  
Then any waie to *beauty* naturall;  
For it, by *Nature*, is most vertuous,  
Sith *Temper* good, to *Ill* are seldome thrall:  
For, *bodies* meerely are *Organicall*,  
Wheron the *mind* doth play al *parts* in one,  
If then they be in *tune*, most cordiall  
their *motiōs* must be needs, sith there is none  
That moues thē but the *minde* or *God* alone.

An vnchaste eie loues to looke vpon a light eie.

But for that *beauty* stil alures the *eie*,  
The *eie* the *hart*; the *hart* the *soule* & *Sprite*  
Of those, that on the same do chance to pry,  
Because it doth beheu'n them with delight:

This

This makes them instantly the same incite  
 to yeeld to *love*, or *lust*, and their *desire*;  
 then being subiect thus to restlesse fight  
 It oft enflames, and is enflam'd with *fire*,  
 That *Flesh* and *Sprite* makes but one *flame* intire.

How many may wee see distracted quight,  
 Or pyning liue, or rather dy with *paine*?  
 Yea some to spill themselves (with all despight)  
 For others *beautie* which they cannot gaine?  
 If *beauty* then so ore fraile *sense* doth raigne,  
*Sense*, being subiect to her *sov'raintie*  
 Doth lue and serue, her *favour* to obtaine,  
 With most impetuous importunitie,  
 Till shee as subiect, to her *Subiect* lie.

Beauty signio-  
 rizerth the  
 sense.  
 The beauty of  
 a Womā chee-  
 reth the face,  
 and a man  
 loues nothing  
 better. Eccl.  
 36.22.

And never times (except the *times* of old  
 For whole *corruption* al the *world* was drown'd)  
 But these curst *times* of ours, durst be so bold,  
 to make it common with *estates* renown'd  
 to court bright *beauty* \* *match'd*, as t'were *unbound*: \* *Maried*,  
 Call yee it *Courtshippe*? cal it what yee please  
 (though it be in *request*) it was not found  
 In chaster *times*; for oft it doth diseale  
 the *head* with *swellings* which nought can appease.

Mee thinks I see, (as I haue often scene)  
 A well-made *Male*, as male-content to stand  
 (In *silke* or *silver* clad right well-beseene)  
 VVringing a *match'd faire Female* by the hand,  
 VVhil't, in her *care*, he lets her vnderstand  
 How much shee ought to loue him for his loue;  
 Meane while hard by stands *Patience* the Husband,  
 And lets *Temptation* his weake *vessell* proue,  
 VVhich in his sight her vnscene *Spright* doth moue.

Adultery Lux-  
 ury, wanton-  
 nesse, sloth,  
 Pride, &c. are  
 sins in Specie,  
 the Genus to  
 all these is  
 Caro.

Its prettie *pastime* so to passe the time,  
 It savoures of good *breeding*, and good *VVitt*:  
 The *Howres* are made more pleasant by this *Chime*,  
 Who would not stil to here the same stil sitt,  
 Although a *man* transformed were by it?  
 O tis a iolly matter to give eare,  
 Nay to give leaue to *Musicke* in her fitt:  
 He is a *Beast* that wil not then forbear  
 Though he thereby be made a *Beast* to beare.

4. Kindes of  
 divine furie.

1.

Foure kinds of *divine fury* are obseru'd,  
 The *first* (and first by right) *Prophetical*,  
 Which by *Apollo* is rul'd, and conserv'd;

2.

The *next* by *Bacchus*, called *Mistickal*;

3.

The *third* by *Muses*, hight *Poeticall*;

4.

The *fourth* and last, by *Venus* governed,  
 Is call'd the *Fury Amatoriall*;

Which doe inferre, that *Love* is borne and bredd  
 Without the breach of *Natures* Maidenhedd.

Loues force is  
 vnutterable.

What *force* it hath, is better felt then showne,  
 For *VVords* cannot expresse the *force* of *loue*;  
 Call we it *Love* or *Lust*, it is well known  
 It hath the *force* of both, the *Heart* to move;  
 Which *these* can testifie that it did prove:  
*Semiramis* (whole *Vertue* past compare)  
 This furious *Passion* her did so remoue  
 From that shee was; that lusting to reshare  
 Hir *Sonne*, her *Sonne* her *Threed* of *Life* did share.

• Alexander  
 Mag.

The *Macedonian Philipps* peerelesse *Sonne*,  
 That over-ranne the *VVorld* with *Sword* and *Fire*,  
 This flaming *fury* yet did so ore runne,  
 That for his *Thau* (that kindled his *desire*)

He



He burnt <sup>b</sup> *Persepolis*, sans-cause of fire:  
Yea, did not onely that fowle fact command,  
But with his *Hands* he lab' red (as for *hire*)  
To burne the *buildings* which as yet did stand,  
Till he had laid al level with the *Land*.

A *VVonder* worthy of all wonderment,  
That he that foil'd what ere his *force* withstood,  
Should bee thus foil'd, and made a *President*  
Of *Lusts* fell *force*, which so enflam'd his *Blood*  
That made his *Flesh* *Wild-Fire* in likelyhood:  
A *Man* by *woman*, a *King* by a *Queane*  
To be so overcome through *Lustfull* moode,  
(Being so *effeminate* and most *obscene*)  
Argues, in *Loue* and *Lust* there is no *meane*.

Loue is lawles

Strange are th' effects of *Lust*. For, *Men* with *Men*  
Nay, *Man* with *Beast*: A *Sinne* not to be toucht  
So much as with the *Tongue*, much lesse with *Pen*,  
And least of all with *that* too oft bewicht,  
With loue of *that* which is by *Nature* grutcht:  
*Lust* is so blinde that it cannot discern  
A *Man* from *Beast*, (how ever beastly coucht)  
But doth a *Man*-beast moue (though *Nature* yerne)  
The tricks of *Beasts*, with lothsome *Beasts* to learne.

Graue *Xenophon* lov'd *Clinias* in this kinde;  
So as hee crav'd of *Ioue* when *Clinias* di'de,  
That (if he might see *him*, and still be blinde,  
Or not see *him*, and still be perfect *Eyde*)  
He rather mought the want of *sight* abide  
To see *him* once, then still to haue his sight  
And not see *him*; See see how blinde a *Guide*  
Is lothsome *Lust*, that leades *men* so vnright,  
As for her pleasure so themselves to spight.

Lust is blinde.

*Semiramis* an *Horse* (ô brutish *Lust*!)  
 Did lust to haue (ô môstrous *Mare* humane!)  
*Pasiphaë* long'd for a *Bull* to thrust  
 Her from a woman to a Cow vncleane:  
 And *Cyparissus* made an *Hynde* the meane  
 To coole his *courage*; *Aristomachus*  
 A silly *Bee* would haue to be his *Queene*.  
*Lust* whither wilt? wilt be so monstrous  
 To long for *Bees* that be but moates to vs?

Such lovers  
 are as sensles  
 as the stones  
 which they  
 loue.

*Publius Pilatus* fell in lusting loue  
 With *Hellens Image*; and *Pigmalion*  
 For his owne *Picture* did like *passion* prove.  
 Damn'd *Lust* what pleasure prov'd'st thou in a *stone*  
 that's cold by *kind*, as *Snow* on *Libanon*?  
 To tell the *Mischiefes*, *Spoiles*, & *Masacres*,  
 By *hate* effected, though through *loue* begun,  
 Were but to tell the *number* of the *Starrs*;  
 For *Lust* and *Mischeife* are ioynt *passengers*.

Lust is most  
 willfull.

*Troy* might (perhappes) haue stooode vnto this *Age*,  
 Had *Lust* not laid it leuell with the *plaines*;  
 And *seas* of *Blood* spent in that ten yeares *Siege*  
 Might still haue kept the *Chanells* of the *Faynes*:  
 But lewde *Lust* is so loose that shee restraines  
 Her will in nought, though it bringes *all* to nought:  
 Shee pleasure takes in *pleasure* causing *paines*;  
 For by her painfull pleasures such are wrought,  
 Yet on such *pleasures* shee doth fixe her *thought*.

Shee will not let the *Thoughts* so much as prie  
 A *minutes* space, on *ought*, but what shee loues;  
 Shee (*Tirant*) captivates the *Fantasy*,  
 So that it cannot stirre till shee it moves:

Or

Or if it doe shee forth-with it removes.

My *Fancies Mistress*, saith some *flame* to *Lust*,  
Is my *Thoughts* Heau'n: So swallowed with his *Loues*  
Are all his *Thoughts*; and though as dry as *Dust*  
He lusts to please his *loue* with loue vniust.

For this, al that pertaines, must be in *print*,  
*VVeeds*, *VVords*, *Lookes*, *Loks*, in *print*, not one awry,  
Whose *Motions* must be currant for the *Mynt*;  
His *glances* must keepe iust time with her *Eye*,  
And seeme to die, se'ng her rich beauties *dye*:  
Yet with a *carefull carelesse* he must  
Avoide the *hate* which too much *love* doth buy,  
And loue no more then may provoke to *lust*;  
These are their loue-*tricks*, *trickes* of loue vniust.

O toile in-  
rollerable!

One makes an *Idoll* of his *Mistris* *Glove*,  
And offers (thrice a day at least) a *Kisse*  
Vnto each *finger*, so to show his loue;  
Another her *Haire-Bracelett* makes his *blisse*,  
And *Night* and *Day* t'adore it wil not misse.  
These *Fancies*, *fancie* doe with *kindnes* cloy,  
*VVitt* nere, in *loue*, taught *Pupill* so of his,  
(As saith the *Book*) but doth his *powres* imploy  
With *kindnesse* coy, to winne his witty *Toy*.

Quoth *Spe-*  
*culation*.

Whist *Muse*, be mute; wilt thou like *Naso* proue,  
And interlace thy *Lynes* with *levity*?  
Wilt thou add *Precepts* to the *Arte* of *Loue*,  
And show thy *vertue* in such *vanity*?  
So to polute thy purer *Poesy*! (much)  
No more, no more, ynough, (if not too  
Is ledd already of this *Mystery*;  
My *Conscience* at the same doth (grieving) grutch,  
But let it goe this once, with but this *Touch*.

A a

And



Beauty prom-  
iseth more  
honesty then  
deformity.

And how-soere *Beauty* may bee abus'd,  
It promiseth more *good* then *shapelesnesse*:  
If it proue otherwise, its thus excus'd;  
The *Highest* to shew that *good-guifts* (more or lesse)  
Proceede from him, and not from *Natures* largesse,  
Lets *beauty* fal, and soile it selfe with sinne,  
VVhich is more dam'd if *beauty* it doth blesse,  
As *Vertue* is most faire, that blest hath bin  
VVith *beauty* being resident therein.

3. Causes of  
loue. viz. Plea-  
sant, p. ofita-  
ble, & honest.

But *loue*, that *Beautie* breedeth, is threefold,  
According to three *objects* of that *loue*,  
All faire, some good, which thus we may vnfold;  
The *Pleasant*, and the *Profitable* mooue  
As doth the *Honest*, true *loue*, which vve proue:  
The *first* concerneth things that please the *Sense*,  
1 As *beautie*, and at what the *sense* doth roue;  
2 The *second* hath to *welfare* reference;  
3 The *third* and last to *Iustice* and *Prudence*.

The *first* and *second* kinds of *lust* or *loue*,  
Among the *Perturbations* may be put,  
Sith they so many ill *affections* moue  
That make *mans* life to be in *Sorrow* shut,  
VVhich like a *Razor* off the same doth cut:  
But *loue* of *honest things* is vertuous,  
And from *mans praises* takes away the *But*;  
It shows the *Minde* is right magnanimous;  
'For that's most *great*, that is most gracious.

Perfect loue.

This *loue* is kindled by that heav'nly *Flame*  
That like fine *Gold*, doth purifie the *Sp'rite*,  
And like it selfe (transmuted) makes the same  
*Good, gracious, holy, wise, iust, clear, & bright,*

Glo.

Glory'ng in *him* that makes her *glory* right:  
This is the loue of *beauty* most extreame  
VVherein celestial *soules* doe most delight;  
Of *loue* that feedes the *Sp'rite* it is the *creame*  
Inful'd by *Iustice* Sonnes inlightning *Beame*.

God, the Ex-  
chequer of  
Beauty.

This *loue* resembles that of *Seraphins*,  
VVho burne in loue of the *extremest Good*;  
And makes *Men* like the sacred *Cherubins*  
Still priuileg'd from *outward charge*; whose *moode*  
Is stil t'attend on *LOVES Trin-union-hood*.  
This *loue*, this *beauty*, (Loue of vertuous *things*  
Whose *beauty* flowes from diuine *beauties Flud*)  
Doth make *Men Gods* among the mighti'ft *Kings*,  
And *Kings* with highest *God*, in high'ft *dwellings*.

*Goodnesse* is *Beauties* Mother, and true *Loues*;  
*Beauty* and *loue* are both bred in one *VVombe*:  
Then *loue* and *beautie* stil it much behoues  
to tend to *Goodnesse*, as vnto the *Tombe*  
that must at *last* for ever them enwombe.  
But there are diuerse *loues*, and *beauties* mo,  
According to the *creatures* all or *some*  
Proceeding from that *LOVE* and *BEAVTY*, who  
Sheds both on *things* aboue, and *things* belo.

Goodnesse is  
mother to  
loue & beauty

Fowre special *beauties*, *Goodnesse* hath created;  
The *first* is that, whereby the *Minde* and *Sp'rite*  
Hath *VVit* and *Vnderstanding* in them seated:  
The *second*, them adornes with *Knowledge* bright  
that mounts the *Minde* to *Contemplations* height;  
The *third*, in *seede* preserving *mortall things*;  
The *last* in *corp'rall things* that *sense* delight:  
*Science* the *Soule* to *Contemplation* brings,  
But her to *things* materiall *Fancie* flings.

Goodnesse hath  
made 4 espe-  
ciall beauties.

1

2

3

4

The little consideration we haue of Gods goodnesse towards vs, is the cause of our coldnesse in loue to him

Yet, did the *soule* but weigh how shee is bound  
 To her *Creator*, for his matchlesse loue;  
 Shee would from thence (by *Reason*) soone rebound,  
 And wholly stil contemplate *things* about:  
 For this, his loue requitleesse doth approue;  
 He gaue her *being*, meere of free *grace*  
 Before shee *Was*, or could his *mercie* moue;  
 Then if shee loue him, her loue is but base  
 Compar'd with *his* that made her what shee *was*.

Who giues a *Gift* much more affection shees  
 Then the *Receauer* for it can bewray;  
 The *giver* giues, beeing free to giue or choose,  
 But the *Receauer's* bound to loue alway:  
 Yet, if the *giver* giues to th'end to *pray*,  
 Its not of *Loue*, but *Lucre*, (loth'd of *Loue*);  
 GOD cannot giue so, in whom *all* doth stay:  
 But *Men* giue *thanks* for *Blessings* which they proue,  
 And god thereby to giue them *more* doe moue.

The loue that is bought is stark nought.

Such *loue* in *giver* and *receiver* both  
 Is meere merc'nary corrupt, and base,  
 Which hatefull *loue* the Lord of *loue* doth loth,  
 And from such *lovers* turnes his loving *face*,  
 As from false *Hypocrites*, abusing *grace*:  
 But true *loves* scope, is (in a gracious *moode*)  
 To loue all those that *Mercie* shoulde embrace,  
 Respecting nought, but to streame forth the *flud*  
 Of *goodnesse*, which it hath for others good.

For *loue* is free, and freely would be lov'd;  
 Its a *tiue*, like a *Flame* in operation;  
 Saue that, like *fire* it is not 'upwardes' mou'd,  
 But doth *descende* by *Reasons* computation,

For



For such *descent* on *Reason* hath foundation:  
 the *Sire* doth loue the *Sonne*, more then the *Sonne*  
 Doth loue the *Sire*, because by *generation*  
*Part* of the *Sire* into the *Sonne* doth runne,  
 But no part of the *Sonne* in *Sire* doth wonne.

A natural rea-  
 son why loue  
 descendeth.

Sith *loue* in nature stil doth thus *descende*,  
 God loues man more then *Man* his god can loue;  
 For *Man* proceedes from god who is his *ende*;  
 But God from *Man* likewise cannot remoue,  
 For *Man* is *finite*, and in god doth moue:  
 This made him loue *Men* when they were his *foes*,  
 And for their loues a *world* of *woe* did proue:  
 Therefore hee's *Fount* of *Loue* whence all *loue* floe  
 Which *loues* for *hate*, and *hate* doth *loue*-dispose.

In him we liue  
 move, & haue  
 our being.

Now, how to loue this *VVell* of *loue* the more  
*Loue* doth direct, by kindling the *Desire*  
 Truly to *know* and *minde* it evermore;  
 Both which so sets the *soules* frame all on fire,  
 That it is made one *flame* of *loue* intire:  
 the more wee *know* it, it the more wee *minde*;  
 The more wee *minde* it, it wee more *require*;  
 The more we *seeke*, the more wee it doe *finde*,  
 And being *fount*, it quite doth *lose* the *Minde*.

To know gods  
 loue is the  
 way to make  
 Man loue.

For then the *Mindes* no more that which it was,  
 For to this *loue* it's transubstantiate,  
 To weete, as neere as *loue* can bring to passe  
 Its ev'n the selfe-same *thing* immaculate,  
 And like this *LOVE*, this *loue* doth contemplate;  
 Reiecting *all* that would inveagle it  
 to loue ought els, and stil doth meditate  
 To loue nought els, and bends all powres of *wit*  
 to make it selfe for this *Loue* onely fit.

\* All true loue  
is either amor  
Coeli or amor  
Seculi, this of  
our neigh-  
boure, that, of  
God.

As there is no  
loue without  
faith, so there  
is no faith  
without loue.

Loue, of all  
humane Affe-  
ctions is, the  
most puissant  
& passionate.

<sup>b</sup> Loue is the  
Bond that  
vnites God &  
man.

\* Brothers by  
redemption  
ought to be  
more neere &  
deere to each  
other, the Bro-  
thers by crea-  
tion.

Thus *Sinners* may turne *Seraphins* by <sup>a</sup> *Loue*,  
wounding with *Loue-shafts* Gods hart (pure alone;)  
So, as the *ones hart* to the *others* moue  
As twixt them al there were no *Hart* but *one*:  
This is to lye next the chiefe *Corner-stone*  
In the *Church-militant*, (*Triumphant* rather,)  
For God and *man* this *Loue* doth so attone  
As doth, nay more then *loue* doth *Sonne* and *Father*;  
For *loue* makes both intire still altogether.

For *Loue* doth graue (though in an *Hart* of *Brasse*)  
The *forme* of the *Beloued* in the *Hart*,  
So that a *Lovers Hart* is like a *Glasfe*  
Where the *Belou'd* is seene in ev'ry part;  
So, in Gods Hart w'are graven by *Loves Arte*,  
And in our harts *Loue* doth his *forme* ingrave;  
Thus interchang'd we eithers *forme* impart  
To others liking by the <sup>b</sup> *Loue* we have,  
And make the *Hart* the *Lodge* it to receave:

The *ende* or scope of *loue* is to *vnite*;  
The faster therefore it conglutinates  
Two harts, or of them makes an *union* right,  
So much the more her *vertue* shee elates,  
And perfectly her *kinde* effectuates:  
Then, *Loue* in God (in whom *Love* perfect is)  
His vertue so to *man* participates, (his;  
That they become <sup>c</sup> *one* through that *loue* of  
For *Man* partakes his *Image* and his *Blisse*.

But *man* (meere *Chaos* of extreame *Defect*)  
Doth loue, but loveth onely in *desire*:  
He longs (perhapps) to loue with al effect,  
That God and *he* thereby might be *intire*,

Wherto

Whereto his leaden *loue* would faine aspire;  
 From which *desire* proceeds a pleasant *paine*,  
 Pleasant, in that it setts the *soule* on *fire*  
 With *loue* so good; and *paine* it breeds again,  
 For that it hath not, what it would haue fain.

In good de-  
 fires there is  
 pleasure and  
 paine.

But what is lacking in *Mans* loue, the same  
 God doth supply out of his boundlesse *loue*;  
 And makes *Mā's* loue therby a working *flame*,  
 Which to presse through al *Presures* stil doth prove,  
 And towards God (her *Spheare*) doth ever move:  
 This *Flame* doth melt the *marrow* of the *Sp'rite*  
 Making it *liquid* sooner to remove  
 In't *Mercies* Mould, where its reform'd aright,  
 And made *intire* with \* *LOVE*, true *loues* delight. \* God.

For when the *lover* loues himselfe no more,  
 But the *Beloved* in whom he abides,  
 Or, if he loue himselfe, it is *therefore*  
 To weet, for that he in his *loue* resides;  
 Then *Loue* is pure, & at high'st *pitch* besides.  
 But such high *Raptures* are too rarely found,  
 In fraile *humanity*, that on *Earth* bides;  
 Though *loue* the *soule* therefore perhaps may wound  
 Yet stil t'wil be to the owne *Body* bound.

When loue is  
 in the height  
 of perfection.

How shal I *end* with everlasting *Loue*,  
 To ease my *Reader* tir'd with heavy *lines*?  
 Vnto this *Labarinth* of *Loue* (I prove)  
 The *Author* (*LOVE*) no *comming out* assignes;  
 Yet rest I may, though it my *Muse* confines:  
 As *Zeuxis* drue a *vaile* (with curious skill)  
 Ore that, hee wanted skill t'expresse by *Lines*;  
 So I the like in *Loue* must now fulfill,  
 And leave the *Reader* to thinke what he will.

Now



**N**OW may we range next to the *Ranke* of *loue*  
 Other *Affections*, and to doe it right  
 We must place *Favoure* there, by which w' approve  
 Of some thing wherein we conceave delight,  
 For that it's good in *deede* or so in *sight*:  
 Herein *Loues obligation* doth commence;  
 Yet *favoure* may haue *force* where *loue* lacks *might*,  
 But without *Favoure*, *Loue* is a non *E N S*;  
 For, *Favoure* waites vpon *Loues* excellence.

Howe *favoure*  
 is bredd.

Then *Reverence* with *Favour* we may *Ranke*,  
 Bredd by comparing some high *Dignitie*  
 With some inferior *State* (that *Fortune* sanck)  
 Which then is in it's *right* especially,  
 When extreame *feare* and *Hatred* come not ny:  
 For though in *Rev'rence*, *Feare* and *Shamefastnesse*,  
 VVith *moderation* doe obscurely lye;  
 Yet *Feare* (by some *Ill* caus'd) *Good* doth suppress,  
 Still seene in *that* which breeds our *humblenesse*.

Reverence  
 springs from  
 powre and  
 goodnesse.

True *rev'rence* therefore beare we vnto *God*  
 Who is *all good*, as he *almightie* is;  
 For, fear'd we nought but his revenging *Redd*,  
 Our *Rev'rence*, would be turn'd to *hate* by this:  
 Then *Rev'rence* growes from *pow'r* and *grace* of his;  
 And, who so ere with them he most endowes,  
 Of *Rev'rence* from lesse *Rev'rend* cannot misse:  
 For *Rev'rence* *Pow'r* and *Goodnesse* still ensues,  
 And the *lesse* *worthie* to the *better* bowes.

For when we eie the vertue, *pow'r*, and *grace*,  
 Of the most *Noble*, (true'y called so)  
 And looke vpon our selves, and weigh how base  
 VVe are compar'd with them, then bend we lo

As

As vnto them that vs in good out-go.  
 For, as *selfe-liking* doth enlarge the *Hart*,  
 Or puffe it vp (like *Bladders* which we blo)  
 So it contractts it selfe in ev'ry part,  
 When we see *others* passe vs in desart.

Simil.

Then as we rev'rence god for *goodnesse* more,  
 Then for his *might*, and awfull *Maiesty*;  
 So, if we would be rev'renc't of the *Low'r*,  
 We must surmount them in that *ex'lency*—  
 That makes vs most resemble *Dēity*:  
 For whereas *Goodnesse* doth associate *Might*,  
 There the most *Insolent*, most rev'rently  
 (Though otherwise repleat with al *Dispight*)  
 VVill doe their *Homage* freely with delight.

We reverence  
 God more for  
 his goodnesse  
 then for his  
 powre.

For *homage*, *fealty*, and *honor*, are  
 To sacred *Vertue* due by *Natures* Law:  
*Honor* we owe to *Vertue* (though but bare)  
 and *Vertue* matcht with *might* doth *Re-v'rence* draw.  
 Then *Honor*, *Reverence*, and loving awe  
 Are due to *Maieſtie*; and *that* is due  
 to *Magistrats* that *Men* frō *Vice* with-draw,  
 And make them *Vertue* eagerly ensue,  
*Themselves* therin be'ng *Leaders* of the *Crue*.

To whom ho-  
 nor and reve-  
 rence are due  
 vpon Earth

The last *Affects* to *Love* subordinate  
 Arc *Mercy* and *Compassion*; these are they  
 VVhich make vs (like *God*) to commiserate  
 the *miseries* of those that still decay,  
 Or are at point to perish without stay.  
 these, these, bewraie that we are *Members* quick  
 Of that same *Bodie*, whose *Head* doth bewray  
 that they are *Members* mortifide, or sick  
 VVhich feele no *paines*, that fellow-*members* prick.

Mercy and  
 compassion,  
 Affects flow-  
 ing from loue

Loue hath  
nothing in  
private.

These make vs make the *hand* of the *distrest*  
Our *Mucke* and Earthly *Mammons* continent,  
Yea make vs make the *Orphanes* home our *Brest*,  
And our right *Arme* the *Widdowes* Sustinent;  
And all that want, our *All* them to content.  
O that these were more frequent then they are  
With those that doe our *Churches* so frequent!  
*For damnd*s *Devotion* that will nothing spare,  
*But for selfe-comfort* altogether care.

Man made of  
earth.

These, *Colledges* and *Hospitals* erect,  
And both endow with copious *maintenance*;  
These are so prevalent in their effect,  
That they vnto the *Heav'ns* doe \* *Earth* advance,  
Wherein there is no *want* or *sufferance*:  
These doe *forgiue*, as gladly as they *giue*,  
Vnto their *foes* miscarried by *Mischance*;  
These *good* and *bad* (like *God*) in *lacke* relieue,  
“For *Mercies* *Bowels* melt when *anie* grieue.

Compassiō ex  
tendeth her  
vertue to man  
and beast.

These *Bridges* builde ore *Rivers* (*semi-Seas*)  
And turne deepe *VVaies* (though endlesse in extent)  
To *Cawseis* firme, for *Man* and *Beasts* more ease,  
And ev'ry *waie* provide for *bothes* content,  
Through fellow-feeling of their dryriment:  
These make their *VVaredrops* and the *Needies*, one,  
And their owne *Limbes*, *limbes* of the *impotent*;  
Ioy with the ioiefull, mone with them that mone  
And sigh in *soule*, when they in *Bodie* grone.

O that my *soule* could (as it gladly would)  
It selfe infuse into each *worde* or *line*  
That tendes to *Mercies* glorie, then it should  
(So as it ought) at least like *Phæbus* shine,



If not at most, bee more then most divine:  
 For, *Mercie* and *Iustice* are gods mightie *Armes*,  
 But he most *might* to *Mercie* doth assigne  
 As bee'ng the right *Arme*, holding all from *harmes*  
 Though *All* do fall through *Frailties* least *Alarmes*.

Mercy & Iu-  
 stice are gods  
 a'mightie  
 Armes.

*Mercie's* the true *Idea* of gods Soule,  
 Wherein his matchlesse *glorie* glitters most;  
 Which is of force his *Iustice* to controule:  
 For when in *Iustice* all that *are*, were lost,  
 Then *Mercie* them redeem'd, to *Iustice* cost;  
 The Lord of *Iustice* was vniustly slaine,  
 That *Mercie* might triumph, and iustly boast:  
 As *Loue* first made, so *Mercie* made againe  
*Man-kind*, that *sin* had mari'd with monstrous *stain*.

Gods Mercie  
 triumpheth o-  
 ver his Iustice  
 towards Man.

Sith *Mercie* then is of so high account,  
 Shee should bee most familer with the *Hy*:  
 For, *God* in mercy doth himselfe surmount,  
 That is, it doth himselfe most glorify:  
 So they that eie the *Poore* with *Pitties* eie,  
 And haue most *mercie* seated in their soule,  
 Draw neer'st the nature of his *Deity*;  
 Whole *names* engrossed are in his *Check-role*.  
 And next him ought the *VNIVERS* to rule.

Priores' and  
 Maistrates.

**T**HUS having toucht th' *Affections* most humane  
 That *humane nature* doe consociate;  
 Now follow those that are most inhumane,  
 Bred by *Opinion* of *Ill*, which wee hate  
 Which make vs savage or in worse estate:  
 The vnrest of our *soules*, the while they rest  
 Within our *Bodies*, and predominate,  
 Proceedes from *fowre* chiefe causes of vnrest,  
 Which thus by *Natures* searchers are exprest,

Inhumane af-  
 fections howe  
 bred.

4. Perturbations  
from who  
do flow al im-  
moderate pas-  
sions of the  
soule.

*Desire, Feare, Griefe, Ioy*, all immoderate  
(Which *perturbations* be) from these proceede  
Al *Passions* which the *soule* excruciate,  
Which the *Mindes* ignorance doth (sating) feede;  
Asknowing not what's *good* or *Ill* indeede.  
*Desire* and *Ioy* those *goods* accompany  
Which be not *good*, further then *Natures* neede,  
And that a *little* (God wor) doth supply  
For, *overmuch* doth her loone mortifie.

Wherefore  
God doth  
blesse man  
with abun-  
dance.

Alke *peace* and *plenty* what fell *fights* they haue  
With these three *Monsters*, *Pride*, *Strife*, & *Excesse*,  
Hardly themelues, if they at all, doe saue,  
From their fell *force*, they easly wil confesse.  
Yet, *God* with *Peace* and *Plentie*, *Man* doth blesse,  
That *Man* might blesse *God* both in *word* and *deede*,  
Not take occasion from thence to transgresse:  
But from these *Fountaines* pure doe oft proceede  
(By their abuse) *Abuses* which exceede.

There is no  
greater temp-  
tation thē ne-  
ver to be tēp-  
ted, & no fo-  
rer punishmēt  
then of God  
never to bee  
punished.

For, *sinne* in *peace* and *plentie*, is so arm'd  
VVith all that may allure the simple *sense*,  
That *sense* by those allurements is so charm'd,  
That soone it yeeldes to *sinne* obedience,  
As it were forc'd by some *Omnipotence*:  
When *sinne* so sweetly doth *intreate* and *pray*,  
And promise *Flesh*, *Heav'n* in *Incontinence*,  
(To which *prosperity* doth *Flesh* betray)  
How can fraile *Flesh* and *Bloud* say sweet *sinne* nay?

Sinne offers  
the senses  
their severall  
satisfactions.

If *Tast* would tast, what might her *Pallate* please,  
*Sinne* offers *Manna*, *Nectar*, and what not?  
VVould *touching* feelee? *sinne* opens *pleasures* Seas  
To plunge the *sense* therein, it to besot,

the

The *smell* shee ioies with *sents* as *sweete*, as *hot*.  
 The *care* shee tickles with such *wordes* and *Notes*,  
 That *Hearing* (ravisht) hath her selfe forgot.  
 With *eye* bewitching *Faires* the *eye* shee dotes:  
 And thus each *sense* in *pleasures* seas shee flotes.

These *senses* thus bewitch'd, *Fancie* allures  
 to share the *sweetnesse* which they say they finde:  
*Fancie* consents; and *Iudgement* soone procures  
 r'approue their *pleasure*, which betraies the *Minde*,  
 (Betrai'd and quite misled by *Iudgement* blind)  
 thus in *prosperitie sinne* domineers,  
 VVho vvith strong *cordes* of *Vanity* doth biude  
 The *soule* and *body*, as it vvell appeeres  
 By those whom *welfare* to the world enderes.

Vertue with-  
out aduersitie  
withereth and  
loseth her  
force.

O *Flesh*! didst thou but know how *suger-sweete*  
 the *pleasures* vvere proceeding from the *Crosse*;  
 th'wouldst runne amaine, the coming *crosse* to meet  
 And count al gaine, saue that alone, but losse:  
 All sensual *ioies* doe thee but turne and tosse  
 With restless proofes of *false felicitie*,  
 Which *ioies* retaile, but vtter *griefes* in grosse,  
 For, *corp'rall pleasure* in extremitie  
 the *center* is, of endlesse *miserie*.

There is no  
other passage  
to heaven the  
through the  
fire of Afflic-  
tions.

Now *Griefe* and *Feare*, though they accompany  
 These evil *goods* (*goods* evil by abuse)  
 Yet they respect all kinde of misery  
 Which we conceiue, vvhen wee haue not *their vse*:  
 through vvant vvhereof, as through an open *sluce*  
 Flow all *vexations*, and *annoies* of *minde*,  
 Into the emptie *soule*, which they reduce  
 to their *obedience* in rebellious kinde;  
 For *Reason* they in *rage* doe rudely binde.

Griefe & fear  
accompanie  
transitory ri-  
ches.



Simil.

The *Body* hereby (puling) pines away  
 (Like to a *Bladder* whose winde is out strain'd)  
 By such degrees, as it doth by the way  
 A whyning make as if the same were pain'd:  
 So, fares the *Body*, by the *Minde* constrain'd,  
 Till she be breathles, she breathes out but *mone*,  
 For want of *Goodes* but fain'd, her griefes vnfain'd  
 Doe drie vp quite the *Marrow* of the *Bone*,  
 As if shee were in wretched plight alone.

Good Affe&ts  
 proceede frō  
 the opinion  
 of good, and  
 evill, frō evill.

Offe&ce, what.

For as al good *Affe&ctions* doe proceede  
 From the *opinion* which we haue of *Good*;  
 So doth th' *opinion* of *evill* breede  
 All ill *Affe&ctions* and each evil *moode*;  
 For ill *Concept*, condeauens this cursed *Broode*.  
 Now the first touch of *ill*, is call'd *Offe&ce*,  
 Frō whence (if it contynewe) foorth do budd  
*Griefe*, *Envy*, *Hate*, and fell *Impatience*,  
 As *Loue* proceeds from true *Goods* residence:

All mundane  
 things are as  
 they are takē.

And sith ther's nought that doth to *Earth* belonge  
 In which both *Good* and *Ill* in deede, or *sho*  
 Are not (like *Physick-Potions*) mixte amonge;  
 Therefore frō thence may be drawne *VVeale* or *VVoe*  
 As they are tane, sith both from thence doe flo:  
 For *that* which likes some, some doth most displease;  
 According to the *humors* which they owe,  
 Some take repose, in that which most disease,  
 As some delight in *VVarre*, but most in *Peace*.

And the more inly that *offences* touch,  
 So much the more they doe thereby offend:  
*The inward'st is the better part by much*;  
 Then that which thereto doth annoyance send,

To

To the tormenting of the *Whole* doth tend:  
*Offences* done to the externall *Sense*  
 Are not so grievous, as those which doe wend  
 To the internall; Nor is *VVitts* offence  
 So fore, as that which doth the *VVill* incense.

Offences a-  
 gainst the out-  
 ward Senses  
 are much lesse  
 offensive then  
 those against  
 the inward.

Nay, if our *VVill* be not offended, we  
 Can suffer, what not? without al offence;  
 In which respect we willingly agree,  
 That *Friēds* reproofs should proue our *patience*,  
 When with our *Foes* we would not so dispence:  
 Likewise our *selues* of our selves so may speake,  
 That *others* speaking so would vs incense,  
 And make vs mortally *revenge* to seek: (breake.  
 Thus *VVill* bee'ng pleas'd, nought can our \* *patience*

\* Nothing  
 moves our  
 patience that  
 moves not  
 our will.

Then sith *Offence* most grieves the tender'st *Sense*,  
 Therefore are *they* offended soon'st of all,  
 Whose *Mindes* and *Bodies* haue most excellence,  
 And are most delicate and speciall;  
 Bee it by *accident*, or *naturall*:

And mong the *Hoast* of *Natures* Creatures, *Man*  
 Is hard'st to please, and most to *Anger* thrall;  
 For he with nought will beare, nor suffer can,  
 Yet al haue cause this wayward *VVaspe* to ban.

Man of all  
 creatures har-  
 dest to please.

If therefore *One* it be so hard to please,  
 How much more hard to please an *Hoast* of *Men*?  
 What can be saide or done so wel, but these

Will \* *all*, or some of *all*, speake there agen?  
 They care not against *whom*, nor *where*, nor *when*.

\* Who so plea-  
 seth all doth  
 more then he  
 that made all.

Aske *Generalls* if this be true or no, (agen  
 Who though they make their *Purf*-strings cracke  
 To please the *Presse*, yet they shal not doe so,  
 But some will murmur, and speake broadly to.

For

Some, to bee  
thought more  
iudicious are  
most censori-  
cus.

For, some are so invred *fault* to finde,  
That they offended are without *offence*,  
Nothing they *heare* or *see*, but irkes their *minde*,  
So all offendes them without difference:  
And, to be thought of tall intelligence (praise;  
Their *Tongues* dispraise, what their *Thoughts* highly  
Because they weene great praise proceeds frō thece:  
For he (thinke they) that sees what to dispraise,  
*Sees* and *knowes* how t'amend it many *waies*.

Criticks of  
these times.

How many may we *heare* and *see* of these,  
Who with bent-brow, scue-looke, and *mount* bawry  
Sleightly survaie the *workes* that wise-men please  
Protesting them to be but *poore*; And whie?  
Because they proue their *VVitts* base povertie:  
They faine would *faine* to haue vnfaigned skill  
In ev'ry thing wherein they *faults* espie,

A Foole may  
make the wise  
ridiculous to  
Foolcs.

And by depraving *VVitt* t'haue witt at will,  
When all's but *fain'd*, and *strain'd* and passing ill.

When Men adore their owne *sufficiencie*,  
And weene their *excellence* doth check the *Skies*,  
What marvel ist, if al beneath the *Skie*  
They check; and through their *selfe-conceite* dispise?  
(Who, but to see their owne *woorth*, haue no *Eyes*)

These be men  
of partes that  
would have al  
whollic.

These *Men* are inly mov'd with much offence,  
When they another see by *Vertue* rise,  
Because high *State* (they weene) should recōpence  
No *others*, but *their* onely *excellence*.

The cōplain  
of base male-  
contents.

Bee they most *poore*, yet be they much more *proude*,  
Exclaiming on the *tymes* wherein they live:  
For *Men* of woorth (say they) with *parts* indow'd  
The *tymes* doe not respect, nor wil relive,

But



But wholly vnto \* *partlesse Spirits* giue:  
Thus doe they melt awaie in *Envies* fire;  
And whilst *hart-burnings* the of *rest* deprive,  
They them bestirre to part that is *intire*,  
And *Commō-wealthes* orethrow, so to aspire.

\* Without  
good partes.

These vnwise wittie *Mal-contents* are they  
That egge on *Men* vnwise, and violent,  
T'attempt the over-sway of *Princes* Sway,  
Or rather to confound their *government*,  
That so they might be made preheminent:  
For, fly *Vlysses* must point out the *place*  
gainst which the force of *Ajax* must be bent,  
And *Men* made *desp'rate* hold it no disgrace  
To be directed in a desp'rate *case*.

Divells incar-  
nate tempt  
me desperate.

These *waspish* over-weening idle *Drones*,  
Are mortal \* *plagues* to ev'ry *Publike-weale*:  
Right *anti-Kesars* vndermyning *Thrones*;  
Yet *Princes* hardly shal their *motions* feele  
Vntil their *States* and *Seates* begin to reele:  
And then too late (perhapps) seeke fast to sitt  
VWhē they must rest vpō the pointed *Steele*;  
These are th'effects of mal-contented *VVitt*,  
Which not look to, wil haue a madding fitt.

The Pestilēce  
which infects  
al that comes  
neere it,

All which proceedeth meere of *Offence*,  
Cōceav'd by hateful natures hard to please;  
VWhich, *mischiefe* and great *inconvenience*  
Bring to a *State*, and neither *Land* nor *Seas*  
Can possibly be priviledg'd from \* these.  
VWho still doe feare, their mis-imploied time  
VWill bring vpō thē *that* which wil displease;  
VWhich to prevent they seeke aloft to clime,  
VWhich to effect, make cōsciēce of no *crime*:

\* They walke  
like Devills  
invisible.

Anatural rea-  
son of rebels  
ciuill tury.

For, feare of *euill* (though of *ill* to come)  
Doth grieue the *minde*, as if it present vvere;  
Cold *feare* and *griefe* then *Reason* so benumme,  
That it feeles nothing but cold *griefe* and *feare*.  
This *colde* made *hot* by *Ire*, which it doth steere  
Becomes *hell fire*, which like a quenchlesse *flame*  
Consumeth all it toucheth or comes neere,  
And leaues nought els behinde but lasting *blame*,  
So, *Feare* turn'd *Fury*, *Man* doth all vnframe.

Simil.

For, as in *nature*, *things* that are most cold  
Made *hot*, are most extreame *hot*, like the *Fire*:  
So *Feare*, most cold by kind, yet if it should  
Bee chaf'd vncessantly with *Hate* and *Ire*,  
t'would be more *hot*, then all *fires* made intire.  
For, *Man* is more out-ragious, wilde, and wood  
In *Passions* heate, then *Passion* can desire;  
No *Beast* is halfe so fell, in maddest moode,  
As *Man*, when *Furie* sets on fire his *bloud*.

A man in fury  
more furious  
then a beaft.

A discription  
of an angry  
Man.

From which *fire* flie out *Sparkles* through his *eyes*,  
VWho stare, as if they would their *holdes* inlarge,  
The *Cheekes* vvith boiling *Choler* burning rise,  
The *mouth* doth thundring (*Canon-like*) discharge  
The *fire* which doth the *Stomacke* overcharge:  
The *teeth* doe (grating) one another grind;  
The *fists* are fast, in motion to giue *charge*,  
The *Limbes* doe tremble, *feete* no footing find  
But stampe, or stand vnconstant as the *VVinde*.

All anger  
springs from  
offence but al  
offence grow:  
not to Anger.

Which heilish *Passion* from *Offence* proceedes,  
But all offence proceedes not to the same;  
*Offence* the *Mother* is that *Anger* breeds,  
But not it selfe in *nature* nor in *name*,

Ne

Ne can they bee confounded vvithout blame :  
 For *things* offend vs oft which haue no *sense*,  
 With vvhich vve cannot *angrie* be for shame;  
 For, that must haue (like vs) *Intelligence*  
 VVhich can to *Ire* provoke our *patience*.

For, *Ire's* a vehment *motion* of the *Hart*,  
 Stirr'd vp by *trespasse*, *scorne*, or such like *ill*  
 Offred vnto vs, *wholie* or in *part*,  
 VVhich in the high'st degree offends our *will*,  
 For which, we would *revenge* in hast fulfill :  
 For, each one rates himselfe by the *Assise*  
 Of *selfi-conceipt*, by him conceaved still,  
 From that great *good* which, he weenes, in him lies  
 VVhich none (as he supposeth) should despise.

The more therefore a *Man* himselfe esteemes,  
 the more and sooner he to *Ire* is mou'd;  
 Because that so great *worth's* despis'd he deemes,  
 For which hee rageth, as from *wit* remov'd;  
 then, *Rage* to *Rancor* easily is shou'd;  
 VVhich is an *Anger* most inveterate,  
 By *Charitie* and *Reason* most reprou'd,  
 And *God* and *good-men* mortallie doe hate;  
 therefore to bee eschu'd as *reprobate*.

For, *Rancor* is so fell and violent,  
 that ioint by ioint, the *Soule* it rudely rends,  
 Forgetting *Iustice*, and the *Innocent*  
*God*, *man*, *sex*, *age*, *good*, *bad*, or *foes*, or *friends*,  
 For, *this* all *these* indifferently offends:  
 then who consults with such a *Councillor*,  
 that *Argumentes* with *tooth* and *naile* defends,  
 Shall bee of all (but *Fiendes*) an iniurer;  
 For sure the *Diu'l's* in such a *Coniurer*.

What *ager* is

The better a  
 man thinks  
 of himselfe the  
 sooner hee is  
 moued to *an-*  
*ger*.

What *Rancor*  
 is.

*Rancor* is in-  
 different to  
 good & bad,



Some call it honorable to revenge with the sworde all iniuries done against a mā's honor. But how can that be honorable which God abhorreth & condemneth to eternall death.

The quality of Rancor.

A reason why angry men for the most part are pale.

VVhole furie is inflam'd so with desire  
To wreake it selfe on that which it enflames,  
That on it selfe it brings confusion dire,  
And oft with suddaine death her *subiect* shames;  
*Heav'n, Earth, and Hell*, and all therein shee blames,  
Nay railes against, if they wreake not her wronge,  
And for her selfe an *Hell* on *Earth* shee frames,  
To wreake it on her selfe, if shee be long  
Barr'd from *Revenge*, for which her *Soule* doth long.

VVhich is a motion of the *Hart*, then vvhich  
None can be more immane, or violent,  
VVhich turnes frō *that* which doth it roughly tuch  
And seekes to quell the same incontinent,  
Or on the *cause* to inflict *punishment* :

Here-hence it is some irefull *men* are pale,  
Because the *bloud* returnes from whence it went,  
VVhose *harts* haught<sup>e</sup> courage so doth fore exhale,  
That they dare doe what not? come *Blisse* or *Bale*.

But commonly the *bloud* doth not returne  
As to the *Heart* it doth in *Griefe* and *Fear*,  
But in the *face* in *furie* it doth burne,  
And all the *Spirits* it enflameth there,  
As if no more vvithin the *Body* vvere :  
The *bloud* and *sp'its* inflam'd, the *braine* ascend,  
VVhich they (confusedly distracted) stere,  
For how soere *heate* may the *Heart* offend,

To the brains the *Minde* doth rest, if *heate* it not transcend.

Simil.

No otherwise then as a *man* that drincks  
More then a *man*, yet if it not ascendes  
Vnto the *braine*, no *man* him *druncken* thinks,  
Nor is he *drunke* though *drinke* his *belly* rends:

So

So, though the *heart*, an *hell* of *beate* offendes,  
 Yet beeing still vwithin the *heart* confin'd,  
 The *soule* vwithin the *braine* her worke attendes  
 Without disturbing of the *VVit* or *Minde*,  
 Who wonted freedome in the *braine* doe finde.

But giue *Men* wit at vwill, nay *vvi*sedome too,  
 (If possibly *men* furious \* might be *vvi*se)  
 And put exceeding *Anger* therevnto,  
 All's to no purpose, for all in it lies  
 As *fat* in *fier*, which to *nothing* fries;  
 Moue but their *choller* once, and all's on *flame*  
 That should them coldly any *vway* aduise:  
 For, when the *soule* by heate is out of frame,  
 Her *Iudgement* must be blinde, and *Actions* lame.

\*Salomon de-  
 nies it. Eccl.  
 Chap 7. 11.

So that in true effect the furious *Man*  
 Is good for nought, (for *nought* is all as good)  
 But to blaspheme, and raue, and rayling ban,  
 And make *good men* amazed at his *moode*;  
 God sheild I should be any of this *broode*:  
 Yet must I (to my shame) for shame confesse,  
 Because its scene what *humor* haunts my *bloud*,  
 That *Anger* to my *heart* hath oft accessse  
 Against my *will*, which faine would it suppressse.

I know no mā  
 worse thē my  
 selfe, God  
 helpe me the  
 while.

He is mine arch-foe gainst whom still I fight,  
 And though I bee to weake, and he to strong;  
 Yet fight I will, and aie in his dispight  
 I will refraine my *hands*, much more my *Tonge*,  
 Both vvhich in *wrath* are apt to \* offer *wronge*:  
 Heav'n helpe me to subdue this hellish *Ire*,  
 And all that doth or shall to it, belong,  
 So with the *drops* of *grace* quench out this *fire*,  
 That to my *heart* it neuer more aspire.

Instruments  
 of revenge.  
 The heate of  
 the hart makes  
 the fingers  
 nimble.

Yet let me coldly speake in praise of *Heate*,  
 VVhich be'ng *temprate*, yeeldes most sweete *effects*;  
 The praise of For, *Choler* makes the *VVitt* and *Courage* great,  
 Choler. Yea, makes the *Hart* abound with kinde *Affects*,  
 \*Anger is bet And abiect \* *humors* vtterly reiects:  
 ter the laugh, In the best *Natures* commonly its plac'd  
 ter for by a By *Natures* finger, for these kinde *respects*,  
 sadd looke the *hart* is And if with *fury* it be not disgrac'd,  
 the *hart* is made better. It should by al *meanes*, by all be embrac'd.  
 Eccl. Cap. 7.5.

How like to liuelesse *Logges* some *Dastards* are,  
 Whose *witt* & *Courage* are quite drown'd in *Fleame*;  
 VVho, though *wrongs* prick their *Harts*, yet stil they  
 As they vvere either *dead*, or in a *dream*; (fare  
 Nothing shal moue them, be it nere f'extreame:  
 A Coward cā- heare they their *frēds* depra'u'd (though nere so dear)  
 not be truely Nay heare they *Fiends* the *Highests* name blasphemē;  
 honest. they dare not speake a vvord for them for feare;  
 VVhat vse of such that such *base mindes* doe beare?

Simil. For as a little *fire* v when we are cold  
 Doth vs but little good, and be'ng too great  
 Doth warme vs otherwise then *fier* should;  
 But being *moderate*, it so doth heat  
 As neither letts vs *coole*, nor makes vs *sweat*:  
 So, *Choler* if too little, little steeds, (fret;  
 And if too much, too much doth make vs  
 But being *meane*, it many *Vertues* breeds,  
 and with an *active warmth*, the *blood* it feeds.

For to be angry and not to sinne,  
 \* Eph. 4. 26. Is an obligatorie \* *Heast* diuine;  
 For whiles we are that holy *anger* in  
 (Not wholly angry) it is a signe



We flame with that which doth our *soules* refine :

For, in our *Soules* the *iry*-pow'r it is

That makes vs at vnhalloved *thoughts* repine,

And sober *soules* are zealous made by this,

Then zealous *soules* can hardly *Anger* misse:

Vertue cānot  
performe her  
functiōs wit  
hout anger.

Thus *Ire* I pleade for thee, but thou hurt'st mee;

O be propitious therefore, hurt me not :

Then *Volumes* large, Ile write concerning thee

Which without blott of blame, I al wil b'ott (hott:

VVith *blacke* that shal thy \* *bright*, make bright as \* *Glory* laud.

So, leaue I thee, and would thou me would'st leaue,

Yet leaue me not, as one thou hast forgott,

But mind me stil, when I should thee conceaue

Gainst *ill* that would my *soule* of good bereaue.

For so thou didst pessele *Gods* patient *Soule*,

When he as *God* and *Man* the *Temple* clear'd

(With *VVhipps*) of *money-Changers*, who did proule Luke 19.25.

For filthie *Pelfe* in *place* to him endear'd,

Where most of al he should be *serv'd* and *fear'd*:

So, be with me, deere *Ire*, till thou and I

Must part, or I by thee no further steer'd,

Then may agree with perfect *pietie*

And well may stand with true *felicitie*.

Hatred is a  
child of *Ire*.

**N**OW from vnloving *Ire* doth *Hatred* spring,

Which is more Hellish; for, its lasting *Ire*

As some suppose; which is a damned *thing*,

Like to the *Devill* her prodigious *Sire*,

*VVho Loues to hate, as Loue hates that desire:*

Sith *God* and *Nature* hath made *Man* in loue,

To loue *God* and his like with loue intire,

*VVhat Vice* can *Vertue* in *man* more reprove,

Then that which *Man* to misse his *Ende* doth move?

Yet

Ire & hatred  
distinguished.

Yet *Ire* from *Hatred* must distinguisht be,  
For *Ire* proceeds frō some *wrong* done to vs,  
But *Hatred*, is conceav'd as soone as we  
Suppose a *Creature* to be odious;  
Though to vs it were nere iniurious:  
And *Time* can *Ire* alwage, but hardly *Hate*,  
*Ire* would but vex, but *Hatred's* murderous,  
*Revenge* cooles *Ire*, but cannot *Hate* abate,  
*Ires* hart can melte, but *Hates* is obdurate.

Love linckes  
men together,  
Hatred putts  
them a sunder

*Loue* is the *Linck* that lincks mā-kind (by kind  
*Louing* and *kinde*) in perfect *Vnion*;  
This *Statute* (sans defelance) *men* doth bind  
To succour one another woe-begon,  
As if they were not diverse but al *one*:  
But *Hatred* is the hatchet, which doth cleave  
*Mankinde* to peeces in confusion;  
*Releefe* refusing, and eake to releeve,  
Yet giues more *dāmage* thē it would receave.

The proude  
and envious  
are like the  
Deuill.

None harbreth *hatred*, but *men* like the *Deuill*,  
(The *Proud*, & *Envious*, which are ful of *hate*)  
These hateful *Hell-hounds* loue this lothsome *Evill*,  
Because it seekes *mankinde* to ruinate:  
VVhat can the *Deuill* worle excogitate?  
It is the *Toade* that swells with *Venome* such  
That no *force* can resist, much lesse abate;  
The *Moath* of *Mā-kind*, worle thē *nought* by much,  
Yet most indifferent to the *Poore* and *Rich*.

A good vse of  
Hate.

But *hate* inhabits *Man* to good effect,  
VVhen he loues nought, that is not perfect good;  
For he through *Hate* doth *Evill* still reiect,  
VVhich would corrupt his *Nature*, *Mind*, & *Moode*,  
And

And make it (like it selfe) a *Nihilhood*:  
 Such *hate* is happie, holy, and divine,  
 By which the force of *Ill* is stil withstood;  
 This *Hate* we ought to loue, which doth repine  
 At al which doth not *Loue* aright refine.

Hate, worthy  
 of Loue.

Then sacred *Hate* let my *Loue* thee embrace,  
 And to an *Habit* grow'n, inhabit mee,  
 Sith thou flow'st from the *Fountes* of *Loue*, & *Grace*,  
 O let my love be ever *backt* by thee;  
 Then *Ill* from *Loue* (so *backt*) wil ever flee.  
 It is a *feaver* of the *Minde* to hate,  
 That's hate to *Loue*, but whē they both agree  
 They doe preserve the *Soule* in perfect state,  
 Whilst *Ill* of *Ills* they quite annihilate.

Sinfull Hate is  
 hatefull but  
 gracious hate  
 is behoofull

The hate (my *Soule*) that thou maist ever love  
 That which this *Hate* doth loue, with loue intire,  
 That is, al good below, much more above,  
 Wherto this *hate* through *loue* would faine aspire;  
 For perfect *Love* inflames iust *Hates* desire.  
 No otherwise then *Water* hott or cold,  
 Though in some sorte it doth oppung the *fire*,  
 Yet makes the *flames* thereof more manifold,  
 When it is cast thereon, so as it should.

Simil.

Thus *Ire* and *Hatred* may be good or ill  
 According to their *objects*; And *Envy*  
 (Their aie-*familier*) doth follow still  
*Hatred* and *Ire*, to make a *Trinity*,  
 Which may be vs'd well, ill, or neut'rally:  
 It is well vs'd for Gods foes good successe,  
 But ill, when it anothers good doth eye,  
 And neut'rally when it doth not transgresse  
 The boundes of *Love*, for loving more or lesse.

Envy is a  
 branch of in-  
 justice.

Ire & Hatred  
 the Parents  
 of Envy.



Envy is opposit  
fit to Mercy.

Shee is to *Mercie* alwaies opposit  
In her true kinde; for *Mercy* stil doth grieue  
At others harmes; but *envi*'s glad of it,  
And pines with paine, when others wel doe thriue,  
Yea liues in *death*, when others liue to *liue*.  
1. Some envy others *gains*, that hinder theirs;  
2. Some, others *weale*, whē they cannot arriue  
3. Vnto the like: some, other that aspires  
to *that* they sought, but faild of their desires.

4. But some there are that envy others *good*,  
Without respect of their owne benefit,  
Only because they think their *fate*'s withstoode  
When *others* on the least *good fortune* hit,  
Or doe the least *good*, getting *praise* for it:  
The envy of  
the diuel what  
This is the *envie*, than which none is 'worse,  
Ev'n that of *Sathan*, for *Men* most vnfit,  
This is the *envie* that incurres his curse,  
That from *Heav'n* for the like did *Angels* force.

It is safer to  
be conversant  
with a Tyrāt,  
then with the  
envious perſon  
for the one  
takes away  
but life but  
the other ho-  
nor and good  
name.

For *envies* eies pry most of al on *praise*,  
The noblest *goods*, *goods* of the noblest *Minde*  
They most envie; and stil themſelues they raiſe  
To highest *vertue*, where they (fixt) it finde;  
Heereat the teeth of *envie* most doe grinde:  
For looke how much the *Minde* the *Corpes* excels,  
And the *Mindes riches* are of rarer kinde;  
So much the more the hart of *envie* ſwels,  
At thoſe that haue theſe *goods*, then any els.

Shee is *Prides* ſecond-ſelfe, or other name,  
*Monſters* diſtinct, yet vndiuiduall;  
In *heav'n* and *earth* hath wel appeer'd the ſame;  
For both made heav'nly *Lucifer* to fall;

So

So doe they *Lucifers* terrestrial:  
*Pride's* more apparāt, for it needs must swel;  
 But *envy* euer lines *Prides* *Pectorall*:  
*Pride's* as the high'st, *envie* the lowest hell;  
 Worle *Hags* thē either, can in neither dwel.

Envy is more  
 obscure, then  
 Pride.

*Pride*, before all desires to be preferr'd;  
 If *anie* therefore be preferr'd before,  
 Shee instantly is with fel *envie* stirr'd;  
 And the more rile, her *envie* is the more.  
 though *meeknes* mount, *pride's* hart doth ake therfore:  
 For shee thinkes, only shee doth al excel,  
 Then others excellence her *heart* must gore:  
 As others heau'n on earth, is *Envies* hell;  
 So others rising makes *Pride* still to swell.

For, where there is no *sunne*, no *shadow* is;  
 And, where's no *weale*, or *glory*, *envi's* not:  
 Shee feedes on her owne *hart*, and others *blisse*,  
 Shee skornes to looke so low as to their *lot*  
 That are of *Fortune*, or the *world* forgot:  
 Therefore shee lurkes about the *Courtes* of *Kings*,  
 (Whole *Crownes* are ever subiect to her *shot*)  
 There like a *Snake*, that hisles not, shee stings,  
 And oft ere shee is seene *Confusion* bringes.

Envy is as the  
 shadow of  
 vertue.

Envies natu-  
 ral home is in  
 Kings Courts.

For, not without iust cause doe *Poets* faine  
 That shee (as one of the *infernall broode*)  
 Doth *poison* lucke, to *vomit* it againe,  
 And makes of *Snakes* her flesh-consuming foode;  
 Which makes her like a *blind-worme*, without *bloud*:  
 Who often creepeth like this abiect *Worme*,  
 Not wotting which *way*, each *way* but the *good*:  
 And in *Preferments* way shee doth enorme  
 All *feete* shee meets with, which none can reforme.

Ovid. Met. l. 2.  
 Simil.

The envious  
are ashamed  
to bewray  
their envie.

Such lookes  
hath the envi-  
ous.

Bion.

Envy is as  
much griev'd  
for others  
good as her  
owne hurt.

Envy flattered  
sleepes for a  
while.

Simil.

*Envie* therefore the *hart* doth macerate,  
Because the *Tongue* dares not the *griefe* disclose,  
That makes that *griefe* still on the *hart* to grate,  
Which the *leane* looke alone in silence shoes;  
Yet *eyes* shrinke in (as loth to tell the woes)  
And looke ascue, as if in looking straight  
they might directly so discover *those*,  
All which makes woe to haue the greater waight  
The *soule* and *bodie* so to over-fraight.

One said, beholding one with *envie* pin'd,  
I know not by thy *lookes* (which all doe loth)  
If *they* fare well or *thou* ill; for thy *Minde*  
Is vext alike, alike thou look'st for both:  
Which *subtill* speech included *simple* troth;  
For, *envi's* griev'd no lesse for others good  
Then for her proper *ill*; and is as wroth  
For others *praise*, as if hers were with-stood,  
And for both, sucks alike her *Subiectes* bloud.

Shee envies all to *all*, except *envie*,  
And that shee envies to, if it exceeds;  
Like *Argus*, shee nere sleeps but when her *eye*  
Is charm'd by *Mercuries* sweete sounding *Reede*;  
"For *envie* flattered is well agreed:  
When all respect is had of *her* and *hers*,  
And all neglected els, her *All* to feede,  
No more, till shee neglected be, shee stirres;  
Then as before her selfe shee straight bestirres.

The *sunne* at highest shee resembles right  
(Though base shee be and darke as nether *Hell*)  
For as the *sunne* obscureth *things* most bright,  
And makes the light of *things* obscure, excell:

So



So *envie* seeks *men famous* most to quell,  
 And praiseth most, *men* least deserving praise,  
 Such as their deereſt *fame* to *ſhame* doe ſell;  
 All ſuch (if any at all) thee moſt doth raiſe,  
 And all *men* els, doth moſt of all diſpraiſe.

The more *Men* want of what they faine would bee,  
 The more their *want* with *envie* is ſupplide,  
 The leſſe, if *prowd*, they are in their degree  
 The leſſe they can their *bettters* farre, abide;  
 “*And horſe proud Beggars, they like Kings will ride.*  
 Now as each *Vice* doth in it beare about  
 An inbred *plague*: ſo in this doth reſide  
 The plague of *plagues*; to weare it ſelfe quite out  
 With fretting gainſt the rich or roiall *Rowt*.

The *envious*, privie to their owne *defects*,  
 Doe witneſſe to themſelves their ſmall eſteeme,  
 For which the *World*, they ſee, them ſtill reiects,  
 Through which they inly burſt with grieve extreme,  
 But dare not let the *world* them *envious* deeme.  
 For, no *Affect* is leſſe diſcloſ'd then this,  
 Becauſe it makes men leſſe then *worthleſſe* ſeeme,  
 Therefore the much more dolorous it is;  
 “*For griefes doe breake the heart if vent they miſſe.*

What *Common-weales*, and mighty *Monarchies*,  
 What glorious *Kings*, and famous *Generals*,  
 Yea (which is ſtrange) what heau'nly *Hirarchies*  
 Whoſe wretched ſtate and miſerable ſals  
 (By *envie* wrought) remaine in *Capitals*!  
 Whence all may ſee, how aſtue and how fell  
 this *Furie* is, who reſts in *Funerals*:  
 Or when on *earth* *Men* reſt in ſuch an *Hell*,  
 That to th' *infernall* may be *Paralell*.

Before how  
 many the  
 more the en-  
 vious perſon  
 ſlandereth a  
 man, the more  
 high in glory  
 hath he plac'd  
 the crown of  
 the ſlandered  
 if he take it  
 patiently.

Each Vice ca-  
 ries with it its  
 own torment.

The *envious*  
 condemne  
 themſelves  
 for moſt un-  
 worthy men.  
 No affection  
 is leſſe diſclo-  
 ſed then envy

Envies reſt in  
 funerals.

Envie is the  
parent of lea-  
lousie.

FROM *Envy* springs ay-watchful *Iealousie*,  
(Ore-plus of *Loue*, as iealous *Lovers* would)

Which (worfe then *Hell*) hates al *Rivalitie*,  
And cannot brooke that any other should  
Possesse that *wee* or *ours* would, or doe hold:

Yet some restraine it onely vnto *Loue*;

For being (as they say) more manifold,

\*Obtrectation  
is lealousie in  
the largest  
Sense.

It \* *Obtrectation* hight, which who doth prove  
Shal finde the *Minde* vnlike it selfe to moue.

For, she can thinke of nought but *that* alone

That makes her iealous, and when shee's restrain'd

Of former freedome, shee is not her owne;

But like a *Body* bound t'a *Racke*, is pain'd,

And thinks of nought but *paine* be'ng so constrain'd:

Iealousie a  
Linx in loue.

This is the *Linx* in *Loue* that never *sleepes*,

And oft (too oft) by *Lust* is entertain'd,

Who through nine *walles* of *Mudd*, or *mettle* peeps,

And so (like *Argus*) *Loves* beloved keepes.

Iealousy good  
or bad accor-  
ding to her  
object.

How Iealousie  
is good.

Now, as the *things* belov'd are good or badd,

So iealousie is good or badd thereby.

If *Men* be iealous of their *thoughts* that gadd

From the chiefe-*Good*, good is that iealousie;

And in a *Prince* tis no *impiety*,

When he suspects *Ambition* in his *State*;

Nor in the mari'd ist an *Heresy*,

If loving-*iealousie* without debate

Doe keepe each others *Love* from cause of *hate*.

Like may bee ledd of *Parents*, *Kinne*, and *Frendes*,

So longe as it aymes but at like *respect*,

An harmelesse iealousie, from *harme* defends

Those whom they governe, and by kinde affect:

Such

Such *iealousie* doth in God our good effect; (leepe, Gods icalousie  
 Which makes him watch vs, where wee wake or touching vs  
 VWho in his loue thereby doth vs protect, doth procure  
 From al those vnleene *ills* that on vs creepe, our good.  
 And by the same his *honor* safe doth keepe.

But *iealousie* conceau'd through cause vniust, Evil Icalousie  
 Be it in *Vvedlocke*, *Freindshippe*, or where not,  
 Makes *Loue* a *Languishment*; for *false mistrust*  
 Is not by God, but by his *Foe* begott,  
 Which *Loue* with *Lust* doth evermore belott:  
 Hence come the *Quarrells*, twixt the mari'd *Paires*,  
 When they through *icalousie* are overhott,  
 This makes *Affraies* too oft of great *Affaires*,  
 And ruynes that which loyal *Love* repaires.

Quarrells rais-  
 ed through  
 Suspitiō caus-  
 lesse.  
 Icalousie, what

The fell disturber of *Loves* sweete repose,  
*Copefmate* of *Care*, tormenter of the *Minde*,  
 The *Canker* of faire *Venus* sweetest *Rose*,  
 The *Racke* that over-racks the over-kinde,  
 The over-watchful Eye of *Loue* stil blinde:  
 The *Hart* of *Caution* wherein ay are bredd  
 the vital *Sp'rites* of *Arte* to *State* assign'd;  
*Soule* of *Regard*, alive when it seemes deade,  
 All this is *Icalousie* that holds the *Heade*.

the *Caucasus* whereto *Loves* Hart is bound,  
 the *Vulture* which the *thoughts* thereof deuoures,  
 the *Primum mobile* which turneth round  
 the *Braine*, which to the rest vnrest procures,  
 A *Sore* which nought, that's good for ought, recures,  
 that's *Mummy* made of the meere Hart of *Love*,  
 A temp'rall *Hell*, whose torment still endures,  
 the Pennaunce of *Mistrust*, which *Lovers* proue,  
 All this is *Icalousie* which I reprove.

Prov. 6.34.

And



And now to ende (where we should haue begunne  
 When we began to touch corrupt *Affects*)  
 With *Pride*, because from her al *Vice* doth runne  
 Eccl<sup>s</sup>. 10. 14. 19. (As from the *Fountaine*) which the *Soule* infects;  
 Which may be thus describ'd by her *effects*:  
 A swelling of the *Hart* which doth proceede  
 From *Selfe-conceite*, that gainst the *Soule* reflects,  
 Pride what. And shoves more glorious then it is indeede,  
 Which makes vs thinke our *gifts* al *mens* exceede.

The proude  
 person hates  
 pride in all  
 but in himself.

**T**His *Prodigie*, this more then mounstrous *Pride*,  
 This *Soules* envenom'd *Botch*, This *Sourse* of  
 Can nothing lesse thē hir owne selfe abide, (*Sinne*,  
 When shee doth see her selfe *another* in:  
 If shee her selfe doth hate, what can shee wyne  
 But hate of *all*, that see her as shee is?  
 Still loth'd may shee be, for had shee not byn,  
 We stil had liv'd in earthly *Heavens* blisse,  
 And *Lucifer* held heav'nly *Paradis*.

Pride holdes  
 all in scorne  
 but her selfe.

Sith *Man* was made a creature sociable,  
 And that his liues-joy should therein consist,  
 What *vice* in man is more detestable,  
 Then that which doth this ioy of life resist?  
 For *Pride*, as if shee were with nature blist  
 That farre surmounted more then *half-divine*,  
 Scornes al *Humanity*; if so, what ist  
 On *Earth* that shee thinks (be'ng so superfine)  
 Worthie to *suite* her, but alone to reigne?

If Humility be  
 the mother of  
 true piety,  
 what is pride,  
 her contrary?

Shee (swelling *Toade*) lookes with disdainful *Eyes*  
 On highest things that are *sublunarie*,  
 And (*Lunatick*) above the *Moone* doth rise  
 In minde, though she findes nought but *villany*,

So

So to aspire to highest *Dignitie*:  
Therefore the most *proUDE* are most ignorant  
Of *wisdomes* hid in blest *Theologie*,  
Because they meerely minde *things* miscreant,  
As earthly *pompe*, and *port* extravagant.

If not impossible, yet hard it is,  
For the most *learn'd* and *lowly* wel to know  
Themselves in ev'ry *part*, and not to misse;  
Then sith the *Prowd* doe never looke so low,  
that *skil* nere comes but with their overthrow:  
For they by nature are most prone to *pride*  
that know all but themselves; and yet doe show  
they know themselves too wel, for, nought beside  
they loue; which loue, that knowledge doth misguid.

The proud are  
taught to  
know them-  
selves by their  
proper over-  
throw.

For who so lookes with vvell-descerning *eyes*  
(If he be mortal, be he what he wil)  
Into him *selfe*, he wil him *selfe* despise;  
For in him *selfe* he findeth nought but *ill*;  
Corrupting *Soule* and *Body*, *Minde*, and *VVill*:  
The *best* shall finde but matter too too *bad*  
To humble them, and so to keepe them still;  
The *worst* shal see ynough to make them mad,  
Seeing themselves through *ill*, so ill-bestad.

He that knows  
himselfe best  
esteemes him-  
selfe least.

Al vnder *Heav'n* mans pride hath made so vile,  
So fraile, so ful of *sorrow* and *vexation*,  
That should a *Man* possesse al, yet the while  
He should possesse but temporall *damnation*;  
And with it likely *divine indignation*.

All vnder the  
Sunne is vani-  
ty and vexati-  
on of Spirit.  
Eccles. i.

Can *Men* be *proUDE* then, of an earthly *hell*,  
Affording nought but *griefe* and *molestation*?  
Or can their *harts* with *Pride* and *Sorrow* swell  
When one puffes vp, the other downe doth quell?

Proude men  
are senselesse  
in the strictest  
sense.

If so they can, it is for want of *sense*  
To feele the *griefes* that are most sensible;  
And senselesse *Soules* haue no preheminnence  
Of *humane Nature*; nor extensible  
To *brutish*, which is not insensible:  
Then what are proud *Soules* by this iust *accounte*  
But either deade, or comprehensible  
In that of *Plants*; which from *Earth* cannot mount,  
But that a worthlesse *VVren* may them surmount.

\* The proude  
haue Hell  
with the  
Prince there-  
of abiding in  
their hartes.

The *Eyes* that *Sunne-bright Robes*, or smoke of *praise*  
Doe dimme, are feeble-sighted, and such *Eyes*  
Cannot themselues as high as *Heaven* raise,  
Nor pierce to *Hell* which in their *Owner* \* lies:  
For if they would or could in any wise,  
*Pride* could not possibly surprise their *Hart*,  
For *Heav'n* they would admire, and *Hell* despise,  
And from that *Hell* they would their *Eyes* convert;  
To highest *Heav'n*, and from it nere diuert.

Simil.

Spiritual  
pride God  
doth most de-  
test.

Over-wee-  
ning, an odi-  
ous Vice.

But as the *Toade* to *venome* turnes her *foode*  
(How *pure* so ere it be) shee feedeth on:  
So *Pride* turnes *Vertue* to her venom'd *moode*,  
Then which no *pride's* more neere *Damnation*;  
For sp'ritual pride *God* hates as he doth none:  
Which *pride* is *Luciferian*, and the fall  
Of those, whose *Soules* are with it over gon,  
Shal be like *Lucifers*, for no one shall  
Be sav'd that weenes his *vertue* passeth all.

*Pride* is a winde that makes the *Soule* to swell,  
And without Issue it the same wil rend:  
Therefore the *proude* their owne *perfections* tell;  
Yea, onely tell of what them most commend,

And



And with whom not, for *praise* they stil contend;  
Which if they misse, or others praised more,  
Out goth that *wind*, (which they with thūdrings ſēd)  
Against al those that are preferr'd before,  
And as distracted, raile, and rave, and rore.

Doth *Pride* a *Tenent* hold, it must be so,  
Although it cutt the Throate of *Reason* quite;  
All her *opinions* can abide no No:  
And though them to defend shee hath no might,  
Yet to defend them shee wil rage and fight:  
No *time*, no *truth*, nor no *authoritie*,  
Shal putt *Pride*, if shee wrong be, in the *right*;  
For shee desires to haue the masterie  
In al, that al may give her *dignitie*.

Nothing so much shee dreads, as to be deem'd  
Any's *inferior* in any *thing*;  
This makes her loth to *learne*, sith shee hath seem'd  
To *know* much more then al, by her learning:  
She <sup>a</sup> scornes *reproofes* that *information* brings;  
Her *Vices* shee wil haue for *Vertues* tane;  
Or like a *Serpent* shee wil *hisse* and *sting*,  
*Blaspheme* and what not, for shee's most profane,  
And if shee can, be her *impugners* bane.

The *friendshippe* is as *dang'rous* as *vn lure*,  
V. here <sup>a</sup> *Pride* hath any place in any *friend*,  
*Pride* wil the downfall of a *friend* procure  
If by such *fall* the *proude friende* may ascend,  
For al his *frenshippe* to him selfe doth tend;  
Comes *good* from him, to him must goe the *praise*,  
As if *good* in him did *begin* and *end*,  
So robbes *God* of his *glorie* many waies,  
And faine aboue his *God* him selfe would raise.

The proude  
obstinate in  
their opiniō.  
<sup>a</sup> Reproofs do  
enrage the  
proud,  
though for  
their good  
bestowed.

<sup>a</sup> The proude  
mā, the drūc-  
kard and the  
Coward are  
nought to  
make friends  
of; the proud  
will scorne  
thee if he out  
start thee in  
fortunes, the  
drūkard wil in  
wine bewray  
thy secrets, for  
what is in the  
hart of the so-  
ber, is in the  
tongue of a  
drunkard, &  
the Coward  
dares not  
speake one  
word in de-  
fence of thy  
reputation  
though hee  
heare it slan-  
derously de-  
praved.

Sith the earth  
cannot hould  
her, Hell must  
and can.

If he with fained modestie doth vaile  
His height of *Pride*, and doth himselfe dispraise,  
Tis but the higher to advance the *Saile*  
Of swelling *Pride*, which he to *Cloudes* doth raise,  
nay thūder-cracks the *Clouds*, that clouds his *praises*:  
The highest *Heav'ns* (he weenes,) must giue it way  
Vnto the *Throne* where perfect *glorie* staies,  
And there sitt cheek by lowle with *Glorie* ay;  
This, *Pride* desires, and those that her obay.

Pride the  
Fountaine of  
all Heresies.

If shee associate *Learning*, shee wil leade  
That Heav'nly *Lady* into Hellish waies;  
Then shee misledd, each *Soule* must needes misleade  
That on her seeming-wel-stai'd *Iudgment* staies;  
Hence spring al *Heresies*; which *Pride* doth raise:  
For lett a *Scholer* famous for his *skill*  
Maintaine dam'd *Error*, he for peevish *praise*  
Wil ranlacke *Bookes* and *Braines* to do it still,  
Though he thereby his *Soule* with *Millions* spill.

\* If a man live  
Soule & Bo-  
die in Hell to  
all eternities  
that his name  
may live in  
the mouthes  
of men to all  
posterities, he  
hath but an  
hellish pur-  
chase.

\* Each man  
seemes to  
know more  
then he doth.

For should we harrow al the *Soules* of those,  
The *Soules* of al the *Heades* of *Heresies*,  
We shal finde *Pride* did thereto them dispose,  
That they might liue to al \* *Posterities*  
In *Mouthes* of *Men*, though but for *Blasphemies*:  
*Knowledge* puffs vp, and if the dewes of *Grace*  
Swage not the swelling, it so high wil rise,  
That *Earth* nor *Heav'n* shal hold it in that case,  
Till *Hell* doth take it downe and it embrace.

The knowledge of the *Best* consists in <sup>a</sup> *show*,  
This *Man* is wise compar'd with one more *fond*;  
Yet this great wise man nothing lesse doth know  
Then he would *seeme* to know, and vnderstand:

Suff.

Suffizeth him he beares the *World* in hand  
 That he is *wise* and *learned*; Nothing lesse:  
 But *wise* in this, that can *Mens* thoughts command  
 To thinke him *wise*, when should he *truth* confesse,  
 His *wisdom* were but wel-cloakt *foolishnesse*.

*Latine* and *Greeke* are but *Tongues* naturall,  
 Which helpe, but not suffice to make men *wise*;  
 For the effect of *speech* is al in all,

\* *Sound Sentence*, which from *wise Collections* rise  
 Of diuerse *Doctrines*, which *Witt* wel applies:  
 Then he that hath but *Tongues* (though *all* that are)  
 And not the *wisdomes* which those *Tongues* cōprise,  
 May amongst *fooles* be held a *Doctor* rare,  
 But with the *wise* al *Tongue*, and nothing spare.

\* Eccl. 39. 1. 1. 3

Not the *tong*s  
 but the matter  
 contained in  
 the make men  
 learned.

Giue me the *Man* that knowes more then a *Man*,  
 Yet thinkes he knoweth no more then a *Beast*:  
 Giue me him (quoth I) where is \* he? and who can  
 Give me that *Gift*, sith such are al diceast,  
 Or if they *bee*, nor to be found at least?  
 sage *Socrates* is deade, and with him gon  
 His *Pupills* that knew more then al the rest,  
 Yet thought they knew farre lesse then ev'ry *one*,  
 But now al *seeme* to know, yet know doth none.

\* Wee may  
 light a Torch  
 at none day &  
 seeke such a  
 one among a  
 multitude &  
 yet misse to  
 finde him.

O! had a *man* al *learning* in his *braine*,  
 And were to *heare* or *see* the wondrous *Witt*  
 Of some deepe *Doctors*, he should track them plaine  
 From place to place where they haue borrowed it,  
 And nought their owne (perhaps) but what's vnfit:  
 Yet as if *all* were <sup>b</sup> theirs, they are admir'd,  
 As if their *Sculls* enscost al *skill* and *Witt*,  
 Or with some sacred *furie* were inspir'd,  
 When as (God wott) their *Witt* is al-bemir'd.

<sup>b</sup> As if *wisdom*  
 and *learning*  
 were buried  
 in them.  
 For they haue  
 the name of  
*wisdom*, but  
 there be but  
 few that haue  
 the knowledg  
 of her Ec. 6. 3. 2.



Wee shall bee  
modest if wee  
take not that  
vpon vs which  
we haue not,  
and brag not  
of that which  
we haue.

\* If any where  
I haue follow-  
ed our newe  
learning and  
Time in their  
fashion, Time  
and Learning  
ought the  
more to favor  
me, cōsidering  
how little I am  
beholding to  
them both!

• The Diuels  
knowledge  
far exceeds  
mans.

• The warr of  
the Elements  
in man mars  
his wit.

The Diuel can  
looke into all  
the hiddē cau-  
ses of nature.

How the Di-  
uell workes  
wonders,

Yet *all* take on, as if all were their owne,  
So tis, *all* thinke, or few know otherwise,  
Which few perhaps as well as they haue stolne,  
(Borrow'd I would say) but yet they are wise  
Not to detect each others *pilferies*:  
The greatest *skill* these present *times* affoord  
Is others \* *sayings* cleanly to comprise  
In *ours*: so that it be not word for word,  
Which wit with *moderne wisdom* doth accorde.  
But say a *Man* knew al, that *Man* can know,  
Yet doth the <sup>a</sup> *Diuell* know more then that *Man*;  
What cause of *pride* then can it be to show  
Lesse *knowledge* and! more *pride* then dam'd *Sathan*,  
Who hath obseru'd *all* since the *V*World began;  
Nor doe the *El*mentes repugnance, marre  
His *wits*; for he of *Aire* consists, and can  
Command the same: But in <sup>b</sup> *Man* so they warre  
That he is taken *Follies* Prisoner.  
Who knowes nought in the *Cause* but in th' *effect*;  
The *Diuels* knowledge to the *cause* extends,  
Who enters *Natures* Brest, and doth select  
All *secrets* of the same, to secret *endes*:  
For he th' *Abyss*e of *Causes* darke descendes,  
And with his *Owles*-eies (that see best in darke)  
Those *Causes* to the *Causers* comprehendes,  
And how they are together linckt, doth marke;  
Yet is lesse proude of this, then some meane *Clarke*.

Yet he can *wonders* worke amusing all,  
For having view'd the *forces* of all *things*,  
Whether *celestiall* or *terrestriall*,  
And with most curious search their true *workings*,  
Theis

Their *forces* he with sleight together brings,  
 And *a line* to their *passive* powres doth binde,  
 Yea one another so together minges,  
 That it brings foorth (by *sympathie* of kinde)  
*Wonders* surmounting all conceite of minde.

No *one* excels him (but that *Three in One*)  
 In wondrous workes, which may amaze the wise;  
 But that same onely-wise *Trin-vnion*  
 Workes *Miracles*, wherein all wonder lies;  
 For *Miracles* aboue all *Wonders* rise,  
 Sith they are truly supernaturall;  
 But *Wonders* he to *Natures* Secrets ties:  
 Then wonders simplie are but naturall,  
 But *Miracles* meere Metaphysicall.

But be it that some \* *Begger* can extract  
 By distillation or some other meane  
 The *Quintessence* of any thing; That *Arte*  
 Sufficeth him to be as *proude* as *meane*:  
 And though the *starveling* be as lewd as leane,  
 Yet thinkes he *Kings* should feede and make him fat,  
 Nay, doe him homage: O base *Thing* vncleane!  
 Canst thou for *this*, thinke thou deservest *that*?  
 Or can a *skill* so base, thee so inflate?

What *Brest* coulde bound thy *Heart* then, if thou  
 Make the *Elixer*, which so many *marre*? (couldst  
 It's past most probable!, that then thou wouldst  
 Seeke to be *Deifide*, or els turne *starre*,  
 That *Dull-heads* might adore thee from afarre:  
 It is a *skill* indeede of rich esteeme,  
 And worthy of the rar'st *Philosopher*,  
 But could *one* doe the same, as *many* seeme,  
 Yet no great wile *one* he himselfe should deeme.

The Diuels  
 wonders are  
 Mira, non Mi-  
 racula.

\* Elixer-ma-  
 kers, a golden  
 yet beggarly  
 corporation.  
 for they are as  
 poore as a  
 Poet.

\* The skill is  
 Earthly and  
 earth is the  
 basest of Ele-  
 ments.

Because it tēds  
 to the attain-  
 ment of ri-  
 ches, which  
 in this worlde  
 are of most e-

For stimulation.

Eccles. i.

For ~~this~~ *wits* to this should be restrain'd  
 (Sith to worke *wonders* the whole-*man* requires)  
 And though at length (perhaps) he it attain'd,  
 Yet should he bee to seeke that *VV*it desires,  
 In other *matters*, then these *feates* by *fires*.  
 Sage *Salomon*, whose *wisedome* wonder wan,  
 Knew al in *all*, which *all* in *one* admires,  
 Yet knew that *all* was *vaine*, and he a *man*  
 Vainer then *Vanitie*, that *nothing* can.

Our *knowledge* is so slender, and so fraile,  
 That the least *pride* cannot depend thereon;  
*Pride* breaks our *Cōnings* necke, which oft doth faile  
 To hold aright the nature of one *Stone*,  
 Much lesse to know the kindes of ev'ry *one*.  
 Compare the *All* we know, with the least part  
 Of that we know not, wee shall see, alone  
 That *God* is wise: And *men* are voide of *Art*,  
 And blinde in *wit* and *will*, in *Minde*, and *Hart*.

God only and  
 alone is wise.

\* See lawyers  
 sell both their  
 silence and  
 speech.

Immoderate  
 desire of ha-  
 ving, & honor  
 be enemies, &  
 can hold no  
 congruency in  
 one man to-  
 giher.

If it be an in-  
 fallible token  
 of health, whe  
 the Physitions  
 be poore, the  
 is it a true sign  
 of contention  
 (a states dis-  
 ease) when  
 Lawyers bee  
 rich.

Be he a *Pleader*, and a wordie *Man*  
 (Whose *VVinde* the true *Elixer* is; for it  
 The *Aire* to *Aurum* transmute lightly can)  
 If once he gets a *name* for law-ful *wit*,  
 Hee thinks high *pride* for him alone is fit:  
 Convoies of *Angels*, then must help the *most*  
 Vnto his *speech*; for he makes benefit  
 Of ev'ry word; for not *one* shal be lost,  
 Or if it be, the *next* shall quit that cost,  
 Vp goe his *Babell*-Towres of *Pompe* and *Pride*,  
 That to the *Highest* he may next neighbour be;  
 No *neighbour* neeres him, his *grounds* are so wide,  
 Then not a *Nod* without a treble *fee*,

An



An *Angell* (though most bright) he cannot see:  
 And yet to know the *Law*, is but to know  
 How *Men* should liue, and without *Law* agree:  
 Which, *Reason* to the simplest *Soule* doth show;  
 Then *pride* is farre too high, for *skill* so low.

But though the *Lawyer* liues by others losse,  
 And hath no place in *Platoes Common-weale*,  
 Yet if he will not <sup>a</sup> crosse *Law*, for the *croffe*  
 That no *Man* hates, but all doe loue to feelee;  
 Hee's worthy of the <sup>\*</sup> *Crosse* *sweete Comforts Seale*:  
 For *Lawyers* ought (like *Lawes*) to make *Men* good,  
 And who are in the *wronge*, or *Right*, reuale:  
 Then are they worthy of al *liuelyhood*,  
 That make men liue in perfect *Brotherhood*.

But, that a *Petti-fogging* prating *patch*,  
 That gropes the <sup>b</sup> *Law* for nothing but for *Galles*,  
 Should be so prowde as if he had no match,  
 For tossing *Lawes* as they were *tennis-Balls*,  
 This vexeth *God* and *Good-men* at the *Galles*:  
 Yet such there are, (too many such there are,) )  
 Who are the *Seedes-men* of *Litigious Bralls*:  
 And are so prowde that by the *Lawes* they dare  
 Contend with *Craffus*, though they *nought* cā spare.

I graunt the *Law* to bee an holy *thing*,  
 Worthy of *reuerence* and all *regard*;  
 But the abuse of <sup>c</sup> *Law* (and so of *King*)  
 By such as will abuse both for *reward*,  
 Is dam'd; hard tearme! yet that *course* is more hard:  
 Can such finde *patrones*, such *course* to protect?  
 They can and doe, but would they might be barr'd  
 From *Barres*, or that ore *Barres* they might be peckt,  
 Els at *Barres* with as hard a *doome* be checkt.

Verie manie  
 laws are notes  
 of a corrupte  
 Cōmon weale  
 Tacit.

<sup>a</sup> Cato in  
 R. me forbad  
 al to be called  
 to the Barre  
 that were  
 found eloquent  
 in a bad cause  
<sup>\*</sup> Money.

The duty of  
 Lawes and  
 Lawyers.  
<sup>b</sup> Petty-fog-  
 gets the grād  
 disturbers of  
 good mens  
 quiet.

<sup>c</sup> If hee ought  
 to be punished  
 which offer-  
 reth to cor-  
 rupt a Iudge  
 with guittes,  
 howe much  
 more ought  
 he; which go-  
 eth about to  
 blind his iudg-  
 mēt with lies,  
 or eloquence:  
 because a ver-  
 tuous Iudge  
 wil not be cor-  
 rupted with  
 the first, but  
 he may be de-  
 ceived by the  
 last.

*Hinc ille Lachryma!* ô grieve of griefes!  
 My *Muse* be mute, defile not thine owne *Nest*:  
 O let the longest *Largs* be shortest *Briefes*  
 In this discordant *Note*, and tune the *VVrest*;  
 So that this <sup>a</sup> *Note* by thee bee nere exprest:  
 Canst thou my *Muse*? canst thou my cruel *Muse*  
 Make *Men*, the *Muses* *Minions* detest?  
 Forbeare, forbeare thy *Soules* lone to abuse,  
 Or touch *that* tenderly which thou dost vse:

• Pride in who  
 so ere is nota-  
 ble, for the wil  
 be seene, be-  
 ing still over-  
 seene.

Is't possib'e a *Poet* should bee proude,  
 That for the most part is past passing poore?  
 that can paint *Vice* with & without a *Cloude*,  
 And being most vgly, make *her* vgly more,  
 Can he be proude? & only<sup>b</sup> proude *therefore*!  
 It cannot be in *sense*, and *Poets* are  
*Sense masters* subtilized by their *Lore*;  
 Yet tis too true that scarce one *Poet* rare  
 Is free frō *pride*, though *Back* be *leane* as *bare*.

• Proud of a  
 conning  
 invective a-  
 gainst pride.

Poetry no skill I cannot but confesse the *Skill's* divine;  
 humane. For, holy *Raptures* must the *Head* entrance,  
 Before the *Hand* can draw one lasting *Line*,  
 That can the glory of the *Muse* advance;  
 And sacred *Furies* with the *thoughts* must dance,  
 To leade them *Measures* of a stately kinde,  
 Or iocund *Gigges*: Then, if *Pride* with them prance  
*Shie* wil be foremost, then *shame* comes behinde,  
 Both which disgrace the *motions* of the *minde*.

Wilt thou be lofty *Muse*? then scale the *Mount*  
 Where *Ioues* high-*Altar*<sup>c</sup> stands; and on the same  
 Offer thou lowly, *that* which doth surmount  
 The reach of *Vulgars*, in no vulgar *Flame*:

• On the topp  
 of *Olimpus* at  
 the foote  
 whereof runs  
*Helicon*.

There

There sacrifice to *Ioue* thy fairest *fame*  
 In lowest depth of high'st *humilitie*;  
*Humility* that can advance thy *name*  
 To highest height of *immortalitie*,  
 Embosom'd by diuineſt *Dèitie*.

Humility is the  
 surest founda-  
 tion for the  
 highest glory.

Art great with *yonge* with *numbers* infinite  
 the least of which hath pow'r to peirce the *Skie*?  
 Yet lowly be, that the *wombe* of thy *VVitt*  
 That rare *Conception* may yeeld readilie,  
 their *mother* so to glad and glorifie;  
 thou art from *Heav'n* my *Muse*, thē be thou such;  
 As *Heau'nly* be, ful of *humilitie*;  
 Is thy *skill* much? be<sup>d</sup> meeke then more thē *much*,  
 For *Pride's* most dam'd, that heav'nly *things* doth

<sup>d</sup> Humility  
 doth best be-  
 come the  
 highest know-  
 ledge.

Plunge thee ore head and eares in *Helicon*,  
 Dyue to the *Bottom* of that famous *Fludd*,  
 Although it were as deepe as *Acheron*,  
 thēce make thy *fame* vp-dive although withstood  
 With weeds of *Ignorance*, & *Envies* Mudd:  
 But though thy *fame* faire *Sol* should equalize  
 For *height* and *glorie*, yet let al thy good  
 Consist in that, If thou woul'st thou could'st rise,  
 But lou'st bum-basted *mountings* to dispise.

Extreame pre-  
 ciseness or affe-  
 ctation in  
 words & stile  
 doth quench  
 the heate of  
 our invention  
 and bridleth  
 the freedome  
 of our witts.

Yet let me gine this <sup>a</sup> *Cæsar* but his due  
 (*Cæsar* of *speech* that monarchizeth *Eares*)  
 Sweete *Poesie*, that can al *Soules* subdue,  
 To *Passions*, causing ioy or forcing *Teares*,  
 And to it selfe each glorious *ſp'rite* endeeres:  
 It is a *speech* of most maiestike state,  
 As by a wel-pen'd *Poëm* wel appeeres;  
 thē *Prose*, more cleanly coucht & dilicate,  
 And if wel done, shall liue a longer *Date*.

Wee must vse  
 words as wee  
 vse Coyne,  
 that is, those  
 that be cōmon  
 and currant;  
 It is dāgerous  
 to coine with-  
 out priviledg.  
<sup>a</sup> *Poesie* is the  
*Cæsar* of  
*Speech*.  
*Poesie* more  
 perdurable  
 then *Prose*.



For, it doth flow more fluent frō the *Tonge*,  
 In which respect it wel may tearmed be,  
 (Having a *Cadence* musicall among)  
 A *speech* melodious ful of harmoniee,  
 Or *Eare*-enchancing matchlesse melodee:  
 Succinct it is, and easier to retaine  
 (Sith with our <sup>a</sup> *sp'rits* it better doth agree)  
 then, that which tedious *ambage* doth containe,  
 Albe't the *Witt* therein did more then raigne.

• Some Philo-  
 sophers suppo  
 sed our soules  
 to be musicke,  
 some others  
 Number.

Its deckt with *Coulors* fresh, and *figures* fine,  
 Which doth the *Iudgment* ay inveagle so  
 (Making the *Eare* to it of force incline)

• Poetrie invea-  
 gles the iudg-  
 ment to assent  
 to her asserti-  
 ons.

that <sup>b</sup> *Iudgment* often doth her selfe forgoe,  
 And like *Waxe*, bends *Opinion* to and fro:  
 In *Prose* the *speech* is not so voluble,  
 Because the *Tongue* in *numbers* doth not flo,  
 Ne yet the *accent* halfe so tunable,  
 then, to our *spirites* much lesse futable.

And, for its oster vs'd, it cloies the *Eare*  
 Be'ng not contriv'd with *Measures* musicall,  
 And not alow'd that *beauty Verse* doth beare,  
 Nor yet the *Cadence* so harmonically,  
 Much lesse the <sup>c</sup> *relish* so *Angelicall*:

• Relish, and  
 double-relish  
 words of arte  
 incident to  
 the Soule-in-  
 chāting Arte  
 of musicke.

Its not adorn'd with choise of such sweete *Wordes*  
 (*Wordes* that haue pow'r to sweeten bitter'st *Gall*)  
 Nor licence't that fine *Phrase*, *Arte Verse* affords,  
 Which makes huge *Depthes*, oft times, of shallow

(Fordeas)

therefore the *Poets* from the *Worlde's* first *Age*,  
 As best persuaders, whose sweete *Eloquence*  
 (they playing best *pantes* on this *Earthly Stage*)  
 Was the first *retorick* borne of *Sapience*,

that

that glorie giues to *Wisdomes* influence:  
 Herehence it came that diuine *Oracles*  
 (*Appolos* speech of highest excellence)  
 Were stil exprest in measur'd *Syllables*,  
 the voice of *Wisdomes* truest *Vocables*.

Oracles deli-  
 vered alwaies  
 in Verse.

In which respect, 't was meet 't to make *Records*  
 Of memorable *Accidents of Time*,  
 Of *Princes* liues and *actions* of great *Lordes*,  
 Which *Poets* first did *Chronicle* in *Rimes*  
 And farre aboue *Chronography* did clyme:  
 For they were first of al that did observe  
 (though *Poets* now are neither *flush* nor *Prime*)  
 The workes of *Nature* for *Mans* vse to serve,  
 But now gainst *nature* their works make the<sup>d</sup> sterve.

<sup>d</sup> They give  
 these me fame  
 that recom-  
 pence them  
 with fame.

they searcht the *causes* of *things* generable,  
 VVith their *effects* and distinct *properties*;  
 And made them (by their *skill*) demonstrable,  
 Mounting from thence vnto the loftie *skies*,  
 to note their *motions* and *what* in them lies:  
 they first did finde the *Heav'ns* plurality,  
 And how they did each other so comprise.  
 that in their *motion* they made melody,  
 Caus'd by their *closnesse* and *obduracy*.

Poets first  
 found the di-  
 stinctiō of the  
 Sphaeres.

Yea, sought to finde each *substance* *seperate*,  
 And in their *search* they were most curious  
 Of diuine *Essences* to know the state,  
 VVhich having found, were most laborious  
 them to expresse in *Poems* precious:  
 they were therefore the first *Astronomers*!

(That travell'd through the *Heau'ns* from house to  
 First *Metaphisicks* and *Philosophers*,  
 Vnfolding *Heav'n* & *Earth*, *Sun*, *Moone*, & *Starres*.

Poets were  
 the first *Astro-*  
 nomers, *Meta-*  
 phisicks, and  
 Philosophers.

Thus much for *Poets*, and sweete *Poesie*,  
 In whose *praise* never can be said too much:  
 Yet *Pride* their praise may blemish vterly,  
 For she defiles like *pitch* what she doth touch:  
 And makes both *heav'n* & *earth* at it to grutch:  
 For no *Perfection* can be toucht with *pride*  
 But it will looke as if it were not such,  
 Deform'd in fauour, which none can abide;  
 For *Grace* is base being thus double *side*.

The stewes  
 once stood  
 where now  
 Play-houses  
 stand.  
 The Peacock.

But that which grates my *Gale*, and mads my *Muse*,  
 Is (ah that ever such iust cause should *Bee*)  
 To see a *Player* at the put-downe *stewes*  
 Put vp his *Peacockes* Taile for al to see,  
 And for his hellish voice, as proud as *hee*;  
 What *Peacocke* art thou proud? Wherefore? because  
 Thou *Parrat*-like canst speake what is taught thee.  
 A *Poet* must teach thee from clause to clause,  
 Or thou wilt breake *Pronunciations* Lawes.

Neither de-  
 lighteth he in  
 any mans legs.  
 Psal. 147. 10.

Lies al thy *vertue* in thy *Tongue* stil taught,  
 And yet art proud? alas poore *skum* of *pride*!  
*Peacocke*, looke to thy *legs* and be not haught,  
 No *patience* can least *pride* in thee abide;  
 Lookenot vpon thy *Legs* from side to side  
 To make thee poulder, though in *Buskine* fine,  
 Or *silke* in graine the same be beautifide;  
 For *Painters* though they haue no skil diuine,  
 Can make as faire a *legge*, or *limbe* as thine.

Good *God*! that euer *pride* should stoope so low,  
 That is by nature so exceeding hie:  
 Base *pride*, didst thou thy selfe, or others know,  
 Wouldst thou in *harts* of *Apish* *Actors* lie,

That



That for a <sup>a</sup> *Cue* wil tel their *Qualitie*?  
Yet they through thy perswasion (being strong)  
Doe vveene they merit *immortality*,  
Onely because (forsooth) they vse their <sup>b</sup> *Tongue*,  
to speake as they are taught, or right or *wronge*.

If *pride* ascende the *stage* (ô base ascent)  
Al men may see her, for nought comes thereon  
But to be seene, and where *Vice* should be shent,  
Yea, made most odious to ev'ry one,  
In blazing her by demonstration  
Then *pride* that is more then most vicious,  
Should there endure open damnation,  
And so shee doth, for shee's most odious  
In *Men* most bale, that are ambitious.

*Players*, I loue yee, and your *Qualitie*,  
As ye are Men, that pass time not abus'd:  
And <sup>c</sup> some I loue for <sup>d</sup> *painting*, *poesie*,  
And say fell *Fortune* cannot be excus'd,  
that hath for better *uses* you refus'd:  
*VVit*, *Courage*, *good shape*, *good partes*, and all good,  
As long as all these goods are no worse vs'd,  
And though the *stage* doth staine pure gent'e blood,  
Yet <sup>e</sup> generous yee are in *minde* and *moode*.

Your *Qualitie*, as farre as it reproues  
the *World* of *Vice*, and grosse *incongruence*  
Is good; and good, the good by nature loues,  
As <sup>f</sup> recreating in and outward *sense*;  
And so deserving *praise* and *recompence*:  
But if *pride* (otherwise then morally)  
Be *acted* by you, you doe all incense  
to mortall hate; if all hate mortally,  
*Princes*, much more *Players* they vilifie.

• Reprooves  
wher they are  
wel deserved,  
must bee well  
paied.

• Meant of  
those that  
haue nothing  
to commend  
them but affe-  
cted acting, &  
offensue mou-  
thing.

• W. S. R. B.

• Simonides  
saith, that pain-  
ting is a dumb  
Poesy, & Poe-  
sy a speaking  
painting.

• Roscius was  
said for his ex-  
cellency in his  
quality, to be  
only worthie  
to come on  
the stage, and  
for his hone-  
sty to be more  
worthy the to  
come thereon.

• Ther is good  
use of plaies &  
pastimes in a  
Cōmō-weale  
for thereby  
those that are  
most vncivill,  
prone to  
mouewar and  
dissention, are  
by these recre-  
ations accusto-  
med to loue  
peace & ease.  
Tac. 4. An.  
Ca 6.

But

But *Pride* hath skil to vvorke on baler *Skills*,  
 For each *Bagg-piper*, if expert he be,  
*Pride* fills his *Soule*, as he his *Bag-pipe* fills,  
 For he suppoeth *he* and none but *hee*  
 Should be advanc'd; For what? For *Rogueriee*.  
 Hee can repine, and say that *men* of *\* partes*  
 Are not esteem'd; Goe base *Drone*, durtie *Bee*,  
 Rest thou in *dung*, too good for thy *deserts*;  
 For *durt* to *durt* should goe, and *praise* to *Artes*.

Though these  
 words be vn-  
 fit for his  
 mouth yet he  
 fits his mouth  
 to these words

Though no *man* can more willingly commend  
 The *Soule*-reioycing sound of *Musickes* voice,  
 Faire *figure* of that *blisse* that nere shall end,  
 Which makes our sorrowing *Soules* (like it) reioice;  
 Yet at the best its but a *pleasure choise*  
 To make vs *game*, vwhen wee are vvoe-begon;  
 It is too light graue *Artes* to counterpoise,  
 Then no cause is there to bee prowde thereon  
 Albe't thou wert as good as *Amphion*.

The ende of  
 Artes giues  
 the their true  
 valuation,

*Pride*, vvilt thou still be subiect to my *Musc*?  
 Be subiect to *her* stil, and so to *me*:  
 But now shee should (if shee did well) refuse  
 Longer to haue to doe vvith cursed *Thee*;  
 For shee hath found thee in the low'st *degree*;  
 The *Hangman* sav'd, whose *basenesse* doth surpasse:  
 Yet he of *London*, that detested *He*  
 (Whose *hart* is made of *Flint*, and face of *Brasse*)  
 Of *decollation* brags, but let that passe.

Gentlemen  
 should hate  
 Pride nowe,  
 sith she is be-  
 come the  
 Hāgmās loue.

Then *pride* farewell, base beastly *pride* farewell,  
 Or fare farre worse, then ill in worst degree,  
 Sith thou scorn'st not in such an *hart* to dwell,  
 That by the *fruit* liues of the *Gallow-tree*:

Who

Who wil not scorne now to be toucht by thee?  
 Sincke to *Earthes* Bowels from her bur'dned *Breſt*,  
 (For on the *Earth* thou canſt no *lower* bee)  
 Sith *Hell's* thy *Spheare* wher thou ſhould'ſt everreſt,  
 For, on the *Earth* thou mov'ſt but to *vnreſt*. Hell, the home  
of Pride.

Thus having paſt theſe *Paſſions* of the *Soule*,  
 That are as *founts* from whence the *leſſer* flow;  
 We are arriv'd (through faire waies and fowle)  
 Vnto the third *Wombe* ſituate below The third  
wombe.  
 The *Midriſe*; where the *growing pow'r* doth grow:  
 But for it is ſo farre remov'd from thence  
 From whence the *Soule* doth her *arch-wonders* ſhow,  
 (Namely the *Seate* of the *Intelligence*)  
 Wee'l balke the ſame for its *impertinence*.

Referring it vnto *Anatomists*,  
 Who marke each *Mortefſe* of the *Bodies* frame,  
 The *Pynns*, the *Tenons*, *Beams*, *Bolts*, *Wwindings*, *liſts*,  
 All which they *marke* when they doe it vnframe:  
 To theſe *Crafts-maſters*, I referre the ſame;  
 Suffizeth me to looke with my right \* *Eye* \* Of mine vn-  
derſtanding.  
 (Though it dimme-lighted be and ſo to blame).  
 Into the *Seate* of each *ſoules* facultie,  
 Fixt to *Witts*-wonder-working *Ingeny*.

Yet as I could I haue the *Soule* expreſt,  
 If not with proper *Coulors*, yet with ſuch  
 As doe diſtinguiſh her *kinde* from the reſt,  
 Which *Kind*, by kind, in *Beaſts* & *Plants* doth couch:  
 But to paint her in each leaſt *part* were much;  
*Philofophers* haue beene to \* ſeeke heerein,  
 Although they ſought but ſleightly her to touch,  
 And haue through *Error* much abuſed bin,  
 VWhen her faire *Picture* they did but begin, \* All Philoſo-  
phers have er-  
red touching  
the Soule.



Crates. For *Crates* said, there is no *Soule* at all,  
 But that by *Nature*, *Bodies* moued be :  
 Hipparchus & Leucippus. *Hipparchus*, and *Leucippus*, *Fire* it call,  
 With whom (in sort) the *Stoïckes* doe agree :  
 Democritus. A fire *Sp'rite* betweene the *Atomee*  
 Diogenes. *Democritus* wil haue it : and the *Aire*  
 Some say it is : the Barrell'd *Cynick*, hee  
 And with him *others* of another *haire*,  
 Doe thus depaint the *soule*, and file her *faire*.

The *soule* (say they) is *Aire*, the Mouth takes in,  
 Boil'd in the *Lights*, and temp'ed in the *Hart*,  
 And so the *body* it throughout doth rin;  
 This is the *soule* (forsooth) made by their *Art*.  
 Hippias. *Hippias* would haue it *water*, all or part :  
 Heliodorus. *Heliodorus* held it *earth* confixt;  
 And *Epicurus* laid it was a ( )  
 Namely, a *Sp'rite* of *Fire* and *Aire* commixt :  
 And *Zenophontes*, *earth* and *water*, mixt.

A diametrical repugnancie of opinions, among the Philosophers touching the soul.  
 Thus (simple *Soules*!) they make the simple *soule*  
 Of simple *Elements*, or els compound : (fowle,  
 Meane while they make her (most faire creature)  
 And dimine her *glorie* which is most renownd,  
 Through *mists* of *Ignorance*, which them surround.

Others, of other substance weene it is,  
 Critias. For *Critias* with *bloud* doth it confound,  
 Hippocrates. *Hippocrates* (that went as wide as this)  
 Said twas a thin *sprite* spread through our *Bodis*.

Some, *Flesh* would haue it with the *senses* vse,  
 Some the complexion of the *Elements* :  
 Galen. And *Galen* doth not much the same refuse,  
 For to an hot *Complexion* he assents,

For so's the *soule* (saith he) and not repents:  
 Not that *Complexion*, (some say) but abides  
 In some *point* of it; and those *Continents*  
 They hold the *Hart*, or *Braine*, where it resides  
 As *Queene* enthron'd, and all the *body* guides.

Some *Light* would haue it, as *Heraclitus*;  
 Others, some thing tide to no certaine *place*,  
 But wholly present in each *part* of vs;  
 Which, whether sprong frō the *Complexions* grace,  
 Or made by *God*, yet they weene cleer's the case,  
 From *Natures* lap the same of force must fall.  
 Some others said, a *Quintessence* it was:  
 Some, an *vnquiet Nature* moving all:  
 A *number*, some, that it selfe moues, it call.

Heraclitus.

The *Caldees* say it is a *formelesse Force*,  
 Which nerthelesse al *forms* doth apprehēd,  
 And *Aristotle* doth him selfe inforce  
 To make the same vpon the *Corpes* depend;  
 For these his *words* do sort out to that end:  
 It is (saith he) an *high perfection*  
 Of *bodie*, that *lifes powre* doth comprehend,  
 Which *vnnderstanding* giues it, *sense*, & *motion*;  
 This in effect is his *description*.

Aristotle.

*Plato* (surnam'd *divine*) affirm'd, it is  
 A *diuine substance* which it selfe doth moue,  
 Indu'd with *vnnderstanding*. He doth misse  
 Lesse then the rest, though *Truth* doth all reprove:  
 And *Seneca* saith the *soule* is farre aboue  
 The knowledge of the most *intelligent*;  
 Which speech of his *Lactantius* doth approue,  
 Thus doe they all about the *soule* dissent,  
 As well for *substance*, as where resident.

Plato,

Seneca

- Hippocrates. For in the *braines Hippocrates* it puts,  
 Strato. And *Strato*, in the space betweene the *eies*;  
 Diogenes. In the *harts* hollow *veine* the *Dog* it shuts,  
 that alwaies in a *Tub* enkenell'd lies:  
 Stoickes. The *Stoicks* say, the *Hart* doth it comprise:  
 Democritus. In al the *body*, saith *Democritus*:  
 In al the *breſt*, say *others* as vnwile:  
 Hierophilus. In the *braines ventricles*, saith *Hierophilus*:  
 Thus al in al were most erroneous.
- Empedocles. *Empedocles* in *bloud* the same doth bound:  
 Galen. *Galen* would haue each *limb* a *soule* to haue:  
 Renowned *Galen*, how waſt thou renown'd,  
 That didſt thy ſelfe ſo fooliſhly behaue!  
 thus for the *place* they with each other ſtraue,  
 And for the *soules continuance* no leſſe.
- Epicures. The *Epicure* the *body* makes her *Graue*,  
 And *dies* and *lies* with it. But *ſome* confeſſe  
 Shee's capable of *everlaſtingneſſe*.
- Pythagoras: *Pythagoras*, by tranſmigration  
 Wil haue it everlaſting, or at leaſt  
 As long as *beaſts* ſhal haue creation;  
 For it doth paſſe (ſaith he) from *Mã* to *beaſt*:  
 What *Foole* could more ridiculouslly ieſt?  
 Yet he diſciples had, and not a few,  
 that this groſſe *doctrine* did with eaſe diſgeſt;  
 Therefore no *Beaſts*, theſe more *beaſts*, euer ſlue  
 Sith they their *frēds ſouls* held, for ought they knew.
- The *Stoickes*, held the meane twixt *Epicures*  
 And *Pythagoreans*: for that *soule* (they ſay)  
 that's *vicious*, vvhilſt the *body* it immures,  
 Doth die, and vwith the *body* quite decaie:

But



But if it *vertuous* be, it liue it haie:  
Some *partes* of it (as *Aristotle* holdes)  
that haue *seates* corp'ral, with them sal auvay:  
But *understanding* vvhich no *Organ* holdes,  
(As free from *filth*) *Æternitie* infoldes.

Aristot'e.

Thus for their *ending* or *continuance*  
Do they contend; & no lesse *Christiā*s strue  
For their *beginning*: some, the same advance  
To *heav'n*, and say they there did ever liue  
Since *Angels* fel. And other some belecue  
that one *soule* doth *another* propagate:  
Some *others*, their *commencement* do deriue  
From time that first the *Angels* were create,  
Vvhich sacred *Austine* doth insinuate.

Christians differ touching the soules beginning.

Others there be, who constantly affirme  
that *soules* created are from day to day,  
Vvhich he of *Aquine* boldly doth confirme:  
For sith the *soule* doth forme the *bodies* clay,  
It with the *bodie* must be made, they say.  
Whereto agrees each moderne *Schoole-divine*:  
So that these *Men* doe from each other stray  
touching the *soules* birth, which they mis-assigne,  
“ For they speake ill that cannot wel *define*.

Thomas Aquinas has his opinion on touching the soules beginning.

And *Epicures* the same doe mortal make:  
The *Pythagoreans* it doe transmigrate;  
Some say, the *heavens* do the same retake:  
Some put it into *hell*, in endlesse date:  
Others would haue it *earth* perambulate.  
Some say there's but one vniversal *soule*,  
Vvhich of *particulars* participate;  
Which saying *Plato* doth not much cōtrole,  
But that he would haue *either* to liue sole.

Diverse opinions concerning the soules continuance.

Plato.

Some, make each *Man* two distinct *soules* to haue,  
 The *Intellective*, and the *Sensitive*,  
 And that the *Sensitive* the parents gave,  
 But the *Creator* the *Intellective*:  
 Others, the *soule* doe of the same deprive,  
 For they the *soule* and *Vnderstanding* part.  
 Some make no difference, but doe beleue  
 The *Vnderstanding* is the chiefeft part;  
 Thus in *Conceite* they from each other start.

Some make  
 two distinct  
 things of the  
 Soule and vn-  
 derstanding.

Some suppose  
 that humane  
 soules are por-  
 tions of the  
 diuine nature.

Some, held opiniō *Soules* are bred in *Heav'n*,  
 And of the *diuine Nature* portions are,  
 Deckt with al *vertue*, by that *Nature* giv'n,  
 Togeather with al *skill & knowledge* cleare,  
 Which in that *nature* ever doe appeare:  
 From whence they did descend to animate  
*Mens bodies*, which by nature filthie were;  
 Which did those pure *Soules* so cotaminate,  
 That they those *Skills & vertues* quite forgot.

So that they could not vse the further forth  
 Then they were taught, which made the to suppose  
 That what *skill, vertue*, or what other woorth  
 The *Soule* bewrai'd, was but a minding those  
 It had in *Heav'n*, and so knowes al it knoes:  
 So that the *portions* of the *diuine fire*  
 Be'ng wel neere quēcht by *Blood*, which the ore floes,  
 Must be rekindled and made to aspire  
 By *Doctrine*, which the *spirit* doth desire.

Our minds do  
 remember Sci-  
 ences, not  
 learne them.  
 Plato.

Wheron they do cōclude, that sith the *soule*  
 By entring in the *Body* most vncleane  
 Is made prodigious, and extreamely fowle,  
 To *Heav'n* cānot <sup>a</sup> retorne be'ng so obscene,

<sup>a</sup> Truth it selfe  
 saith, no vn-

Till

Till it by *Discipline*, bee purged cleane;  
And decked with the *rights* of her *Birth-right*,  
Which to regaine, *Instruction* is the *meane*:  
Or from the *Body* being parted quight,  
They may be purg'd, some saie, though most vnright.

cleane thing  
can enter into  
the heavens.  
Galat. 5. 21.

Now, when we ballance al these *Arguments*  
In the sincere *Scales* of the *Sanctuary*,  
Wee finde them viler then *Vvitts* Excrements,  
And lighter then the *Skumme* of *Vanity*:  
For true it is *The Blinde eates many a Fly*.  
But that *Man* hath a *Soule*, none is so blinde,  
But sees her almost with *Eyes* bodily:  
And that shee's endlesse the dymst *Eyes* of *Minde*  
By *Natures* dymest *light*, may lightly finde.

A Proverb.

*God* is a *sp'rite*, the *Vvorld* a *Body* is,  
Both which in *Man* are plaine Epitomiz'd,  
Of *God* hee's *Abstract* in that *soule* of his;  
And in his *Corps* the *Vvorld* is close cōpriz'd:  
As if the divine *Vvisedome* had devis'd  
To bring into a *Centers* Center all  
His *greatnesse*, that cannot be circuliz'd,  
And the huge magnitude of the *Earthes* ball;  
For *Microcosmos* men *Man* firly call.

God and the  
world are epi-  
tomiz'd in  
man.

Who in a *Minute* can the *Earth* surround,  
And sincke vnto her *Center*, then ascend  
And cōpasse, with a trice, the Heav'nly *Roiūd*  
Yea *Heav'n* & *Earth* at once doth cōprehend  
Not touching either; But doth apprehend  
A thousand *places*, without shifting *place*,  
And in a *moment* ascend, and descend  
To *Heav'n* & *Hell*, & each of them embrace;  
It *selfe* being compast in a little *space*.

Microcosmos.

The agilitie,  
subtilty, and  
capacity of  
the Soule.

This.



Man is said to  
be man in re-  
spect of his hu-  
mane Soule.

When the  
Minde is busie  
the outward  
Senses be at  
rest.

Life & Sense  
depend vpon  
the Soule.

The Soule is  
no Quality  
but a Subſtance

The Soule is  
of capacity to  
comprehend  
Heaven and  
Earth.

This, *Man* can doe without the *Bodies* aide,

Then must he doe it as a *Man* he is;

And in respect of his *soule* he is said

To be a *Man*, for by that *Soule* of his

And onely by that *Soule*, he acteth *this*:

Which seeth when the *Bodies* eyes be clos'd,

And when those *Eyes* bee ope, oft *sight* doth

It travels whē the *Body* is repos'd, (misle:

And rests whē as the same by *Toile's* dispos'd.

Th'external *senses* may loose all their pow'r,

If but the *Instruments* of them decay,

Yet *Life* and *Reason* may continue sure;

But *Senses* stay not if *Life* doe not stay,

And *Life* the *soule* doth stay or beare away:

The more the *Corpes* decaies, so much the more

The *soule* is strengthened; which *sick-men* bewray,

Who when their *Bodies* are most weake and poore,

Their *Minds* reveale most *strength*, and *riches* store.

Then its a *substance* and no *Qualitee*,

For *Qualities* in *Substances* subsist;

Thē that which makes another *thing* to Bee,

No *Quality* can be, but doth consist

In its owne substance, which doth sole exist:

Then sith a *man's* a *man*, that is to say

A *lyving Creature* with right *Reason* blist,

He hath a *soule* that forms, & him doth sway,

Else were he but a livelesse *Lumpe* of *Clay*.

Which *soule* is Bodilesse, else could it not

Containe so many *Bodies* smal and great,

By some of which it would be over-shott;

For al this *All*, were it much more cōplete,

In it may sit, without place for a *Seate*.  
 Yet doth our *bodie* bound it, which is smal,  
 But wert a *Corps* it could not doe that *seate*;  
 For that which can containe *Heav'n, earth*, and all  
 Which they containe, cannot be *corporall*.

The more it *bath*, the more it vwill receiue,  
 the more it *holdes*, the more it doth desire,  
 the more *things* bee, it best doth them conceaue,  
 VWhether they be *distinct* or els *intire*;  
 All which at once may in the *Soule* retire  
 Without disturbing or annoying either:  
 All which t'effect doth such a *Soule* require,  
 that *infinite* had neede be altogether,  
 And in a sort the *soule* can bee no other.

The more the  
 soule doth the  
 more it may  
 receiue.

The soule is  
 in a sorte infi-  
 nite.

We may in *Minde* conceaue anothers *Minde*;  
 then, that which can conceaue *things* bodylesse  
 Can be no *body* (though pure as the *winde*)  
 But meerely *Sp'rituall*, which may haue egressse  
 Into each *Sp'rite*, and from thence make regresse,  
 Without those *Sp'rites* perceaving of the same:  
 then must the *substance* that makes such accessse  
 Bee *immateriall* in deede and *name*;  
 the *soule* therefore is of a *sp'rituall* frame.

We may enter  
 into ano-  
 thers minde  
 with our mind

two *formes* at once of quite repugnant kinde  
 No *Matter* can receaue: but the *soule* can;  
*Black, VWhite, Fire, Frost, Moist, Dry*, these *place* doe  
 Without resistance in the *soule* of *man*; (finde  
 then *soules* wee see at *Matter* nere began:  
 Nay, sith the lesse with *Matter* we doe mell,  
 the more we vnderstand: it followes than,  
 that nought can more against the *soule* rebell  
 then *matter*, which the *soule* doth hate as *Hell*.

No matter ca  
 hold 2 formes  
 at one instant  
 of contrary  
 kindes.

the lesse flesh  
 the body hath  
 the more wit  
 the soule hath  
 commonly.

That cannot  
give Sense  
that is senseless,  
nor intelligence  
that is  
unintellectual

For, wer't *Materiall*, whereof ist made?  
If of the *Elements*, how give they *sense*  
That never *Life* since their creation had?  
Much lesse then can they giue *Intelligence*,  
In whom nor *Life* nor *sense* hath residence:  
*A body's* meerely *Passive*; But the *Spr̃ite*  
Is absolutely *Active*: And from thence  
The *Bodies* *Actions* doe derive their might,  
Or els no *Limbe* could stirr or wrōg, or right.

The Soule not  
subiect to  
Time.

And that the *soule* is an immortall *Minde*  
(Not mortall, like the *body*) doth appeere,  
That whereas *Time* in his *turnes*, vp doth winde  
The *Bodies* substāce, which those *turnes* doe weare;  
Yet can those *motions*, the *soule* nothing steere;  
But to more *staidnesse*, they the same doe turne,  
And make her more immortall (as it were)  
VVho (like the *Pow'r* divine) can *Time* adiorne,  
Or make it stay, or it quite overturne.

Time is the  
Soules subiect

The *Time* *past*, *present*, or to *come*, are all  
(As to the *soules* *sire*) present to the *soule*,  
VVhich makes her *matterlesse* and *immortalls*  
For that which can stay *Time*, when he doth rowle,  
Must be *Divine*, nought else can *Time* controule:  
Then *Time* is subiect to the *soule* (wee see)  
VVhich as his *Sov'raigne* him doth over-rule,  
And though in *Time* the *soule* was made to *Bee*,  
Yet shee makes *Times* *turnes* to her *turnes* agree.

The Soules  
food (Truth)  
argues shee is  
immortall like  
her foode.

Beside, her *Food* doth her immortall make,  
For mortall *Creatures* feede on mortall *things*,  
As *Beastes* on *Grasse*, and *Beasts mens* hunger flake;  
But shee doth feede on *Truth*, which truely brings

*Imm.*



*Immortal State without al varyings:*  
 For *Truth* is as free from al *corruption*,  
 As from *Tymes* Turnes & restlesse *alterings*,  
 Thē sith the *Soule* doth feede on *Truth* alone,  
 It needs must be *immortal* in *Reason*.

What *soule* can doubt her *immortality*,  
 But such as is *immortal*? for that *doubt*  
 Doth rise frō *Reas'ns* discourse ingeniously;  
 Then if by *Reason* shee brought that about  
 That *souls* are mortal: that *soul's* not without  
 The pow'r of *Reason*: & who hath that *pow'r*,  
 Must needs be of that rare *Coelestial Route*,  
 Which *Iron Teeth* of *Time* cannot devoure:  
 For *Reas'n* made *Time*, and past *Time* doth endure.

No *Soule* humane but covetts stil to *Bee*,  
 Which could not be if shee but mortal were:  
 When shee looks backe *Eternitie* to see,  
 Shee sees she cannot past *beginnings* beare;  
 But being begun would *faine* past *Time* appeere:  
 Then how is it that *Men* are al so *faine*  
 If *Nature* therevnto *all* doe not steere?  
 But how ist *naturall* if it be a *vaine*?  
 And vaine it is, if it doe nought obtaine.

If ever thou resolved wer't to dye,  
 Consider how thy *soule* discoursed then:  
 Could shee periwade her selfe that shee must fly  
 (Sith shee was made of *nought*) to *nought* agen,  
 And as *Beastes* died, so did mortal *Men*?  
 Maugre thy *soule* while shee doth thus *discourse*,  
 Shee slips from al *Conclusions*, and doth ren  
 Quite from her selfe by *Natures* proper force,  
 To weigh which way she wends, free'd frō her *Corse*.

Hh 2

The

The doubt of  
 our Soules im-  
 mortality,  
 proves their  
 immortality.

God the Foun-  
 taine of *Rea-  
 son*.

The eternitie  
 past, over-  
 whelms the  
 Soule as be-  
 ing too great  
 for her capa-  
 citie, but that  
 which is to  
 come she can  
 and doth co-  
 ceave.

\* Nature made  
 nothing in  
 vaine.

The Soule cā-  
 not p<sup>r</sup>ssible  
 perswade her  
 selfe that shee  
 is mortall.

No Athist but  
would faine  
dye the death  
of the righte-  
ous.

The damned *Epicurean-Libertine*  
At *Deaths* approach, (stirr'd vp by *Natures* might)  
To *Life immortal* would his *Soule* resigne;  
And in his *soule* resistlesse *reasons* fight,  
To proue the *soule* immortal by *Birth-right*:  
Doe what he can his *Thoughts* to pacifie  
Whiles they immortal strive to make his *Spright*,  
He cannot for his *soule* them satisfie,  
But they wil stil beleve *shee* cannot die.

The *Soule* is  
taught by na-  
turall reason,  
& by the light  
of nature that  
*shee* is immor-  
tall.

If one weake *thought* say thy *soul's* but a *Blast*,  
That with thy *Breath* is vapored to nought;  
A stronger *thought* saith it doth ever last,  
For nought can mortal be, that hath that *thought*:  
By *Reason* thus the *soule* is inly taught.  
If wandring *thoughts* perlwade that *Soules* depend  
On that which *Nature* in the *Bodie* wrought,  
Domestick *thoughts* against those *thoughts* contend,  
And say, *Soules* *Bodiless* can never end.

Simil.

They came from *God*, to him themselves they lift,  
They mount as high as they dismounted bee;  
Ev'n as a *Fountain* doth her *Current* shift  
As high, as it descended, natural lie:  
So *Soules* doe mount to him of whome they Bee.  
*Beastes* know no more but *natures partes* externe,  
But our *soules* into *Natures secrets* see;  
Nay stay not there, but they thereby doe learne  
Who gave them sight such *secrets* to discern.

Some say the *Soule* and *Bodie* are but one,  
Because their outward *Sense* perceaves no more:  
They might denie *God* too by like *reason*  
Because they see him not: yet evermore

They

They see his *deedes*, for which we him adore.  
Then let the *actions* of thy *soule* perswade  
Thy *thoughts* thou hast a *soule*; & let the *lore*  
Which *God* in her infus'd, whē he her made,  
Teach thee to know that thy *soul* cānot fade.

The actions  
of our Soules  
proue their  
immortalitie.

The *soule* consists not by the outward<sup>b</sup> *sense*,  
But by the *soule* the outward *sense* consists:  
The outward *sense* hath no *Intelligence*,  
(VWhich in and by an *Instrument* subsists)  
But as an *Instrument* *sense* her assists:  
The *sense* can see a *Fort*, but if w<sup>i</sup>nferre,  
*Men* made the *same*, and it the *Foe* resists,  
This doth surmoūt the outward *senses* farre,  
And doth conclude, our *soules* aboue thē are.

<sup>b</sup>The Soule is  
not subiect to  
the impressiō  
of the Senses  
because she is  
of an incorpo-  
rall nature.

Our *Reason* often giues our *sense* the *lie*,  
Whē *sense* would misinforme th' *Intelligēce*:  
For *sense* gaine-saies the *Heav'ns* pluralitie,  
But *Reason* proues the same by consequence:  
The *Moone* at full hath greatest light saith *sense*,  
But *Reason* by cleere *Demonstration*  
Doth proue her then to haue least *radiance*:  
Then *Reason* by this illustration  
The *soule*, not *sense*, makes Her foundation.

The Soules  
discourſe sur-  
mountes the  
reach of the  
outward sense

Our Reason  
doth it cor-  
rect our er-  
ring sense.

The *Sunn*'s one *hundred sixtie six times* more  
then the *Earthes Globe* in compasse; but the *sense*  
VWith *Tooth* and *Nail* with-stands it evermore,  
And saies, (nay sweares) ther's no lesse difference.  
Then twixt the *Center* and *Circumference*:  
But *Reason* by right *Rules* them both doth meate,  
VWhich shee hath made by her experiences;  
And findes the *Sunne* (as erst we said) more great  
By <sup>c</sup> *Demonstration* more then most compleate.

The Sunnes  
magnitude.

<sup>c</sup>Demonstra-  
tion is the Pil-  
ler wheron al  
science depends.



The Soule  
makes, gene-  
rall rules of  
many particu-  
lers; but *sense*  
insists vpon  
particulars  
The true es-  
sence of things  
is vknowne;  
and to man  
knowne by  
their accidents  
and actions.  
Who vn-  
derstandeth his  
waies? and the  
storm that no  
man can see?  
for the most  
part of his  
works are hid  
Eccle. 16. 21.  
In the which  
will not vnder-  
stand true do-  
ctrine igno-  
rance is sinne,  
and in them  
which cannot,  
it is the paine  
of sinne.

We by our *soules* conceaue (as erst was said)  
*Wise dome* and *knowledge* bee'ng incorporal:  
But outvvard *sense* is altogether sta'd,  
On *qualities* of *things* meere corporall:

The *soule*, by *reason*, makes *rules* general  
Of *things* particuler: but *sense* doth goe  
But to *particulars* material;

The *soule* by the *effect* the *cause* doth sho,  
But *sense* no more but bare *effectes* doth kno.

The proper *essence* of *things* is obscur'd,  
And by themselves of vs cannot be knowne:  
Therefore the knowledge of them is procur'd  
By *accidents* and *actions* of their owne,  
Which to the *soule* by *wits* discourse is showne;  
For, she concludes by *Reasons* consequents  
(Though of themselves they meere are vknown)  
That thus they are; which high *experiments*  
Lie farre about the reach of *sense* ascents.

In them which wil not vnderstand this *Truth*,  
their ignorance is *sinne* most pestilent;  
But they which cannot, (ah the more the ruth)  
their ignorance, of *sinne's* the punishment:  
And who denies a *Truth* so evident,  
Hath neither *grace*; nor *sense*; for all may see  
The *soul's* immortal, and diuinely bent,  
And hath most force when shee from *flesh* is free,  
Which proues her *powre* and *immortalitee*.

If *soules* and *bodies* then be so distinct,  
And that the *soule*, as shee of *God* was made,  
Is free from *sinne*, and by her owne instinct  
Shee hates that *sense* that doth to *sinne* perswade,

The soule is  
free from sin  
as shee was  
made by God.

How

How is it then that shee should be so bad?  
 For from the *soule*, *sinne* doth her *force* deriue,  
 Which with her *waight* the *body* doth orelade;  
 Can shee both *cause*, and yet against *sinne* strue?  
 Shee may (quoth *All*) but *few* doe it beleue.

This is a *Gulfe* that swallowes vp the *soule*,  
 And quite confounds her, if shee enters it :  
 This *secret* deepe, deepe *wisdom*e did enroule,  
 In that still-closed *booke* of *secrets*, fit  
 For Her alone to know, not erring wit.  
 Therefore the more *presumption* we show  
 In *search* hereof, the more are we vnfit  
 A *secret* so vnknowne as this, to know :  
 For they know most thereof whose *spirits* are low.

The lesse sobriety we vse herein,  
 The more we erre in by-pathes of *Offence*;  
 And (giddy-headed) headlong fall to *sinne*,  
 From which we hardly rise by *penitence*;  
 For *sinnes* presumptuous, *grace* doe most incense.  
 Then let vs <sup>b</sup> curbe our head-strong *thoughts*, when  
 Would run beyond the reach of *sapience*; (they  
 And make them stop, where *wisdom*e points a *stay*,  
 that is, to go no further then they <sup>c</sup> may.

Many a curious *Question* hath bin mou'd  
 touching this <sup>d</sup> *secret*, and no fewer *Iarres*  
 Hath it procur'd; and all to be reprov'd;  
 Sith ev'ry one his owne *conceite* preferres,  
<sup>e</sup> Which to maintaine, stil maintaines wilful *warres*.  
 Some so desire to *know*, that faine they would  
 Breake through the <sup>f</sup> *Bounde* that *humane knowledge*  
 to pry into His *breast* which doth infold (barres,  
*Secrets* vnknowne: These, strange *opinions* hold.

*Sinne* deriues  
 her force frō  
 the *soule*.  
 To God all  
 things are law  
 full that like  
 him, and no-  
 thing likes  
 him that is  
 vnlawfull.

<sup>a</sup> Some cer-  
 taine things  
 though true  
 are not vte-  
 red of God  
 without dāger  
 whō we seem  
 best to knowe  
 when we con-  
 fesse him and  
 his counsels  
 to be incom-  
 prehensible.

<sup>b</sup> In doubtfull  
 matters wher-  
 in we may be  
 ignorant with  
 out danger, it  
 were better  
 suspend our  
 iudgements  
 then offer oc-  
 casion of con-  
 tention Calv.  
<sup>c</sup> Warranta-  
 bly.

<sup>d</sup> Divine mat-  
 ters are full of  
 obscurity, Cat.

<sup>e</sup> This secret  
 must be lookt  
 vnto not into.  
<sup>f</sup> Faithfull ig-  
 norance is  
 better then  
 rash knowe-  
 ledge.

But

But let it vs suffice thus much to know,  
 that though the *soule* cannot be soild with *sinne*  
 As *God* created her; yet *sinne* doth flow  
 From <sup>a</sup> *Adam* to the *soule*; and enters in  
 When shee the *bodie* doth to moue begin:  
 Nor must we make her sinnefull in respect  
 Shee with the *Corpes* is *Cas'd*, as soild therein,  
 But make the *Fault* of *Adam* her infect,  
 VVhich is, indeede, sole *cause* of that effect.

The fault of  
 Adam only in-  
 fects the soule  
<sup>b</sup> It is farre off,  
 what may it  
 be? and it is a  
 profound deep  
 nesse, who ca  
 finde it? Eccl.  
 7.26.  
<sup>c</sup> Since the e-  
 lementary &  
 diuine partes  
 of Mā are cor-  
 rupted one by  
 another and  
 both from A-  
 dā, they must  
 be borne a-  
 gaine, by ele-  
 mentary & di-  
 vine meanes,  
 by Water and  
 the Spirit.  
<sup>d</sup> Eccl. 25.3.

At large to proue her *immortalitie*,  
 I should (like her) well-neere be <sup>b</sup> *infinite*;  
 For, if the *Image* of the *Deity*  
 Bee found in *Man*, in his *soule* it is right:  
 And though by *Adam* shee bee made *vnright*,  
 Yet by the second *Adam* (full of *grace*)  
 Shee is againe <sup>c</sup> *reform'd* and made *vpriight*,  
 Which makes her strue when *sin* would her deface,  
 To soile it, or at least not giue it place.

Inough my *Muse* of that, vvhich nere ynough  
 Can well be said, and let me (restlesse) rest;  
 For, I must ply my *Penne* which is my *Plough*,  
<sup>d</sup> *Sith* my *lifes sunne* is almost in the *West*,  
 And I provided yet but for *vnrest*:  
 Time flies avway, these *Numbers* number *time*,  
 But goodes they number not: for their int'rest  
 Is nought but *Aire*, which though to *heav'n* it clime,  
 Is but meere *Vapor* rising but from *slime*.

There is no end in making many *bookes*, and much reading is a weariselle of the *Flesh*. Eccles. 12.12.

*Yet this we doe, and pleasure take in toile*  
*Although we doe but plow the barraine Soile.*

FINIS.



**W**ether, *entranc'd*, or in a *dreame* of dreames,  
 Procur'd by *Fancy* in our *sleepes* extreames,  
 Or whether by a strong *imagination*,  
 Bred in the Bowels of deepe *Contemplation*,  
 My *soule*, vwhen as my *bodse* vvaking was,  
 Did see, *what* doth ensue, in *Fancies* Glasle:  
 I know not vvell; but this ful wel I know,  
 If it no *substance* were, it was a *show*:  
 A *show* whereat my *Muse* admired much,  
 Which *she* with her best *sense* can scarlie touch;  
 It was so strange and full of *mystery*,  
 Past apprehension of her *ingeny*.  
 Me thought I saw, (at least I saw in *thought*  
 As on a *Rivers* side I lay long-straught  
 Eyeing the *Waters* eie-delighting *glide*)  
 An heavenly *creature* more then *glorifide*  
 Vpon the *waues* come tripping towards me,  
 VWho, scarce the *water* toucht, did seeme to flee:  
 Her *face* was louely, yet mee thought *shee* lookt  
 As one that had long *time* and *travell* brookt.  
 The *Robe* she ware was *lawne* (white as the *Swanne*)  
 Which siluer *Oes*, and *Spangles* over-ran  
 That in her *motion* such reflexion gaue,  
 As fil'd, with siluer *starres*, the heav'nly *waue*.  
 Her *Browes*, two *hemi-circles* did enclose  
 Of *Rubies* rang'd in artificiall *Roes*:  
 Whose precious *haire* thereto vvas so confixt,  
 That *golde* and *Rubie* seemed intermixt.  
 Vpon her *head* a siluer *crowne* shee ware,  
 (Depressing so that rising golden *Haire*)  
 In token that shee knew no *marriage* Bed,  
 Which nerthelesse was richly garnished  
 With rarest *Pearle*, that on the arched *bents*

Nature sittes  
in a precious  
Stone as in  
her Throne  
of Maiestie.

That role from that rich *Crownes* embattlements;  
Did shine like that braue party-coulord *Bow*,  
That doth *Heav'ns glorie*, and their *mercy* show.  
About her *Necke* hung *Natures*\* *Miracle*,  
A *Carcanet* of glorious *Carbuncles*;  
VVhich did the *Sunne* eclipse, and clos'd mine *Eyes*,  
That they could not behold her other *guise*.  
This *sight* (though glorious) much amated me,  
*From which*, rowzing my selfe, I sought to flee:  
But with the *offer* I fell downe againe,  
As one whole *Legges* could not his *Corpes* sustaine,  
Yet still I off red (bootelesse) to be gon,  
For, *Sights* divine daunt the stout'st *Champions*  
At the first sight; for, *Nature* doth not love  
To see (fraile *Creature*) ought her selfe aboue.  
VVhen lo, this heau'nly *Apparition*,  
Bad me not feare, with sweete perswasion!  
For, I am *shee* (quoth *shee*) that lately was  
Thy *Sou'raigne*; freed from this *Earthy Masse*:  
I now can like an *Angell* with a trice,  
Shift *place* to serue the *Prince of Paradise*.  
And, I am come to thee by his permission,  
That (notwithstanding thy obscure *condition*)  
Thou should'st by me haue *light*, and cleerely see  
(As in a *Glasse*) what shal hereafter *bee*  
Touching this *Land*, I did predominate:  
Looke in these *VVaues* (quoth *shee*) and see her *fate*.  
But I yet fearing lest by some *delusion*,  
I might be drawne to drowne me, in conclusion,  
Did backward seeme to doe this later *heast*,  
Though in the *premisses* I seemed blest.  
Then thee (as seeing with immortall eyes  
The mortall *feare* that did my *Soule* surprise)

Skip

Skipt from the *Water* to the verdant *Shore*,  
 And tooke me by the *hand*, and cheer'd me more.  
 Her *touch*, mee thought, sent to my *soule* such *ioy*,  
 As quite expell'd, *what* erst did it annoy.  
 That *hand*, mee seem'd, I kist with reverence,  
 Which yeelded sense-reviving redolence.  
 I held *it* fast, and swaid *it* as I would,  
 For shee encourag'd me, and made me bold.  
 VVhen to my selfe, I wisht I had had might,  
 r'haue swaid or staid *it* when *it* once did write,  
 VVhen *it* did (shaking) write *Elizabeth*,  
*Name* giving *Life* to be a *name* of *Death*.  
 I often haue held *hands*, while I haue taught  
 Those *hands* to write, as (handsomely) they ought;  
 But had I held her *hand* then, when it was,  
 I would haue taught her *hand* all *hands* to passe  
 In love-procuring *skill*; and when shee wrate  
*Elizabeth* great *R.* abridging date  
 Of *Life* and *Name*, shee should haue written thus,  
 Live live great *R.* for *dying* oft for *vs*.  
 And though shee had in *Earth* no interest  
 Now freed from *it* by eternall *rest*,  
 Yet, was my *soule*, mee thought, extreamely glad  
 So to conuerse with her immortall *Shade*:  
 And to my selfe I said, with *submis*se voice,  
 If *Princes Shades* our *Spirits* so reioyce;  
 What will their *Substance* where *they* please to grace?  
 That, in the *Soule* must needes haue greater *place*.  
 Arise (quoth shee) because the *Water's* deepe,  
 And thou (perhapps) dost feare therein to peepe:  
 Come follow mee to yonder shadie *Grove*,  
 VVhich *Zephirus* doth gentlie breathing moue,  
 Vpon the further side of this Greene *Meade*,



there shalt thou see, *what* shall thy *Fancy* feede.  
 then vp I sprang with rare *agilitie*,  
 Which gaue me pow'r, me thought, with her to flie  
 As swift as *thought*, to that designed *place*;  
 And there she laid me downe, with sweete embrace:  
 Which so entranc'd me, as a while I laie  
 Engulf'd in *ioy*, yet all the while did praie  
 that the *Catastrophe* of this sweete *Scene*,  
 Might answere the *beginning* and the *meane*.  
 Shee feeling with her *hand* my *Pulse* to beate  
 As one whole *Soule* did lecke to shift her *Seate*,  
 Shee chafte my *Temples* which did showring raine  
 the liquid *Pearle* which oft proceedes of *Paine*:  
 And with a loving *checke* shee did controule,  
 the *Passion* of my over-passion'd *Soule*.  
 I am (quoth shee) no *Soule*-confounding *Fiend*,  
 Assuming *Angells* forme for wicked *end*;  
 But come to grace thee gracelesse forlorne *Man*  
 With divine *favours*; why dost feare me than?  
 VVhereto with trembling *Tongue* I made reply:  
 I feare thee not, sense-mazing *Maiestie*;  
 But the delight my silly *Soule* conceaues  
 For this high *grace*, my *soule* of *sense* bereaues.  
 VVell then I coniure thee in *Love* (quoth shee)  
 that thou feare not, But marke what thou shalt see:  
 No sooner these sweete words accented were,  
 But in our *presence* livelie did appeare  
 A *Ladie* of a most maiesticke *state*,  
 Cladd like a *World*-commanding *Potentate*;  
 VVith all that might object *prosperitie*,  
 to *VVitt* or *Observations* Eagles Eye:  
 On whom attended two still-striving *Dames*,  
 In *manners* diverse, diverse too in *frames*:

The one still eyde the *Mould*, with downe-cast looke,  
 In *blacke* invested, in her hand a *Booke*:  
 Her *Brest* close clasped vp vnto the *Chin*,  
 That no lascivious *Eye* might prie therein:  
 A *Cipers* vaile ore-canapide her face,  
 Where vnder shone a *World* of modest grace.  
 Nothing about her was superfluous,  
 And nothing wanting, fitte for *Natures* vse;  
 Iooke her for some *World-despising* Dame,  
 Whose *conuersation* was not in the same.  
 The other was the true *Arch-tipe* of that  
 Which *Men* for *Leuitie* doe wonder at.  
 Neere to her *Body* shee (*fantastike*) ware  
 A thinne vaile of *Carnation* coulour'd ware:  
 On which, with *Starrs* of goldenbost, was drawne  
 As t'were an vpper *Smock* of purest *Lawne*;  
 Which seem'd as if a *Silver Cloude* had spredd  
 Over the face of *Phæbus* blushing redd:  
 Vpon all which shee ware a *Gabberdine*,  
 For forme as strange, as for stuffe, rich and fine:  
 To which ther was a certaine kinde of *Traine*,  
 Which (vselesse) was turn'd vp threefold againe:  
 The *Wings* wherof, (where her *Armes* out were let)  
 were of pure gold with *Smarags* thicke besett:  
 So were the *verges* of it sett with *stone*,  
 As costlie as the *Whores* of *Babylon*.  
 On either side from her *Armes* to her *Wast*,  
 It was vnswow'd, and made with *Buttons* fast  
 Of orient *Pearle*, of admirable size,  
 Which loopes of *Azur'd silke* did circulize:  
 So as yee might betweene the *Buttons* see,  
 Her *smocke* out-tuft to show her leuitee.  
 The *Sleeves* whereof were meanelly large, yet so

As to the *handes* it lesse and lesse did gro:  
 About whose *wrists* being gath' red in fine *pleates*,  
 It was made fast vvith orient *Bracëlets*  
 Of *Pearle* as bigge as *Plumbes*, and intermixt  
 VVith other *Iemmes*, of diuers *hues* tranfixt;  
 Which ore her *hands* hunge as superfluously  
 As (like the rest shee ware) most combrouly.  
*Morisco*-wise her *Garment* did orehang  
 Her *Girdle*, set with *stone* and many a *spang* :  
 VVhich nerethelesse could not be seene at all,  
 By reason of that *Robes* ore folding fal:  
 Saving that when the *VVinde* blew vp the same  
 It might be seene like *lightnings* sodaine flame.  
 This *Garment* though it were but too too long,  
 Yet too too short, or short'st of all, it hunge.  
 Her nether *Vesture* strecht but to her *calfe*,  
 Yet lower rought then that aboue, by halfe :  
 For, shee the vpper tuckt and trebl'd so,  
 As like a *Vardingale* the same did sho.  
 Vpon her legges shee ware a *Bu skin* fine,  
 Of *stufte* that did like cleereft *Amber* shine,  
 Downe halfe vvay folded, vvith a *Brouch* below,  
 Which on the *shinne* shee rightly did bestovv.  
 Her nether *smockes* or smock-like *Petticotes*,  
 Each gale of *winde* a loft in *Aier* flotes :  
 Which she assisted vvith prompt reddyneffe,  
 Glad of so good a *coulor* (as I guesse)  
 To show the *coulor* of her *skinne* below,  
 Which scarce the *Smocks* of modest *Matrones* know.  
 Her *Brest* lay open almost to the *VVast*,  
 That by the *eye*, *men* might be drawne to taste  
 The bitter *sweetes*, vvhich in her did abound;  
 "For, *beautie* through the *eye* the *heart* doth wound.  
 Her



Her *Pappes* vvere varnisht ore with shining *stufte*,  
 To giue the *Sight* a lustie counterbuffle:  
 twixt whom there hung a *Iewell* of rare *Iemmes*,  
 That the *eye* dazl'd with resplendant *beames*.  
 About her *Necke* a chaine of *Pearle* shee ware,  
 That to her *Breast* did couer all the bare;  
 Saving that *here* and *there* yee might espie  
 A *dy-like Square* of polisht *Ivorie*.  
 Her *Ruffe* (or \* what you vwill) about her *Necke*, \* Rebara.  
 Was cut and keru'd the more the *same* to decke:  
 And in the *cuts*, betweene the *foldes*, did lurke  
*Frogs, Flies, Snakes, Spiders*, al of *Gold-smithes* work;  
 So liuely made, as that the *sight* would sweare  
 They were aliue, for *each* did seeme to steere.  
 Vpon the *hemme* vvhereof did looslie hange  
 Many a glitt'ring siluer-golden *spang*:  
 Which, with the *motion* of her *bodie* light  
 Did (twinckling) seeme like *starres* in *winters* night.  
 Her *face*, though faire, vvas painted *cunninglie*,  
 VVhich trebl'd *beautie*, to bewitch the *eye*.  
 In *center* of her *forehead* (which did shine  
 As if the *same* had beene all *christalline*)  
 Betweenerare *Pearles*, disposed all in *fret*,  
 A rich coruscant *Rubie* in was let.  
 Vpon the *verge* of whose gold-stayning *haire*,  
 Illustrious *Saphires* ev'nly ranked vvere:  
 Saving that *here* and *there* prowde *Pompe* did place  
 Great pointed *Diamonds* to giue them grace.  
 Her *haire*, though faire, yet was *it* made to line  
 A curled *Periwicke* of *Haire* more fine;  
 Not *haire*, but *golden wire* drawne like the *Twist*  
 The *Spider* spins with her vnfin'g' red *fist*.  
 Behind, the *rest* was so in *trameils* folded

(Which

(Which precious *Pearle* and *Rubies* rich infolded)  
 that *all*, like speckl'd *Snakes*, in *Knots* was vbound,  
 And ev'ry one with diverse *flowres* crownd.  
 Her *gate* was painefull, tripping on the *Toes*,  
 As if *Desire* should say, *lo, there shee goes*.  
 Shee stood, as if she stood vpon no *ground*,  
 But on some *water-waue* that made her *bound*;  
 For, novv shee sinckes on *this* legge, then aloft  
 Vpon *that* other shee advanced oft.  
 And no lesse oft shee would cast dovvn her *eye*  
 Vpon her *Ivory paps*; and vvantonly  
 Shee seem'd to smile on *beauty* without peere,  
 to dravv all vvanton *eyes* to note it *there*.  
 In *summe* shee vvas such as *Voluptusnesse*  
 With all her coulors cannot well expresse.  
 These *damfels* straue (as erst I said) to gaine  
 the loue of *her* that vvas their *Soveraigne*:  
 Who seem'd to *each* indiff'rently dispos'd;  
 But after much a doe their *strife* shee cloi'd  
 With this *decree*; that vvho her most could moue  
 By *Reasons* force, should bee her leefest *Loue*.  
 then *Vertue* lo, (for so it seem'd shee vvas)  
 With modest *looke*, and *favour* full of *grace*,  
 Began to tune her *tongue* vnto that *care*  
 VWhich shee desired to her to indeere.  
 Quoth *shee*; deere *Albion*, (so I knew her *name*  
 That first of all into our presence came)  
 If thou wilt me imbozome, I vvill make  
 Both *Heav'n* and *Earth* to loue thee for my sake.  
 Thy *conscience* I wil calme, and in thy *breast*  
 thou shalt perceau the *heav'n* of *heav'ns* to rest.  
 Thine *understandings* *eye* shalbee as bright  
 As that faire *eye* that al the *World* doth light.

Vertue.

Albion.

All

Al *Nations* shal doe homage vnto thee,  
 As vnto her that giues them *eyes* to see.  
 Thou shalt reduce to thine *obedience*  
 Without the *Sword*, the *Earthes circumference*.  
 The *wisemen* of the *East* shal come from farre,  
 Drawne by thy *grace*, led by thy *vertues* starre,  
 And offer thee *Gold*, *Mirrh*, and *Frankensence*,  
 And what els may delight thy *Soule* or *sense*.  
 Thou shalt haue *powre* to crush the crownes of *kings*  
 And with their neighbors *swords* to clip their *wings*;  
 If they shal rise against thee in their pride;  
 So keepe them downe, and yet thy *hands* vndide.  
 God and the *World* (though it be nere so ill)  
 Shal hold *those* curst that doe resist thy *will*.  
 For, thou shalt *nothing* wil but what is *good*,  
 As long as *thou* and *I*, be one in *moode*.  
 I wil breake ope *Heav'ns* gates with might & maine,  
 And on thy head shal *Blessings* powre amaine.  
 Yea, to thy comfort it shal wel appeare  
 That al desir'd *increase* shal crowne each *yeare*.  
 The golden *daies* of peaceful *Salomon*,  
 Shal ever waite thy blessed *yeares* vpon.  
 The *sea* shal yeeld thee from her liquid *Vombe*,  
 What shal enrich thy poore and basest *Groome*.  
 Thy *Mountaines* shal with *castell* stil be crown'd,  
 The whiles the *Vales* with *corne* shal ore-abound.  
 Thy *Sonns*, & *Daughters*, shal yeeld comfort to thee,  
 That whilome did indeuour to vndoe thee.  
 Thy *young-men* shal see *Visions*, & thine *Old* (told  
 Shal dreame *dreames*, by which *things* shal be fore-  
 That shal concerne thy *good* in *times* future,  
 And *that* prevent, which may thine *ill* procure;  
*Angels* shal guard thy *walles* and on thy *strand*



In *legions* they shal lie as thicke as *Sand*,  
 To keepe thy *Fo-men* from assailing thee,  
 In *Battaile* rang'd by Heav'ns *Divinitie*.  
 Thy *Schools* shal yeeld thee *Saints*, which shal direct  
 In *Life*, and *Doctrine*, whatsoever sect.  
 Thy *Citties* like *Bee-hives* shal stil containe  
 Men as *Bees* busie for the *Common gaine*.  
 All idle *Drones* that live by *others* weare  
 They shal cassiere, or not allow them *meate*.  
 There shal no *Begger* in thy *Streets* be found,  
 Nor *cries* of *wretches* at thy *Gates* shal sound;  
 But, with the foizone of *Heav'ns* blessings all  
 (By means of me) their baskets fill they shall.  
 thy *Peeres* shal strive for *peace*, & who shal be  
 In *Vertue* (not in *State*) in highest degree.  
 There shal be no *Contention* in thy *Body*,  
 Which heretofore hath made thy *mēbers* bloody.  
 The *Poole* of *Grace* shal overflowe thy *Land*,  
 Glyding in *Christall streames* on *Pearly Sand*.  
 The *Horrors* that consort the hateful *Crue*,  
 Shal never come so neere as in thy *view*.  
 No *humane quarters* shal ore topp thy *Gates*,  
 For seeking to ore toppe thy *Maiestrates*.  
 No *Heading, Hanging, Burning*, or the like,  
 Shalt need to vse, ne with the *Sword* to strike  
 Those that doe weare good *Swords* but to badd ends;  
 For all shal live in *peace* like loving *friends*.  
 The Worde *Oppression*, much lesse shal the *deede*  
 Be never heard, where all are well agreede.  
 Each one shal know his *place*, and in the *same*  
 Shall labour to preserve an honest *name*.  
 One *Hart*, one *Hand*, one *Faith*, one *Soule*, & *Mind*,  
 Shal al thy *People* in one *Body* binde.

Thou

Thou shalt not neede to feare the *Chamber-scapes*,  
 The *sinnes* gainst *Nature*, and the brutish *Rapes*,  
 Which with the godlesse *Nations* are too rife;  
 For ev'rie *Man* shal have his lawful *Wife*:  
 Which dlie in an vndefiled *Bedd*,  
 Shal gett right *Members* for their vpright *Head*.  
 Thou shalt not neede to pinch thy *Peoples* *Purses*,  
 And so incurre thereby thy *Commons* curses:  
 Or money-*Bladders* seeke, in *Seas* of *Bloud*  
 To beare thee vp, from sincking in that *Floud*.  
 For, thou shalt haue *Exchequers* richly stor'd,  
 that thou to well-*deservers* maist affoorde  
 Roiall *rewards*, without the *Commons* Cost;  
 For, *Crownes* are richly blest, with *Peace* y-croft.  
*Taxe-undergrowne*, (ô odious *Tyranny*!  
 Bredd in the *Wombe* of *Sensuality*)  
 Shal nere so much as once be nam'd in thee,  
 But thou shalt punish *Kingdomes*, where they bee.  
 The cloudie *Piller* shal guide thee by *daie*,  
 The fire *Flame* by *night* shal show thy *WVaie*.  
*Beauies* of *Quailes*, and *Manna* (*Angells* foode)  
 Shal showre from *Heav'n* to doe thy *Children* good.  
 Who shal therefore, sing *Hymnes* of praise divine,  
 And merry make each one beneath his *Vine*.  
 The *voice* divine shal thunder from on hie,  
 And talke with thee (*belov'd*) familiarly.  
 Thou shalt with *Moi ses* Rodd divide the *Deepes*,  
 And make their raging *WVaves* to stand on *Heapes*,  
 that *Man*, and *Horse* which to thee doo belonge,  
 Shal passe, as on drie *Land*, those *WVaves* amonge.  
 For thine *Advantage* thou shalt ope the *Earth*,  
 And send repyning *Rebells* quicke beneath,  
 If any should arise; but doubtlesse *Those*

Can never *spring*, where *Vertue* stil ore-flowes.  
 If thou wilt vse *me*, thou wilt vse *me* still,  
 For I will please thy Soule, thy *VVitt*, thy *VVill*.  
 And though I seeme t'vncircumcized *Sense*  
 But passing *plaine*, and ful of *Indigence*,  
 Yet in my *Brest* true *Glorie* is enthron'd,  
 And al my *Friends* shalbe with *Glorie* Crown'd.  
 On me doe waite the *Ministers* of *Ioy*,  
 To be dispos'd as I shal them imploy.  
*Death*, and *Damnation* I treade vnderfoote,  
 And over *Lethe* lake with ease I floate.  
 I am the *Darling* of the *TRINITY*,  
 That ore *Sinne*, *Death*, and *Hell* hath *Emperie*.  
 When *Heav'n* shall melt, & *Earth* shal meare away,  
 I in his blessed *Bozome* live for aie.  
 If thou through *humaine* *fraitie* chance to trippe,  
 Ile stay thy foote, that downe thou shalt not slippe:  
 Or if in *mire* of *sinne* downe flatt thou fall,  
 Ile wring *Teares* frō thine *Eyes* to wash off *all*.  
 What shal I say? if thou wilt cherish me,  
 Ile stil make *peace* betweene thy *God* and *thee*:  
 That neither *Sathan*, *Sinne*, nor ought beside,  
 Shall haue the pow'r your *Vnion* to deuide.  
 Thinke what a comfort it wil be to *thee*,  
 By *me* t'enioy this *VVorlds* felicitee,  
 And when *Confusion* shal dissolve the same,  
 thy Soule to live with *God*, with *Saints* thy *fame*:  
 Which al *eternity* shall comprehend,  
 In *ioy* past *ioy*; thus thee vvith *ioy* did end.  
 VVhen lo, the other (painted *Butterfly*  
 That lookt too like voluptuous *Vanity*)  
 Seem'd greatly chafed with this lōg *discourse*,  
 And often *me* w'd and *mopt*; and which is worse

The



The *speech* disgraced interruptingly,  
 VVith *VVhat* might make the same seeme al a *ly*.  
 But now shee gan to *face* her *Coustenance*,  
 VVith many a *smile* and *Eye-delighting glance*.  
 And thus with *voice*, that did her *speech* become,  
 Shee brake into her *Tales Exordium*.  
 Deere *Albion*, whom as my *Soule* I prize,  
 In whom (as in my *Heav'n*) my *glorie* lies;  
 If ever thou, by following sound advice,  
 VVouldst tast the truest *ioyes* of *Paradise*,  
 Thē, listen to me, while I breath such breath,  
 As shal create a complete *Heav'n* on *Earth*.  
 If thou wilt me imbrace, as did that \* *Prince*  
 That was the *Sourse* of humane *sapience*,  
 Who in his *wisedome* knew wel what he did  
 (Sith he knew more then al the *world* beside)  
 When monge a thouzād *Loues*, his *wisdomes* powre  
 Did choose me for his chieftest *Bellamoure*:  
 If therfore *thou* wilt *me* indeere to *thee*,  
 That but one *soule* may be twixt *thee* & *mee*,  
 I knowing what such *wisdōe* high did please,  
 Wil plunge thy *soule* in depth of *pleasures* Seas:  
 Where thou shalt meete with *ioyes* vnsoūded deepe,  
 ro lullabie thy waking *Cares* asleepe.  
 But to particulate what they shalbe,  
 Requires the *Tongue* of some *Divinitee*.  
 Yet coldly, as I can, I wil expresse  
 This onely heav'n-surmounting *happinesse*.  
 Deere *sweete*, quoth she, (& *sweet* she lisped foorth)  
 If thou wilt well conceave thine owne high *woorth*,  
 Listen to mee, and I wil tell thee *vwhat*  
 Shal glad thy *Soule*, and correspond with *that*.  
 As stands thy *case*, thou well maist prize thy *Head*,

\* Salomon.

Vanity is in-  
 stant to gett  
 attention be-  
 cause sense is  
 betraide ther-  
 by.

With the extreamest *rate* of *Ioues* God-bed:  
 And sith aboue *he* raignes in boundles *blisse*,  
 Thy blisful *raigne* below should be like *his*.  
 I therefore wil draw *VVit*, and *Industry*  
 (Alvvhole defects my *science* shal supplie)  
 To straine their *powres* to their extreame extent,  
 So to accomplish thy *soules* ravishment.  
 Thou on triumphant *Chariots* (like the *Sunn's*,  
 That on the cristal *Heav'ns* in glorie runnes)  
 By *Horses* shalt be drawne, as white as *milke*,  
 And al thy *way* shal cover'd bee with *silke*  
 Of choicest *kinde*, and of the *Tyrian* die,  
 As wel to show thy *state*, as please thine *eye*.  
 Thy *Robes* shalbe pure *gold* ten-times refin'd,  
 That like the *Aire* shal gently turne and winde:  
 Not fac'd with *Ermine*, but with everie *thing*  
 That to the heav'ns bright *eye* may wonder bring:  
 Which shal send backe, when that *eye* on it stayes,  
 (In counter change) more glittering-glorious *Raies*!  
 Thy *Horses* heades, vvith *Phenix* feathers deckt,  
 Shal vvorke on *Angels* eyes the like effect.  
 the *pillers* of thy *Pallaceis* shalbe  
 Hewne out of *rockes* of purest *Porphyree*,  
 their *wals* of *Iasper* square, and eu'ry *joint*  
 Dissolued *Amber*, passing cleere, shal *point*.  
 the *columnnes* of thy *windowes* shalbe *Iet*,  
 Inlaide with *Pearle*, in many a curious *fret*.  
 Their *Glasse* of *christall*: in whose vpper *part*  
 With *stone* of price, past price, and matchlesse *Art*  
 Shalbe inserted *stories* of thy *deedes*;  
 That both the *eye* delights and *Spirite* feedes.  
 Their *Heav'n*-high *Roofes* shalbe embattelled  
 With *Adamant* in *gold* enuelloped.

their

Their *Tile* of *Currall*, and in *Lozenge*-wise,  
 Mother of *pearle* their *sides* shal circulize.  
 Vpon their *crest*, as thicke as they may stād,  
 Saint *George* on horse-backe with a *Lance* in hand,  
 Charging a *Dragon*, both of precious *stone*,  
 To wit, the *Emeral'd*, and *Calcedone*.  
 The *roomes* within, al rooft in arched wise,  
 (Like to the *Convexe* of the vaulted *skies*)  
 Shalbe with purest *Bice* enammeld faire,  
 Enchaf'd with *stars*, like *Ioues* etherial *chaire*!  
 The *chimny-peece*s reaching through the *ſae*  
 Of glorious *Chrysolites*, that seeme to flame:  
 On whose *fore-fronts* below, cut out shalbe,  
 In *Indian Berill*, curious *Imagerce*.  
 The *hangings* of thy *wals*, of that same *ware*  
 that *Salomon* in al his *glorie* ware.  
 Thy *floores* shalbe (most glorious to behold)  
 Couerd with cloth of *Bodkin*, *Tysue*, *Gold*.  
 thy *chaire* of *state* (t'amuse the *gazers* sight)  
 Cut out of one vnvalued *Margarite*  
 Shal stand on top of *Twelue* most faire *Ascents*,  
 Like that wherein *Ioue* sits in *Parliments*.  
 Each *steppe* of *stone*, of richest *price*, and *hue*,  
 Deckt on each *ende* with *beasts*, of dreadful view,  
 (Huge *Lyons*, *Dragons*, *Panthers*, and the like  
 That in th'aspectors *harts* doe *terror* strike)  
 Shal seeme like that more then celestial *Throne*,  
 Which *Iupiter* in *state* doth sit vpon.  
 Thy *cloth* of *state* that it ore-canopies,  
 Shalbe *stuffe* brought from *Earthly Paradise*  
 By *ſpirits* immortal, which shal waite on thee,  
 And doe thy *Heasts*, if thou wilt *rule* by me.  
 This precious *geare* (no *name* is good ynuffe



T'expresse the *glory* of this precious *stuffe*)  
 With *Sunne*-like *Carbuncles* in forme of *eies*  
 Shalbe embossed, as if each were *spies*,  
 Which vvith their *luster* creepe in each darke *hole*,  
 That thou thereby maist pul thence by the *Polle*  
 Who shal vnseene envie thy glorious *state*,  
 So, vvith thy Sword of *Iustice* pole their *Pate*:  
 And, vvhen thou sitt'st vpon that royal *seate*,  
 Thou shalt seeme *Iupiter*, if not more great,  
 Sitting on his celestial *Throne* of *Thrones*  
 Compas'd about vvith many thousand *Sunnes*!  
 Thy priue *chambers* (vvhere thou priuie  
 Shalt glut thy selfe, vvithout *satietie*,  
 With *what* shal tickle al thy *vaines* vvith *pleasure*  
 Measur'd by *loues* sweete *motions* vvithout measure)  
 Shalbe like *Orchards* fram'd so by mine *Art*,  
 that thou shalt seeme in *Heav'n* whē *there* thou art;  
*There* vvill I haue an artificial *Sunne*  
 In the like *Heav'n* al *daie* his *course* to runne,  
 that though the *daie* abroad doe lowre like *night*,  
 Thy *Sunne* vvithin shal shine exceeding bright.  
 The *Moone* and *stars* (like to the *lampes* of heau'n)  
 By *night* shal light thee, set in order euen:  
 And by their *constellations* and their *frames*,  
 Th' *astronomer* shal cal them by their *names*.  
 All kinde of *Trees*, of vvhat soeuer *sute*,  
 That either *Branches* beare, or *Branch* vvith *fruit*,  
*There* vvill I cause (or at least, seeme) to grow,  
 That *Nature* from her owne them shal not know.  
*Plūbs*, *Pearses*, *Dats*, *Filbeards*, *Apples*, glistering *Cher-*  
*Pomgranats*, *Peaches*, *Medlars*, & *Mulberries*, (*ries*,  
*Lymmons* and *Orenges*, some ripe, some greene,  
 Vvhat shal I say! al *fruit* that ere were seene

this

This artificial Eden shal containe,  
 Thine *eye* with *pleasure* stil to entertaine!  
 Hard by shal runne, from Artificial *Rockes*,  
 Confected *waters* sweete, vvhose *falling* mockes  
 the voice of *birds*; which made by *science* shal  
 tune their sweete *notes*, to that sweete *waters* fall.  
 Here shal arise an hand-erected *Mounte*,  
 From whose greene *side* shal glide a siluer *fount*  
 Encreasing *breadth*, as it runnes, by *degrees*;  
 Hemd in with *Couslips*, *Daffadils* and *Trees*  
 that ore the same an *Arche* of *Bowes* shal make,  
 through which the *Sunne* shal parcel-gild the *Lake*!  
 Beneath which, in this little siluer *Sea*  
 Shal bathe the daughters of *Mnemosine*:  
 Singing like *Syrrens*, playing *Lyres* vpon  
 Beheav'ning so this hand-made *Helicon*!  
 Behinde the *Trees* coucht, drown'd in *Daffadillis*  
*Oxslips*, wilde *Cullambines*, and water *Lillis*;  
 Shal *Elues* and *Fairies* their abiding make,  
 to listen to these *Ladies* of the *Lake*!  
*Acteon* here shal metamorphiz'd bee,  
 Great *Obron* there shal ring his *companee*:  
 And *here* and *there* shal be *varietie*  
 Of what so ere may charme the *care* or *eye*!  
 Vnder a gloomy *Bowre* of stil-greene *Baies*,  
 that stil *greene* keepe their *mortall makers* praise,  
 (Where *Eglantines* with *flowres* thrust in their *No-*  
*Intangled* with the *slips* of *damaske* *Roses*, (ses,  
*Stil fresh* and *flourishing*, as month of *Maie*)  
 there shalt thou heare of *loue* the *svvete*st *lay*:  
 Which shall thy greedy *sense* so much inchaunt,  
 that *where* thou art, thou shalt be *ignoraunt*;  
 And *what* thou art thou shalt not much respect,

Sith heav'n-rapt souls that *What*, do quight neglect!  
 There, *Angells* notes shal so inchant thine *Eares*,  
 That thou shalt swim in ioy, though sunck in *Cares*.  
 Here *Lab'rinth*es intricate of winding *vualkes*,  
 Of *Mirtles* filld with *Maie-bowes* in the *Balkes*,  
 Where out shal breath soule-ravishing perfume  
 (Which time wil rather prosper then consume)  
 Shal lull fraile sense asleepe in pleasures lapp,  
 From *melancholie* free'd and al mishapp.  
 Each foote of grasse-made ground, ore laid shalbe  
 With *Natures* Daizie-decked *Draperee*.  
 And therewith-al, to yeeld the more delight,  
 Angell-fac'd *Fairies* (clad in vestures white)  
 Shal come in tripping blithsome *Madrigalls*,  
 And foote fine *Horne-pippes*, *Iigges*, and *Caterbralls*.  
 That done, the *Driads* and the *Silvane* crue,  
 Successiuelie thy solace to renewe,  
 In *Matecheines*, *Lavolts*, and *Burgamasks*  
 Shal hardlie plie these time-beguiling *Tasks*.  
 Each *Tree* shal droppe downe sweete *Ambrosia*,  
 Or cordial *Spices*, *Myrrh*, and *Casia*.  
 The *Baies* shal sprinkle from their dewey *Bowes*,  
*Rose-water* cleere to cheere thy *handes* and *Browes*.  
 Nought shal bee wanting in this *Earthlie Heav'n*,  
 That *Art* and *Nature* to *Delight* have giv'n;  
 Or by the pow'r of *Spirites* may bee fulfill'd,  
 To ravish sense with al that *Heav'n* may yeeld!  
 For I wil dive into th' *infernal deepes*,  
 Where *Pluto* Prince of *riches* revell keepes,  
 And make him dance attendance on my *Traine*,  
 T'effect thy pleasure, deere sweete *Souveraigne*!  
 There shalt thou see (without al cause of feare)  
 The glorious *worthies* of the *world* that were:

Howe



How *Caesar* in rich *Triumph* entred *Rome*;  
 And *Scipio* when he *Africk* had orecome!  
 There shal the stately *Queene* of *Amazons*,  
*Penthesilea*, with her *Minions*,  
 Present thee with a *Maunde* of *fruite* divine,  
 Cull'd from the golden *Tree* of *Proserpine*!  
*Hector*, *Achilles*, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,  
 Great *Agamemnon*, *Pyrrhus*, *Helena*,  
 Or whom soever thou desir'st to see  
 Shal at a *beck* doe homage vnto thee!  
 Ile ripp the *Bowells* of the subtile *Aire*  
 And bring the *Spirits* therin! (in *fashion faire*)  
 To counterfet the *Musick* of the *Spheares*,  
 and with *Heav'ns* harmony to fil thine *Eares*!  
 To fetch for thee, from the extreame extent  
 Of *Earthes* huge *Globe*, what ere may thee content!  
 To flie vpon thine *errand* with a trice,  
 To fetch thee *fruite* from *Earthly Paradise*!  
 To entertaine thee, when alone thou art,  
 VVith al the *secrets* of each hidden *Art*:  
 And whatsoere the heav'nly *Cope* doth cover,  
 To thee (that thou maist know it) to discover!  
 The *Stone* so sought of all *Philosophers*,  
 The making of which *one*, so many marris,  
 Thou shalt directly make it at thy pleasure,  
 T'enrich thy *kingdome* without *meane* or *measure*!  
 The great *Elixer* (making *small ones great*)  
 Like *dust* thou shalt make common in the *Streets*!  
 And if thou wilt, *high waies* shal paved bee  
 With burnisht *gold*, made onely but by thee!  
 If thou wouldst haue the *Aiër* turn'd, and tost,  
 To strike a terrour in each *Clime*, or *Coste*,  
 These *Spirits* that *Lord* it ore that *Elements*,

Shal doe the *same* for thee incontinent!  
 And when thou wouldst spare their *societie*,  
 They, with a *vengeance*, through the *Aire* shal flie  
 VWithout the least *hurt* done to *thee*, or *thine*,  
 Except it be in making *you* divine!  
 There shal no kingdoms *Cares*, that *life* destroie,  
 And like *Hell-paines* the *Hart* and *Minde* annoy,  
 Once dare to ceaze vpon thy blisseful *Hart*;  
 For I wil charme them so, by *Pleasures Art*,  
 That they shal seeme as *dead* and never sterr,  
 Thy *solace* to disturbe in *peace*, or *vuarre*.  
 Ile reave sweete voyced *Boies* of what they may  
 Ill spare, (if spare) to sing thy *Cares* awaie.  
 Ile make some others spend their total *time*,  
 to make sweete *strings* expresse the *twangs* of *Rimes*,  
 VWhich tickle shal thy *hart-strings* with such *mirth*,  
 that thou shalt saie, ha, this is *Heav'n* on *Earth*!  
 thy royal *Table* shalbe serv'd with *Cates*  
 Surmounting farre *Coelestial Delicates*:  
*Ambrosia*, shalbe thy courtest *Cheate*;  
 And *Manna* (*Angells-foode*) thy *Groomes* shal eate!  
 Delicious *VVines*, that make sweete *Nectar* sowre,  
*Beauties* divine in precious *Boles* shal powre,  
 to comfort *Nature* and to glad thy *Hart*  
 VWith *comfort* that surmounteth *Natures Art*.  
 the *Samos* Pecoocke, and the *Malta* Crane,  
 the dainty *Lamprey* in *Tartessia* rane,  
 the *Phrigian* Woddcock, and th' *Ambracian* Gote,  
 the fine fish *Asinellus*, hardly gott,  
 The *Oysters* of *Tarentum*, fish of *Helops*,  
 the *Golden* of *Cilicia*, *Chios* Scalopps,  
 The *Nutts* of *Tasia*, and th' *Egyptian* Dates,  
 In few, all *kingdomes* choifest *Delicates*

That

That to the *Pallate* pleasure may affoord,  
 Shal oreabound vpon thy bounteous *Boord!*  
 VWhen, from a *Silver'd Tent*, to please thine *Eare*,  
*Cornetts, Records, Clarions* thou shalt heare:  
 Whiles to delight thy *sight* as wel as *hearing*,  
 Starely *Dumb-showes* before it shal be sterring:  
 Which wel-tongu'd *Mercury* shal faire relate  
 Stil pointing to thy *praise*, and glorious *state*.  
 VWhen, with these *Sweetes* thou art wel satisfied,  
 Ile make thee *Beds* of *flowres*, diuinely dide:  
 VWhere thou, & thy *Loues*, (for your *Limbs* reposes)  
 may drownd your selues among sweet damask *Roses*.  
 And while your rest, the sacred *Muses* nyne,  
 (Singing ful sweetely *Ditties*, most diuine,  
 That for *Harts* ioy wil cause the *Eyes* to weepe)  
 Shal lullabie your blisful *Soules* asleepe.  
 Continual *Iufts*, and roial *Turnaments*,  
 Furnisht with al *Eye-pleasing ornaments*: (Care  
*Mummings, Masks, Plaies*; Plaies that shal play with  
 As *Catt* with *Mouse*, to kill her comming *There*.  
 VWhat booteth it to weare a golden *Crowne*,  
 If thorny *Cares* it *line*, to make thee frowne:  
 Away with *Care* therefore, awaie with *thought*,  
 VWhat shouldst thou doe with *that*, that's good for  
 Let *the* go waite on *Byshops*, to whose *See* (nought:  
 They doe belong, but let the *Prince* be free.  
 VVilt thou be *Servant* to the common *Trash*,  
 that often leaves their *Master* in the lash?  
 Or spend thy *VVitte*, and *Sp'rits* for such *Riffraffe*,  
 And so consume the *Corne* to saue the *Chaffe*?  
 VVilt thou orewhelme thy selfe in all annoy,  
 that they may swimme aloft in *Seas* of *Ioy*?  
 VWhat! wilt thou place thy *pleasure* in thy *paine*,



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 Or spend thy *VVitte*, and *Sp'its* for such *Riffraffe*,  
 And so consume the *Corne* to saue the *Chasse*?  
 VVilt thou orewhelme thy selfe in all *anoy*,  
 that they may *swime* aloft in *Seas* of *Ioy*?  
 VVhat! wilt thou place thy *pleasure* in thy *paine*,

And make thy *Subiect*, be thy *Soveraigne*?  
 Wilt loose thy *roiall* sole *prerogative*,  
 to make vngrateful base *Bash-rags* to thrive?  
 O be indulgent to thine owne deere *Hart*,  
 And of *Heav'ns blessings* take a blisful *part*:  
 Doe not deprive thy selfe of that rare *blisse*,  
 that vnto *none* but *thee* *peculier* is.  
 And here vpon the sodaine (great *mishap* )  
 I found my selfe in *Oxford* my *loues* lap.  
 Where thinking seriously vpon this *thing*,  
 I heard *some* say, *God* saue king *James*, our *King*.  
 And therewithal I heard a *Trumpets* clang,  
 that in an *unison* that *Dittie* sang.  
 then did I more admire what I had seene,  
 But griev'd I had so double lost the *Queene*!  
 And grieu'd no lesse, sith I saw not the *rest*  
 Of *that* wherein I held me highlie blest!  
 Had I so blessed bin, t'haue seene *th'euent*,  
 I should haue thought my *time* diuinely spent.  
 But as I cannot now diuine vwhat shal  
 Vnto this Land (orewhelm'd in *blisse*) befall;  
 So wil I not suspect the *worst*; for why?  
*God*, onely *good*, keepes good *Kings* company.

JOHN DAVIES.



To the Right Ho. and most most Reverend Father in  
God my Lord Archb. of Canterb. his grace.

**T**Hou temp'rate Soule, that holdst promotion  
To be but *Vertues* meede; and vertuouſlie  
Dost higher prize the *Soules* devotion  
Proceeding from the low'st *humilitie*:  
*Paſſion*-ſuppreſſing wel-diſpoſed *ſpirit*,  
Cleere glaſſe wherein true *Paſtors* may behold  
The hall'wed *life* that *heaven* doth inherit,  
Whoſe praises *Glorie* writes in liquid gold.  
O helpful, harmeleſſe, vertuous virgin-*Prieſt*!  
O louing tender-harted gaulleſſe *Doue*!  
O that *Arte* could in thy *praiſe* ſo inſiſt  
As anſwere might the meaſure of my *loue*!  
But for my *loue* herein ſurmounts my *ſkill*,  
Accept this poore ſhow of my rich *good-will*.

I. D.

To the moſt gracious Prince the Duke  
of Lennox, &c.

**F**Or no *reſpect* (great *Lord*) but for the loue  
I owe to *grace* and *greatneſſe* ioin'd in one,  
Doth my weake *Pen* her ſtrongeſt *vertue* proue  
To graue thy *name* vpon this *paper*-ſtone;  
That if it chance the *turnes* of *Time* to brooke,  
(Which grinde to powder *all* produc'd in *Time*)  
Thy *Name* at leaſt (which is my moſt) may looke  
Like to it ſelfe, in my hard-fauour'd *Rime*.  
If *voice* of thoſe that loue the *voice* diuine  
Be true (the *truth* whereof none ought to doubt)  
Thou like the *Moone*, among *heav'n's* *lāps* doſt ſhine,  
While *Sol* thy *Sou'raigne* goes the *Globe* about.  
Long maiſt thou (as he doth) giue *light* to *all*  
That pleaſ'd, or pain'd, doe foote this *earthly* Ball.

I. D.

To



To the R. Honorable, and highly valued Lord  
the Earle of Northumberland. &c.

Who cannot raigne in height of lofty *stile*,  
That hath so high a *subiect* for the same  
As thy heroicke *worth* and glorious *name*,  
Is abiect, nay, then abiect farre more vile.  
Magnificke *thoughts* to think on, *thoughts* doth mouit  
Aboue the *sphere* of common *intellect*;  
The *thought* of thy *thoughts* causeth this *effect*,  
Which makes my towring *thoughts* the selfus surmount.  
I thinke of *thee* and *them*, as of those *things*  
That moue to rest in honors highest *sphere*,  
Sith *vertue* is the *scale* the same to reare,  
Which wil make thee as neere, as deere to kings:  
As long (great Lord) as *Vertue* guideth thee,  
Thou shalt be blest of God, King, State, and me.  
L. D.

To the Right Honorable the Earle of  
Worcester, &c.

Wert thou (most noble Lord) a *surge* to me  
Plagueing my *misses* vvith an Iron Rod,  
Yet vvould I, in my *hart*, still honor thee;  
For, though he punish me; I honor God.  
Thou dost hurt no man simplie for his *harne*,  
But as the *Surgeon* doth, his *hurt* to heale;  
Would wounded, or diseased *states* did swarme  
With no worle *Surgeons* for their *Common-weale*!  
I honor thee for *that* vvwhich God himselfe  
Doth honor *Men*; that is, for drawing neere  
To his great *goodnesse* (not for *Port*, or *Pelfe*)  
I honor thee for *that*, deere Lord; and deere  
Shal *such* be to me for their *vertue* sake,  
Though I *thereof* no *vse* at all doe make.  
L. D.

To

To the Right right Honorable the Earle, and  
Countesse of Rutland.

FOR infinite respectes to thee (sweete Lord)  
My *Muse* doth consecrate these zealous *lines*;  
Which is the *All* her *nothing* can afford,  
Serving for *nothing* but for *true loves* signes.  
To thee that do'st enioy fruite of his loines  
From whose worsts parts proceeded nought but good;  
(Whose weakest *worths*, brake *Envies* strongest  
These *lines* I send; and to his dearest blood. (*foines*)  
Sweete couple that haue tasted sweete and sowre,  
The sweetest *portion* worldly weale can taste;  
O let each others *sweetes* that gaull deuoure  
Which with this sowre *Worlds* *sweetes* is interlac't:  
And that you may doe so, your vnknowne *yours*,  
Will *praie*, so you vouchsafe to call him *ours*.

I. D.

To the Right Honorable Earle  
of Cumberland.

NEPTUNES vice-gerent, Sea-controlling Spirit  
that makes her pay thee tribute, and thy land;  
Of which thou dost, therefore, great honor merit,  
And worthy art thou on both to command.  
So long thou hast the *Northen-pole* regarded,  
that nature now, hath made that pole thine head:  
So, looks are, with what was lookt for, rewarded;  
then by his *light*, let thy *course* still be led.  
If so, thy *fame* the world inuiron shall,  
For, his *light* leades to *glory* infinite;  
then eie him well and his staide *motions* all,  
Yea, draw as neere him as is requisite:  
So, *Fame* thy name will on the *Skies* enrole.  
So shalt thou honor'd be by this *North-Pole*.

I. D.

*M m*

*To*

To the Right Noble and intirely beloved  
Earle of Southamton. &c.

WElcome to shore vnhappy-Happie Lord  
From the deepe Seas of danger and distresse;  
Where, like thou wast to be throwne over boord  
In every storme of discontentednesse.  
O living Death, to die when others please!  
O dying Life to live how others will!  
Such was thy case (deere Lord) such al thine ease;  
O Hell on Earth; can Hell more vex the Will!  
This Hell being harrowed by his substitute  
That harrowed Hell, thou art brought forth frō thēce,  
Into an Earthly Heaven absolute,  
To tast his sweetnesse, see his excellence: (would,  
Thy Liege well wotts, true Loue that soule must  
To whom Heav'ns grace, & His, doth so abound.

I. D.

To the Right Noble, and no lesse learned then iudi-  
cious Lord, William Earle of Pembroke. &c.

D Eere Lord, if so I could, I would make knowne  
How much I longe to keep thee still alive;  
These Lines (though short) so lōg shalbe thine owne  
As they have pow'r Vitality to giue:  
I consecrate this Myte of my devotion  
To the rich Treasurie of thy deere fame; (Notion  
Which shal serve (though nought else worth) as a  
For Tyme to leuer thy fame from thy name:  
WILLIAM, Sons Son of William dreaded Earle  
Of Pembroke; made by Englands\* dreadfu'lt King:  
Nephue to Sidney (rare Worths richest Pearle)  
That to this Land her fairest fame did bring:  
These Worthies worthes are treasured in thee,  
So, three in one, makes one as deere as three.

I. D.

To



To the same.

**V**W Ithin my *Soule* I sensible doe feele  
A *motiō*, which my *Minds attētion* markes;  
That is, to strike *Loues* Flint against *Truthe*s Steele  
More hard, to kindle thy *loue* by the *Sparkes* :  
But if the *fire* come not so freely foorth  
As may inflame the *Tinder* of thy *loue*,  
The tender of my *Zeale* shalbe hencefoorth  
Offred in *flames*, that to thy *grace* shal move:  
Which is their *Spheare* where they desire to rest,  
And resting *there* they wil in *glorie* shine;  
I am thine *owne* by double interest  
Sith once I vow'd my selfe to *thee* and *thine* ,  
O then had I but single loue of *you*,  
I should bee double bound to *VV*.

Your Honors peculier Iohn Dauiess

To the Right Honorable and highly renowned Lady the Countesse  
of Pembroke, the Vertuous Lady, Lady Anne her daughter,  
and the Right Worthie and Worshipfull Phillipp  
Herbert Esquier her Sonne.

**T**Hus must poore *Debtors* pay their *Creditors*,  
And share a little, where the *due* is more;  
I owe my *selfe* to you, great *Favorers*,  
And I am little; so are *great Ones*, poore:  
I owe my *selfe* vnto my *selfe*; and so  
Doe I to those whom as my *selfe* I loue;  
I owe you *more*; the three in One belowe,  
Which I haue honor'd most next *that* aboue:  
If *more*, what *more*? sith that's more thē I haue  
(for I am not so much mine *owne*, as *yours*;) )  
*More* by as much as what I else might crave  
I wish it *mine* for *you*; for, in your powres  
All *that* and more, (if more could be possesse)  
Should, while you held me yours, yours firmly rest.

To the Right Honorable the Earle of Mar. &c.

LOVE, how my *Muse* (inflamed by desire  
To winne thy loue in paying thee thine owne)  
Doth strue with *Vitts* dull sword, and loves quicke  
To honor thee; but how? that is vnknowne. (fire,  
And if vnknowne to me, then needs it must,  
To *All* to whom my *Thoughts* are lesse reveal'd;  
In me it's like an *Embrio*, or like *Dust*,  
Wherein the first *Man* laie, at first conceal'd:  
I am devising how to fash'on it,  
God grant I spoile it not in hammering;  
And if I doe, Ile sacrifice my *Virt*  
In fire of *Zeale*, the while my *Muse* doth sing,  
Like to the *Swanne* when death the songe ensu'th,  
Most blest to die with sweete *Mar* in her Mouth.

I. D.

To the Right Honorable and Loiall-hearted  
Lord the Earle of Clanricard.

OUR English Crownes approued Irish friend,  
That raign'st in our true loue for such thy truth,  
Let thine owne rare *perfections* thee cōmēd,  
For, perfect *praise*, *perfection* still ensu'th.  
I never was so happie as to see thee,  
Much lesse to knowe thee, whom I longe to see:  
But, in thy *predecessor* did fore-see thee;  
For, if *Fame* fable not, much like you bee.  
To add then to thy *glory* more bright *beames*,  
Loue *His*, thy *other-selfe*, with deereft loue;  
For, shee hath martir'd bin with *griefes* extreames,  
Deere *Innocent*, whose *vertues* all approue.  
Her loue to thee doth argue thy hie worth  
Then loue such loue, that sett's thy *glory* forth.

I. D.

To

To the Right Honorable and no lesse vertuous  
Lady the Countesse of Clanricard.

**H**onor attend, as vertue guides thy life,  
Deere Lady, lou'd of all that are belov'd,  
As it hath done thee, virgin, VViddowe, VVife,  
For which thou wert of all, in all, approu'd.  
By Heav'n assign'd to Natures Miracles,  
Mirrors of Manhood, and Heroick partes;  
VVorld, Flesh, & Fiends, to such are obstacles,  
But God, Saints, Angels guerdō their deserts.  
In thee it is, the loue of such i' alure,  
And binde them to thee with loves Gordian knott;  
It is thy grace and reputation pure  
That made these worthies fall so to thy Lott:  
God give thee ioy of this, for in the rest  
Thou seemd'st accurst, because so highly blest.

i. D.

To the most heroick, & meritoriously renowned Lord,  
the Lord Mountiocy, Lord Deputy of Ireland.

**T**O praise thee (noble Lord) were but to doo  
What all the world doth; and to doo the same,  
Were to offend, and that extreamely too;  
And al extreame offence incurre defame.  
Praise is not seemely in a wicked mouth;  
The VVorld is wicked, and her mouth is worse,  
Full of detraction, false-praise, and vnt ruth;  
Then, should I praise according to her course?  
O no! thy vertue merits more regard;  
Let Vertue praise thee, as thou her dost praise;  
For, sacred vertue is her owne reward,  
And Crowns her selfe, in spight of Fortunes Naves:  
She is thy guide, and Glory her attends,  
VVhich, her in thee, and thee in her commends.

The true lover of your honor & vertue I. D.



To the Right honorably honored and right wel-  
beloued yonge Earle of Essex. &c.

DEERE offspring of that all-beloued One,  
Deere vnto *all*, to whom that *one* was deere;  
The Orphanes God requites thy *cause* of mone  
By *Him*, that doth to *all* like God appeere.  
Al those that loue you (al-beloued Two)  
Will *blesse* and *loue* him for it; blest of God  
To comfort *Innocents*, and *Orphanes* too,  
That ruin'd were by fell Disasters *Rod*.  
Liuelike His *Sonne*, that *liv'd* too like him *selfe*;  
And *dide* like *one*, deere to *Him* without like;  
He wrackt his *fortunes* on false *Favors* shelve,  
Which are this *worlds*; that *smiles* whē it doth *strike*.  
And, that thou mai'st thy *country* glorifie  
No lesse then *hee*, *all* pray; then needs must I.

I. D.

To the R. Honorable Sr. Iohn Popham Knight Lord  
chiefe-Iustice of England, &c.

IVSILY seveare, seveare in *Mercies* cause,  
Sith it is *mercie*, *mercie*-wanting *men*  
To cut of with the *razor* of the *lawes*,  
That *wounds* the *wounders* of their *brethren*.  
To thee (graue *Cato*) are these *lines* adrest,  
As proofes of what respect they beare thy *fame*;  
Which, with these *VVorthies*, shalbe here imprest  
By my best *Pen*, in Honor of thy *name*.  
If best deseruers of the *publike* weale  
Should not be memorized of the *Muse*,  
Shee should her proper *vertue* so conceale,  
And so conceal'd, should *that* and *them* abuse:  
To free *her* then, and *thee*, from so great wrong,  
Liue lines with Pophams earned praises long.

I. D.

To

To the R. Honorable and most learned Lord, the  
Lord Henry Haward, &c.

What hope the *noble, vertuous*, and the *learn'd*  
May haue, *they* having now so rare a King,  
In thee *learn'd, vertuous, noble* Lord's discern'd,  
In whom these *flourish* without *cherrishing*.  
Where *vertue* raignes, her *subiects* shal beare rule,  
The *learn'd*, and *vertuous*, thee wil haue to sway:  
For *vice* wel-learned, is but arm'd *Misrule*,  
By whom the *vertuous* stil are made awaie:  
*Honors* doe alter *manners* in *those men*  
That are to *honor* and *good manner* foes;  
In thee that is not to be feared then,  
For each with thee, from thy *conception* groes.  
And sith *Apollo* now doth water them  
They wil grow great together with the *stemme*.

I. D.

To the Right Noble, Robert Lord Sidney  
Baron of Penshurst. &c.

Thy *vertue*, and the conscience of the *grace*  
Thou hast vouchsau'd me, not deserv'ing it,  
Doth like two *spurres* provoke my *will* and *wit*,  
Thy *name* with my *loues lines* to interlace.  
Thy honor'd *name*, *name* honored of all  
That honors *grace* by *man* made glorious,  
Can of it selfe rowze vp the dullest *Muse*  
To make thereof divine *memoriall*.  
Then, should I it commend to *Monument*,  
No *miracle* should I perfourme thereby,  
Sith it by *Nature* liues eternally,  
Such life to *Sidneys* being incident.  
And sith divine S<sup>r</sup> *Philip* liues in thee,  
Bethou that *Monument*, and so ease me.

I. D.

To

To the Right Honorable the  
Lord Home, &c.

Leicester, Essex,  
Worcester.

The place, mē say, thou holdst, (great Lord) in court  
Was held before by three *Superlatives*;  
Most wise, most lov'd, most lowly in high port;  
The place, I weene, hath such *prerogatives*.  
Then; were thy *vertue* not in that *degree*,  
The *vertue* of the place would it reiect;  
But its a powrefull *argument* to mee,  
That thou art *vertuous* (Lord) in each *respect*.  
The rather, sith thy *Liege* that plac'd thee *there*,  
Doth heave vp *none* so high, but for high *worth*;  
Whose *Iudgements* eie is admirable cleere,  
Which warrants me to put thy *praises* forth:  
My *colors* ready are, I lacke but *light*  
(Which I will haue) to paint *them* out aright.

I. D.

To the Right Honorable, the good Lord of  
Kinlosse, &c.

Praise that proceedeth from a Poets Pen,  
that faines by nature, may want powre perchāce  
To adde *renowne* to the *renownes* of *Men*,  
Whom *goodnesse* without *glozing* doth advance.  
If then my *Pen* (though it too open be  
To gloze) disabled be by *Envies* spight  
To register the *right* that's due to thee,  
Yet should it wrong thee to conceale thy *right*.  
Thy *World*-contēning *Thoughts* the world do make  
(As knowing the odds twixt good and ill)  
To rev'rence thee for thy rare *goodnesse* sake, (fill:  
Which *harts* with *love*, & *mouthes* with *praise* doth  
They *stir* that *praise* but with one only word  
Which being, *Good*, with *God* doth still accord.

I. D.

To



To the Right Noble Lady, the Lady Rich.

TO descant on thy *name* as many doe  
(Sith it is fit t' expresse thine *excellence*)  
I should (deere *Lady*) but allude vnto  
*That*, vvhich with it compar'd, is *indigence*.  
Yet to bee *rich* was to bee *Fortunate*,  
As *all* esteem'd, and yet though so *thou* art,  
thou wast much more then most *vnfortunate*,  
though richly-well thou plaid'st *That* haplesse *part*  
Thou didst expresse what *Art* could never sho,  
the *Soules* true grieve for losse of her *Loues* *soules*,  
Thine *Action* speaking-passion made, but ô!  
It made thee subiect to a *Iailes* controule.  
But, such a *Iaile-bird* heavenly *Nightingale*,  
For such a *cause*, sings best in greatest *bale*.

I. D.

To the intire Body of the Kinges Maiesties most  
Honorabie Prvie Councill.

WHere *Loue* devided is, *shee* hardly can  
Be like *her* selfe; But, when *shee* is intire,  
In sacred *flames* *shee* burnes more hot then *fire*,  
Bee it in *abstract* *Formes*, or mortall *Man*.  
Yet *Loue*, and *reverence* are due to *those*  
Whose, wakefull wits still worke for *publike* goods,  
So rev'rence I your honor'd *Fatherhood*,  
As *Founts* from whom our *publike* *proffit* floes.  
In you wile *Pilots* of this *ioy*-fraught *Barke*  
(*Barke* of our blessed *Common-weale*) it is  
to make her keepe her *course* in lasting *blisse*,  
Which charge requires your well-directing *carke*:  
You cannot better spend *lifes* benefit  
then for so good an *ende*, at *Sterne* to sit.

I. D.

N n

To

To my much honored, and intirely beloued Patronesse,  
the most famous Vniuersitie of Oxford.

TO mount aboute *Ingratitude* (base crime)  
With double *lines* of single-twisted *Rime*;  
I will (though needlesse) blaze the *Sun*-bright praise  
Of *Oxford*, where I spend some *gaining* daies:  
Who entertaines me with that kinde regard,  
that my best words, her worst *deedes* should reward:  
For like a *Lady* full of roialtie,  
Shee giues me *Crownes* for my *Charactery*:  
Her *Pupils* crowne me for directing *them*,  
Where like a *King* I liue, without a *Realme*:  
they praise my *precepts*, & my *Lessos* learne,  
So doth the worse the better wel governe.  
But *Oxford*, ô I praise thy situation  
Passing *Pernassus*, *Muses* habitation!  
Thy Bough-deckt-dainty *VValkes*, with *Brooks* beset  
Fretty, like *Christall* Knots, in mould of *Iet*.  
thy sable *Soile's* like *Guians* golden *Ore*,  
And gold it yeelds, manur'd; no mould can more.  
the pleasant *Plot* where thou hast footing found,  
For all it yeelds, is *yelke* of *English* ground.  
thy stately *Colledges* like *Princes* courtes,  
Whose gold-embossed high-embattl'd *Ports*  
With all the glorious workmanship within  
Make *Strangers* deeme they haue in *Heaven* bin,  
When out they come from those *celestiall* places,  
Amazing them with *glorie* and with *graces*.  
But, in a word to lay how I like thee,  
For place, for grace, and for sweete companee,  
*Oxford* is *Heav'n*, if *Hea v'n* on Earth there be.

JOHN DAVIES.

*To the most Honorable and Valorous Knight  
Sir Thomas Erskin &c.*

**H**Ony of Hybla if my Pen could dropp  
Nay *Nectar* subtilized to the *Spright*,  
Were not too sweet to varnish *Vertues* Propp  
That holpet' vphold our *staie* in *Treasons* spight.  
Gainst *Traitors* did thy *trustinesse* appeere,  
*VVho* were the *Foiles* to make thy *Truth* to shine,  
How blest wert thou that did'st thee so besteeere  
*As made Treas'n* pay, for her *demaund*\* a *Fine*?  
How art thou bound to *Opportunity*  
That put her *Fore-locks* free in thy *Fist*?  
And how ought we to praise thy *valiancy* (bliss!  
Where through, and through our *Kinges*, we all are  
One hardie *Handioyn'd* to a valiant *Kinges*  
A *Tribe of Traitors* to *confusion* brings!

\* Death the  
fine of all flesh

*To the thrice Noble and valorous Knight  
Sir Edward VVingfield.*

L. D.

**T**O thee *Belonas* choicest *Champion*  
Whole *woundes*, if steep in dew of *Castalie*,  
(As they deserve) would make thee such an one  
As *Pagans* vs'd for *God* to glorifie.  
How oft hast thou thy selfe to *wounds* expos'd  
To let in *glory* through thy gored *sides*!  
That through thy *flesh* it might be so dispos'd  
As in each part thereof it now abides?  
How prodigall hast thou bin of thy *bloud*?  
No more is left thē meere *life* maintaines:  
The fatt *Calf* must be kill'd to do thee good  
Thy *hart* to comfort, and to fill thy *Vaines*.

O tis a glorious *prodigalitie*  
That spends what not? for *God* & *Conterie*!

L. D.



To the Noble, discrete, and wellbeloved  
Knight Sir Henry Nevill.

There was a Time when, ah that so there was,  
Whie not there is? There is and was a Time,  
Whē Men might cal Gold, Gold; & Brasse, but Brasse,  
And saie it, without check, in Prose or Rime.  
Yet should I cal thee Gold, some (Brasse perchance)  
VVould saie! err'd because I nere toucht thee,  
And so did cal thee through meere ignorance,  
Or (which is worse) through abiect Flatteree.  
I am too ignorant (I doe confesse)  
To iudge thy woorth, which worthiest Men cōmend,  
Yet may I say (I hope) and not transgresse,  
Th'art Vertue, Valour, Truth, and Honors friends;  
All which presume thou art not gilt by guile  
Because thy noble name \* denies the vile.

\*Ne-vile.

To the Right VVorshipfull and most worthy  
Knight Sir Edward Dyer.

I. D.

Though Saturne now with Iupiter doth sitt,  
Where earst Minerva & the Muse did raigne,  
Ruling the Common-wealth of vwill, and vvitt,  
Plac'd in the kingdomes of thy hart, and braine:  
Those Planetts I adore, whose influence  
Infuleth vvisedome, Counsell, gravity;  
Minerva & the Muse ioyes my Soules sence,  
Sith Soule-delighting lines they multiplie.  
In both respects, for that that was and is  
Itender thee the service of my Muse,  
Which shal not marre thy fame though it may misse  
To give the same that which to it accrues;  
Yet this Gift, through thy Gifts, she gives to thee:  
Times future, Dyer, die shal never see.

I. D.

To

**E** To the right worshipfull & venerable Prelate,  
Doct<sup>r</sup> Tempson Deane of Windsor.

**M**Y friend, my father, naie, which is more deere,  
My selfe should I, ere thee, (*belov'd*) forgett,  
VWhose *loue* to mee, to mee doth *thee* indeere,  
Whose \* *life* my will for like on edge doth sett:  
In the *wombe* fashiond for a right *Divine*,  
Pleasing to God, to *Angells*, and to *Men*;  
In whose face *witt*, and *pietie* doth shine,  
To leade the *blinde*, drawe *perverse* Bretheren.  
An hart of *flesh*, clos'd in a Brest of *Brasse*,  
To feele *Mens* paines, and *paine* endure to ease the;  
*Charities* *Mirror*, or thick cristall *glasse*, (eale the.  
Wher-through Gods *Sū-beams* burne what doth dis-  
Good to the good and badd, to great and small,  
And my good freind, though I be worst of all.

\* Conversation

I D.

Memories tribute due to the most worthie and no lesse learned  
Gentleman, Edward Herbert of Mountgomeroy Esquier.

**C**AN I forgett that's aie myne *Eyes* before?  
If so I could, I may not *thee* forgett,  
That vow'd my *Memorie* to thee of yore,  
Then, thou of me maist claime *that* as thy *Debt*.  
There are in thee *partes* worth my *memorie*,  
Although it could thy *partes* immortal make:  
Who knowes thee wil my *iudgement* iustify,  
If not, he doth both *thee* and *mee* mistake.  
I cannot iudge of *coulers*, with such *Eyes*  
As cannot be deceaved; but I can  
Discerne the knowne *foole*, from th'approved *wise*,  
And without Spectacles, a *Beast* frō *Man*: (*sense*,  
It then (sweete Sir) shouldst thou but please the  
*Sense* must needs praise thy pleasing excellence.

He in whose *Memorie* you shall live, till you faile to be.  
what you are, or it what it is,

I. D.

N n 3

Te

To all the right noble Nobilitie  
of England.

**I**F I were not disabled, through Defect,  
(For my *Inventions* Poise, which witt vp-wound,  
Lies now, for want of strength, stock-still on ground)  
No vertuous Peere I would, by name, neglect.  
The *Wheeles* which did my *Fancy* (working) turne  
Are at a stand; O then impute it not  
To want of *VWill*, as if I had forgott  
In wilfull wise, to name you in your turne.  
But whē my *VVitts* haue strength recovered  
to winde the Poise vp to *Inventions* height,  
Ile doo my best to give each one his right,  
though by your selves you are most honored:  
Meane while with *Favors* Eye looke on my *VWill*  
Which may excuse my present want of skill.

I. D.

To all the right Honorable Earles  
& Lords of Scotland.

**I** Want no loue, how ere my skill may faile,  
In *Honors Catalogue* your names to putt,  
Yet now am forc'd *thē* (al vnseene) to shutt  
In these strait *Lines*, as in the *Muses* laile.  
Where Ile detaine *thē* (not without your leaue)  
till I doe set *them* foorth with better grace,  
Each one in his true *Coulors, forme, and place*,  
And as I found them faire, so *them* to leave.  
When you awhile before my *Muse* have late,  
(For *Painters* make *thē* sitt, whole *formes* they paint)  
Her skill shall faile, but then shee will depaint  
According to the *Life*, your *life*, and *State*:  
*Pictures* are vs'd, *life*, after *dearth* to sho,  
And youres, my Pen must picture, shalbe so.

I. D.  
To



To the most faire, most fortunate, and no lesse  
famous Magdalen Colledge in Oxford.

And can I seeme, much lesse then can I be  
Grateful, if I should *thee*, or *thine* forget,  
Whole *Head*, and *Members* bind me so to thee,  
That thou maist *giue* or *take* me as thy *debt*?  
Thy discreete *head's* a *Bond* that bindes my head,  
My hart, my hand, and vvhhat besides is *mine*  
to *him* for *thee*, to *thee* for *him*, in *Deede*;  
So being bound in *Deede*, in deede am *thine*.  
The *Members* of thy *body* (not of *stone*  
Squar'd by the cunning of a mortall *hand*,  
But living, loving, made by *Loue* alone)  
Haue by their loue, in ever-lasting Band  
So tide me to them, that as they doe moue,  
So moue I, forc'd by force of mutuall loue.

Againe.

Blest be that *Thought*, past *time* beyond all *thought*,  
That first did moue that wise, as holy \* *hart*,  
To reare this *Trophey* where his *vertues* fought  
and cōquer'd *Rage*, with whō those \* *times* took part:  
A sacred *Trophey* left for *Vertues* vse,  
Not onely (as are others) for meere *fame*;  
But as a nere-dri'd *Dugge* vnto the *Muse*,  
that *times*, past *time*, might suck *sweets* frō the same.  
Sing sweetly (blessed *Babes*, that sucke the *Brest*  
Of this sweete *Nectar*-dropping *Magdalen*).  
Their praile in holy *Hymnes*, by whom yee Feast,  
The *God* of *Gods*, and *Wainfleet* best of *Men*:  
Sing in an *Vnion* with the *Angels* Quires,  
Sith *Heav'ns* your house, cōtenting your desires.

\* William  
Wainfleet Bi-  
shop of Win-  
chester.  
\* Hen. 6. Ed. 4.

L. D.  
To

To the *World*.

PERhaps in *Iudgements* eie it may appeare  
I lou'd *Him* living whom I honor dead;  
Whole *loue*, I think, to *all* was no lesse deare,  
Sith *hee* was such as all *men* honored.  
*All?* that is, *some*, or rather *most* of *All*;  
If *some* did not, the *harme* I wish to *them*  
Is, that they may deserue *loue* generall,  
Or els made free of new *Ierusalem*.  
No *creature* bearing *God* almighty's forme,  
But I desire to loue, and with *him* vvel;  
If good *desires*, farre worse *Affects* deforme,  
It comes from *that* for which the first mā fel:  
But howsoere, I am resolv'd herein,  
To wish al *grace*, in spight of *flesh & sinne*.

L. D.

To my beloved M<sup>r</sup>. *Iohn Davies* of the *Middle-  
Temple* Councillor at the Law.

WHY should it not content me, sith thy *praise*  
Pertaines to *me*, to whō thy *name* pertaines;  
If thou by *Art* to *heav'n* thy *fame* canst raise?  
Al's but *Iohn Davies* that such *glory* gaines;  
Admit it liues enrol'd in lasting *lines*  
In the *Exchequer* of the sacred *Muse*,  
Thy *name*, thy *fame* vnto my *name* cōbines  
In future *times*, nor *Thou* nor *I* can choole.  
For, if *Iohn Davies* such, such *times* brought forth,  
to wit, these *times* in vvhich vve both doe liue,  
Then must *Iohn Davies*, share *Iohn Davies* worth,  
For, *times* to come can no *distinction* giue.  
Then what neede I to beate my tired *braines*  
to make *Iohn Davies* liue to after *Ages*,  
When thou hast don't by thy *praise*-worthy *paines*,  
For, were I idle, I haue thy *Workes* wages.

Or,

Or, what if like an intellectual *Sprite*,  
 I able were *Artes Spirits* to purifie,  
 To ravish *Worlds* to come with rare *delight*  
 they would with my *famethy name* glorifie.  
 Then may I *play* sith thou dost *worke* for me;  
 And sith thy *works* do so in *beauty* shine,  
 What neede I then for \* *fame* thus busie be,  
 Sith *thine* is *mine*, and *mine* is likewise *thine*?

\* Eccle. 2. 15.

It is because my *Minde* that's aie in motion  
 Hath to the *Muses Measures* most devotion.

*Again,*

**I**ohn vnto John, Davies to Davies sends  
 This little draught of new loues large Demise,  
 If wordes doe want to passe what it pretends,  
 Supplie that want, the grant neede no supplies.  
 to you, and to your Heires, the same doth runne,  
 Simplic in loue for aie to hold in fee,  
 A good estate, you haue, and your Sonnes Sonnes;  
 A kinde acceptance shall your out-rent be:  
 You Coucel can your selfe, a fee then saue, (haue.  
 Mende you the draught, loues Deede no fault should

L. D.

*The Booke of it selfe.*

**I** am, that was not; and I was, that am;  
 I was vnmade; that was, in state confus'd:  
 I am, for Arte hath form'd that formlesse Frame,  
 Yet form'd my nature was, ere Arte was vs'd.  
 Mother-Tongue, and Wit, Observance, & goodwil  
 Haue made me what I am, or good, or ill.

Not vnto vs (ô Lord) not vnto vs, but to thy  
 name giue the praise and glory. Psal. 115. 1.

O o

*Again*



*Againe: to Envie and Detraction*

**D**EERE *Envie* and *Detraction*, deere to those  
That vnto *Vertue* are immortall foes,  
Let me, although I hate you, yet entreate  
That I, if good ynough, may be your meate;  
You cannot grace me more, then gnaw me still;  
For what you spare is too farre spent in ill.  
Teare me in peeces with your grizlie fangs,  
You Crowne my Soule with glory by such Pangs.  
Hee is a *Divell* that to die detests  
In Hel-hounds monthes, to live in *Angells* Brests.

FINIS. IOHN DAVIES.

---

*In loue and affection of Master Iohn Davies,  
mine approved good friend, and ad-  
miration of his excellence in the  
Arte of VVriting.*

**T**hat heavenly *Sparke*, from which th'immo:all  
Had her first *being*, striveth to enroule (Soule  
Her wondrous *Guists* in characters of Brasse,  
That when (dissolved from this earthie Masse)  
Shee mounts aloft, her never-dying Glorie  
May fill the Volumes of a learned Storie;  
VVhich after-Ages, reading, may admire,  
And (inly burning with the like desire)  
To rare Archeiuements (emulous of Fame  
Striving t'immortalize their dying Name)  
May bend their Practise, dedicate their Daies;  
And, so excited, purchase datelesse Praise.

*Our active Soule feels never wearinesse,*

But

But her true *love* to Fame doth best expresse  
In hating *Idlenesse*: whence comes this notion,  
*Her working Faculties are still in motion.*

Ore some then others, greater Soveraigntie  
This divine *Essence* of Humanitie  
Hath power to exercise: For baser Swaines  
Abhor the *check* of her immortall Raignes.  
Frō whence it is, that *Midas* brood possesse  
The greater Share in *earthly* Happinesse;  
VWhile those *pure Mindes*, who most submissiue  
At the least *wretch* of her almighty Hand (stand  
(Obscurely hidd in *Corners* at their Booke)  
Are hardly grace't so much as with a *looke*  
Of this iniurious World. O wretched Age  
VWherein the sacred *Artes* to Vassalage  
Subiected are! while *muddy Mindes* aspire,  
VWhile greater *Heroes* daine but to admire  
And praise (with bootlesse breath) the polisht *Lines*,  
VWherein, Cōcept hath traveld through the *Mines*  
Of rich *Invention*, manie a wearie hower  
(Spent with the *Muses* in a gloomie Bower)  
To times swift *feathers* imping greater *store*,  
VWhilst thus they plough the barrain fruitles Shore

Earths brightest Angels, these, ô these be they  
VWhose Corps are fram'd of *fire*, and not of *clay*!  
VWhose either Part, both *mortall*, and *divine*  
So sweete a *Symphonie* doth intertwine,  
That *both* accord to prosecute that Fame  
VWhich, but for Vertue, stellifies our Name.

Among which Number (famous by Defart)  
The *Lawrel Crowne* be *his*, whose every Part

To th'intellectiue Soule (their Soueraigne)  
Pay true *Subiectiue* Dutie, and doe gaine  
By restlesse *labour* that perfection  
Which, saue by *him*, hath bin attain'd by none;  
By *him* (the Subiect of these worthles Rimes)  
Whose art lends *luster* to our English *climes*,  
*Davies*, discoverer of hidden *Deepes*,  
True *Microcosme*, whole peircing Spirit creeps  
Into the darkeſt *Cavernes*, in-moſt *Denne*  
Where Wit inhabits mong the ſons of Men,  
and plucks out *Knowledge* (by the goldē locks)  
From where ſhee long had ſlept within the Rocks  
Of hard *Obscurity*, whence every Eie  
May iudge it ſelfe; ô wondrous Myſterie!  
Whence we our ſelues, our ſelues may truly know,  
Which is *indeede* moſt hard, how ere in *ſhow*.

But endleſſe were it, and impoſſible  
(Vnleſſe my *Muſe* to *his* were ſutable)  
Here to delate that Grace in *Poeſie*  
VWhich his witt-fraughted *workes* can teſtifie.  
Caſt backe thine Eie, reade, and (admiring) ſee  
The Quinteſſence of humane Ingenie,  
VWay well the rich Conceipt; ſo ſhalt thou know  
That few, (if any) could haue written ſo.

Deſcend we then from that internall *Flame*,  
To *Qualities* externall: whence the name  
Of *Excellence* hath purchaſt beene of manie,  
But, as of *Davies*, never yet of anie.

In praizing whom, the beſt my *Lines* can ſay  
VWill, for his *VKorſh*, be worthleſſe every way:  
Yet, for I loue his Name, admire his Skill,

Out



Out of the heate and fervour of *Good-will*  
These colder *Lines* this frozen passage found,  
Force't by the *League* wherein al *Frendes* are bound:  
And reason tis, those *Men* that merit *Fame*  
Aboue the rest, should *frankly* haue the same.

And be it farr from every *gentle Hart*  
To deeme that, *Soothing*, or a *glosing part*  
VWhen one good *Freind* an other shal commend  
More then that, *Hatred*, when our *speeches* tend  
In whom we loue, some fault to rectifie  
VWhich wrongs himselfe, defames his *Progenie*.  
Praise is the guerdon of a due *Desart*  
Making vs better *act* the *praised Part*.

There never Man deserved *Memorie*  
For perfect *Science* in his *Facultie*,  
If *Dauies* Name deserue to be forgott,  
If, when his *mortall Part* in earth shall rott,  
The *riches* of his Soule (mans greatest treasure)  
Shalbe made subiect to the greedie leasure  
Of darke *Obliuion*, if such *Perfection*  
Shall frō the *Graves* rude hand haue no protection.

Maugre the Gripe of *Time*, in spight of *Fates*  
Andought beside that, *Fame*; determinates,  
His Name would liue to all *Posteritie*.  
In the fayre *lines* of his *Characterie*,  
Could any Hand the \* *graver* so commaund,  
As can, the *penne*, his vvonder-writing Hand.

\* A Steele In-  
strument.

But, for no *Graver*, or stamp *Letter* can  
(Onought els framed by the *Witt* of Man)  
Shew *Times* future true prooffe of such rare *Skill*

By demonstration, mine Artlesse *Quill*  
Striues to commend to lasting Memorie  
A *glimps* (though darkely) of that Qualitie.  
For (if mine aime Loue hath not much betraid)  
This *Booke* must liue till Time his course hath staid:  
So that, to those not yet conceiv'd, I send  
This poore *effect* which my *loues cause* hath pend,  
Neglecting *Art*, affecting to descric  
*Loue* to my friend, and to his Qualitie.

Whose Matchlesse Art in managing the Penne  
Time neuer equaliz'd; and Times agen  
(When his diurnal Howerglasse hath ranne  
The dated Minutes of a mortall Man)  
Will hardly paralel: for such *true* Skill  
May scarce be purchaled by paine, or Will:  
Hee that as *Davies* would as fairely vwrite,  
Must of *necessitie* haue *Davies* spright.

Who knows not that this wondrous Facultie  
Is not conceiu'd by coorse Capacitie,  
But maketh there her only Habitation  
Where shee doth finde a strong Imagination!  
For none *habitually* can her possesse  
That is not made of *fire* and *linelynesse*.

Could neuer Hand so curiously conuay  
The nice *Delineaments*, so every vvay  
In iust proportion (purest *Sumetrie*) }  
Vnlesse directed by a perfect Eie, }  
And first imprinted in the Phantasie: }  
Which, weaker Braines can never apprehend,  
Much lesse an *Active* Demonstration lend.

The strange *Meanders*, and the *Gordian* knots  
Now straight, now larger, as the Hand alots;  
The curious VVorkeman'shippe in every letter,  
*This* pleasing best, *that other* pleasing better,  
*A third* exceeding both, when euery one  
For perfect *shape* is singular alone;  
The rare Diversitie which one selfe-hand  
Can, with that *little Instrument* command,  
Doth so bewitch th'amaz'd Beholders eie,  
And so delight th'inveigled Phantasie,  
That vvhath our eies behold our tongues commend,  
Nor, wondring, can admit or meane, or end.

Come lend, yee Lovers of this sacred Art,  
Your voice with mine, to celebrate a part  
In his deserued Praise, whose matchlesse Skill  
To blazon perfectlie, vvould tire the *Quill*  
Of *Hermes selfe*: for rightly to commend  
This *Art of VVriting*, vvhere to comprehend  
Within our *Numbers* her Antiquitie,  
And, how through *her*, the living Memorie  
Of famous Worthies hath preserved beene;  
Whole *VVorkes* these latter Ages had not seene,  
But (rake't in Darknesse with their *Authors* head)  
VVithout her helpe, had euer perished.  
Nor should we slightly touch the Praises Due  
Which, through this Art, to Learning still accrue;  
Without whose aide, in vaine were *Sapience*,  
In vaine were every other *Excellence*;  
Sith Strangers might not then participate  
VVhat Reading, VVir, and Labour had begat,  
But greatest Clarks should *vainely* spend their daies,  
Leaving, with Life, their Glory, Name, and praise:

Her



Her dayly *Vse*, her pure *Necessitie*  
May tell the Vertue of this Myserie;  
Sufficeth me, to runne (though slightly) over  
Part of *his* Parts, whose Penne can best discover  
Her fairest Beauty; such, as doth excite  
In All that view *Her*, wonder and delight.

All Characters that ere the *Graver* wrought  
Are obvious to *him*, and quicklie brought  
To decke the triumph of the *golden Penne*  
VWhich he long since hath merited: for when  
(i' approue his Excellence) he challeng'd *All*  
Or *English* bred, or *ferraine* Nationall  
to strue for *glorie*, and a golden *Price*  
(VWhich *one* or *both* might every sort entise)  
Vnanswered, hee Monarchiz'd alone;  
What greater Conquest than withstood by None?

The *Germanes*, skill'd in every curious Art  
(VWhose *practick* Hand doth to the World impart  
Such quaint *Devises*) giving *Right* his due,  
Extoll our *Davies*, and his Fame pursue  
With printed *lines*, writ in the *Latine* tongue,  
As loth to doe his *Cunning* so much wrong  
In the distastieue *Germane* Idiom  
To leaue that Monument for Times to come,  
Because they knew their *Dialect* too lame  
To beare the vvaight of his immortall fame.

O you thrise famous for Raritie,  
the grace and beautie of your \* *Qualitie*,  
that breathe the Aire of *Italie*, and *France*,  
Come, doe your Homage and Allegiance

\*Faire writing.

To *him* whose Pen raignes in faire Paper Reames,  
(Content therewith as Kinges with Diadems)  
VVhole Subiects *Letters* are of every Suite  
Made all aright by *rule* most absolute.

To *him*, from *Paris*, moue thine antique station  
*Beauchene*, the perfectst Pen-man of thy Nation;  
To *him*, from *Venice*, bring those *Guifts* of thine,  
Renoun'd for wondrous writing, *Camerins*;  
VVarne thou the *Romanes* that thou must be gone  
To visite *England*, curious *Curion*;  
Come all at once, that all at once may learne  
To mend your Hands, and rightly to discern  
Betweene the *Good*, and most *most-Excellent*;  
Nor will (perhapps) your Travaile be mispent,  
Sith each, in's *Native* Hand, may gaine perfection  
By practising His Counsell and Direction.

In former Times, ere *wiser* Times begatt  
(That which for ever Men shall wonder at)  
The *Printing* Mysterie, that curious Hand  
VVhich could the Pen *most perfectly* commaund  
Had not a Finger vnbegitt with Gold,  
Such meede had *Merit* in the daies of old:  
Had *Dauies* liu'd, when such Preheminance  
VVas *onely* given to Men of excellence,  
The scribling VVriters of that *golden* Time  
Had (wādring) sought some more auspicious *Clime*;  
For none, save *He* alone, had thriv'd in *this*,  
The guift of *Excellence* beeing onely his.

To *him*, from *Heaven*, descends this Quality:  
For, VVill, Desire, all-gaining Industrie,  
time, Promptitude, VVitt, Steadinesse of Hand,  
P P Swift

Swift apprehension , Fingers at command,  
Strongest Concept, *Art Geometricall*,  
Or ought attain'd by Science naturall,  
*Poetick Furie*, and the *Muses* ayd,  
(*All which are Propps whereon this Art is stayd*)  
Nor these, nor other *Adiuments* haue power  
to purchase that (with manie a toyling hower)  
VVhich from *aboue*, by pure *Instinct* was sent

\*For writing. to grace our *Dauies*, *Englands* \* Wonderment,

In whose deserved Praise, if ardent *Zeale*  
(Striving my neere *Affection* to reveale)  
Hath larger beene then well becomes the Place,  
this short *Apologie* may purchase Grace;  
*In Vertues praise can nere bee said too much;*  
*Such is our Subiect, his Demeanour such.*

NICHOLAS DEEBLE.





In Microcosmum, sive Parvum  
Ioh. Davisij Heref. Mundum.

**D**um Microcosmum scribis, & Parvum vocas  
Mundum, libellum: fructus ingenij tui  
Magnum, (Davisij) quem vocas Parvum, facit.  
Fecisse Mundum gaudeo, immundi at nihil  
Metuimus unde munda sunt orta omnia.  
Sed fabricator factus es parvus nimis  
Qui munda sed minuta nobis exhibes.  
Minuta querimus, quòd modum supra placent,  
Minuta querimus scripta vel mirum in modum.

Si dum occidentem subdis Hispano iugo  
Philippe gentem, quereris arctatum suis  
Limitibus Orbem; nec sat est vni Tibi  
Vel totus Orbis: dederit invidia locum  
Si Microcosmū hunc auribus & oculis nimis  
Nimisq; strictum turba doctorum putet.

Prodesse cunctis (sat scio) Davisij cupis,  
Quin & placere disce iam tandem omnibus;  
Placere verò si velis, doctā manu  
Extende Mundum hunc, vel crea Mundos novos.

**N**unc scio quòd quævis pars est habitabilis Orbis,  
Sunt in fronte alij, nos sumus Antipodes:  
Scribimus hìc, illic; nobis tua nempe (Davisij)  
Principio placuit pagina, sine placet.  
Meq; iuvat, nostrum quòd carmen utring; legatur,  
Te ut laudent oriens, occiduumq; latus.

Phil. 2. Hisp.  
Rex.  
Totus non suffi-  
cit Orbis.

ED. LAPVORTH.

FINIS.



In the copies with the date of 1603 the upper  
part of title is the same - The ornament under  
the name of the author is not in two parts  
as in this copy of 1611 but thus



undid

AL Oxford

Printed by Joseph Barnes, and are to  
be sold in Fleetstreet at the  
Signe of the Turkes head by  
John Barnes 1603

In Deeres' own copy from which the above title  
is taken the words "and Wit" in the fourth line  
from the bottom of the 1<sup>st</sup> page of sig. Oo are erased  
& the word "Witt," is inserted at the beginning of the  
same line before "Mother-Tongue" This correction is  
no doubt in the hand writing of the author.





Perfect  
proBQ wanted the  
Gallot

9456